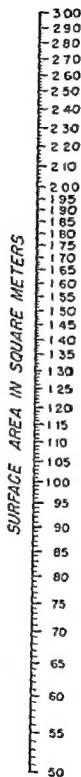
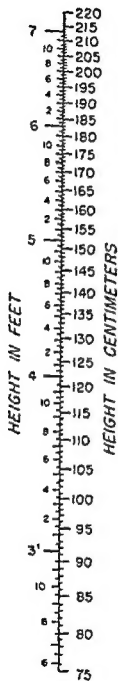


Nomograms estimating surface area from height and body weight. The patient's surface area is found by drawing a straight line between the point representing his weight and the point representing his height. From J D Crawford M E Terry G M Rourke *Pediatrics* 5:783 1950. See also Figure 1 page 592.



SURFACE AREA (Du Bois)

FUNCTIONAL ENDOCRINOLOGY

FROM BIRTH THROUGH ADOLESCENCE

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FUNCTIONAL ENDOCRINOLOGY

FROM BIRTH THROUGH ADOLESCENCE

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PREFACE

*This book is written for practitioners, students and investigators of medicine and surgery who seek practical information concerning (a) the actions of endocrine systems in health and ordinary disease and (b) the management of endocrinopathies as they occur in young people. As much emphasis has been given the former as the latter subjects in the belief that endocrinology encompasses more than the diagnosis and therapy of those gross disorders of glandular function which result in gigantism, dwarfism, Addison's disease, Graves disease, sexual precocity and the like. The physician may encounter but a handful of patients suffering from these unusual conditions in all his years of practice. Yet he constantly deals with patients whose health or survival depends to no small extent upon the homeostatic efficiency of certain endocrine-controlled systems. Just as we have learned that there is hardly an organ or tissue in the body beyond the influence of endocrine forces, so we are beginning to realize that there is scarcely a disease that is unaccompanied by important homeostatic changes in the functional activity of one or more of the endocrine glands. This book therefore attempts to translate into modern clinical terms the thesis so beautifully expressed by Walter B. Cannon in his classic writings on *The Wisdom of the Body*.*

Detailed consideration has been given in separate chapters to all those glands now known to be organs of internal secretion. Certain structures such as the PINEAL BODY and the THYMUS, organs once considered by many to belong to the endocrine family, are not so discussed. It appears that most if not all of the effects once attributed to these structures as endocrine organs can now be explained more satisfactorily by other means. Obesity also is not considered in a separate chapter, though discussion of this condition will be found to occupy a considerable amount of space in the text. This seems a logical decision in view of the fact that the vast majority of obese patients lack any objectively demonstrable endocrine disorder. There is one chapter which we would have included

had we felt that there was enough information available to justify it. This chapter might be entitled *Neuro endocrine or Psycho neuro-endocrine Relations*. In the present volume remarks concerning these relations are interspersed through the clinical sections.

In writing this book it has been assumed that the reader may be comparatively unfamiliar with the subject under consideration and with its relation to subjects covered elsewhere in this volume. On this account every effort has been made to build from the ground up and to avoid making statements which are incomprehensible for lack of background information. Toward this end, the initial sections of each chapter are devoted to considerations of the functional dynamics of the particular gland and to indicating by cross references where pertinent related information may be found. It is hoped that the latter will help the reader visualize the highly integrated nature of the endocrine complex. It is hoped also that the reader who gives attention to these basic information sections will find himself equipped with the raw material necessary for independent thinking in clinical areas. Since it is the exception rather than the rule for patients to conform exactly to textbook pictures, this seems a most important objective.

Following these sections on basic considerations, there are in most chapters sections dealing with the practical use of physiologic information in diagnostic tests. In the final clinical sections of each chapter all the foregoing data are brought to bear on the problems presented (a) by patients showing physiologic alterations in endocrine activity secondary to certain non endocrine diseases and (b) by patients suffering from the various primary endocrinopathies. It will be noted that doses usually are expressed on a per square meter of body surface area basis. Doses thus expressed are applicable to patients of all ages regardless of size. There will be found just inside the covers of the book charts which indicate the approximate surface area of persons of various weights and heights. Incidentally, those unfamiliar with the derivation of such commonly used terms as milliequivalent, millumole and milliosmole will find information concerning them in the last pages of the Appendix.

In the foregoing connections, it has been our purpose to make the book as concise, clear and self sufficient as possible. These goals could be approached only at the price of considerable condensation of facts and of a certain amount of dogmatism. We have been forced to sift available information, to omit much historic, anatomic and histologic information and to present in the main single rather than multiple theses. In doing this we have attempted to review original data and to formulate opinions based on such data rather than simply to restate the ideas and conclusions of others. This method of approach has led us to undertake a number of studies designed to fill gaps in knowledge revealed by

review of the literature, this book reports some of these investigations for the first time. For permission to include previously unpublished data we are greatly indebted to certain of our associates, whose names are indicated in the legends of figures representing their work.

In writing this volume we have enjoyed the support and encouragement of many colleagues, particularly Dr Allan M Butler, Chief of the Children's Medical Service of the Massachusetts General Hospital. We also take pleasure in expressing our appreciation to the Commonwealth Fund of New York, whose generous aid has made it possible for us to work together as a team both in writing this book and in accumulating much of the information presented herein. In addition we wish to express our thanks to the staff of the Fund's Division of Publications for the many things they have done to improve the quality of this book and to lighten the authors' burden in its making. Finally, we take great pleasure in expressing our appreciation to Mrs Barbara G Edwards and Mrs Ann S Silin for their devoted assistance in the preparation of the manuscript.

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E H S

J W McA

J D C

November 1951

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What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth What do you say?
Seb I'll follow this good man and go with
you
And having sworn truth ever will be true
Olv Then lead the way good father and
heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine'

[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I Before Olivia's house

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN

Fab Now as thou lovest me let me see his
letter

Clo Good Master Fabian grant me another re-
quest

Fab Anything

Clo Do not desire to see this letter

Fab This is to give a dog and in recompense
desire my dog again

Enter DUKE VIOLA CURIO and Lords

Duke Belong you to the Lady Olivia friends?

Clo Ay sir we are some of her trappings 10

Duke I know thee well how dost thou my
good fellow?

Clo Truly sir the better for my foes and the
worse for my friends

Duke Just the contrary the better for thy
friends

Clo No sir the worse

Duke How can that be?

Clo Marry sir they praise me and make an ass
of me now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass
so that by my foes sir I profit in the knowledge
of myself and by my friends I am abused so
that conclusions to be as kisses if your four
negatives make your two affirmatives why then
the worse for my friends and the better for my
foes

Duke Why this is excellent

Clo By my troth, sir no though it please you
to be one of my friends

Duke Thou shalt not be the worse for me
there's gold 31

Clo But that it would be double-dealing sir I
would you could make it another

Duke O you give me ill counsel

Clo Put your grace in your pocket sir for this
once and let your flesh and blood obey it

Duke Well I will be so much a sinner to be a
double-dealer there's another

Clo Primo secundo tertio is a good pla and
the old saying is the third pays for all the
triple sir is a good tripping measure or the

bells of Saint Bennet sir may put you in mind
one two three

Duke You can fool no more money out of me
at this throw if you will let your lady know I am
here to speak with her and bring her along with
you it may awake my bounty further

Clo Marry sir lullaby to your bounty till I
come again I go sir but I would not have you
to think that my desire of having is the sin of
covetousness but as you say sir let your bounty
take a nap I will awake it anon [Exit

Vio Here comes the man sir that did rescue
me

Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS

Duke That face of his I do remember well
Yea when I saw it last it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war
A bawbling vessel was he captain of
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet 60
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him What's the
matter?

1st Off Orsino this is that Antonio
That took the *Plenur* and her fraught from
Candy

And this is he that did the *Tiger* board
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg
Here in the streets desperate of shame and state
In private brabble did we apprehend him

2nd He did me kindness sir drew on my side
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me 70
I know not what 'twas but distraction

Duke Notable pirate! thou salt water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mer-
cers

Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant

Orsino noble sir

Be pleased that I shake off these names you give
me

Antonio never was thief or pirate
Though I confess on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy A witchcraft drew me hither
That most ingrateful boy there by your side 80
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem a wreck past hope he was
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love without retention or restraint
All his in dedication for his sake
Did I expose myself pure for his love
Into the danger of this adverse town
Drew to defend him when he was beset
Where being apprehended his false cunning

Not meaning to partake with me in danger, 90
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
 And grew a twenty years removed thing
 While one would wink, denied me mine own

purse,
 Which I had recommended to his use
 Not half an hour before

Vio How can this be?

Duke When came he to this town?

An To-day, my lord, and for three months
 before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
 Both day and night did we keep company

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants

Duke Here comes the Countess now heaven
 walks on earth 100

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are mad-
 ness

Three months this youth hath tended upon me,
 But more of that anon Take him aside

Ol What would my lord, but that he may not
 have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me

Vio Madam!

Duke Gracious Olivia—

Ol What do you say, Cesario? Good my
 lord— 109

Vio My lord would speak, my duty hushes me

Ol If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music

Duke Still so cruel?

Ol Still so constant, lord

Duke What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed
 out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Ol Even what it please my lord, that shall be-
 come him

Duke Why should I not, had I the heart to do
 it, 120

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy

That sometime savours nobly But hear me this

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your
 favour,

Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still,

But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, 130

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite

Come, boy, with me, my thoughts are ripe in
 mischief

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove

Vio And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die

Ol Where goes Cesario?

Vio After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,

More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife

If I do feign, you witnesses above 140

Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Ol Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio Who does beguile you? who does do you
 wrong?

Ol Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?

Call forth the holy father

Duke Come, away!

Ol Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay

Duke Husband!

Ol Ay, husband can he that deny?

Duke Her husband, sirrah!

Vio No, my lord, not I

Ol Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety 150

Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up,

Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear'st

Enter PRIEST

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,

Here to unfold, though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me

Priest A contract of eternal bond of love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands, 160

Attested by the holy close of lips,

Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings,

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
 grave

I have travell'd but two hours

Duke O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou
 be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? 170

Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet

Vio My lord, I do protest—

Ol O, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much
 fear

Enter SIR ANDREW

Sir And For the love of God a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby

Ol What's the matter?

Sir And He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too for the love of God your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home 181

Ol Who has done this Sir Andrew?

Sir And The Count's gentleman one Cesario we took him for a coward but he's the very devil incarnate

Duke My gentleman Cesario?

Sir And O d's lifelings here he is! You broke my head for nothing and that that I did I was set on to do it by Sir Toby

Vio Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause But I bespake you fair and hurt you not

Sir And If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt you have hurt me I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb

Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN

Here comes Sir Toby halting you shall hear more but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did

Duke How now gentleman! how is it with you? 200

Sir To That's all one has hurt me and there's the end on't! Sor didst see Dick surgeon sor?

Cl O he's drunk Sir Toby an hour ago one his eyes were set at eight the morning

Sir To Then he's a rogue and a passy measures pany n I hate a drunken rogue

Ol Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And I'll help you Sir Toby because we'll be dressed together 211

Sir To Will you help? an ass head and a coxcomb and a knave a thin faced knave a gull!

Ol Get him to bed and let his hurt be look'd to 220

[*Exit CLOWN* *Re-enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW*]

Enter SEBASTIAN

Seb I am sorry madam I have hurt your kinsman

But had it been the brother of my blood I must have done no less with it and safety

You throw a strange regard upon me and by that I do perceive it hath offended you 220

Pardon me, sweet one even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago

Duke One face one voice one habit and two persons

A natural perspective that is and is not!

Seb Antonio O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me Since I have lost thee!

Ant Sebastian are you?

Seb Fear'st thou that Antonio?

Ant How have you made division of yourself?

An apple cleft in two is not more twin 230

Than these two creatures Which is Sebastian?

Ol Most wonderful!

Seb Do I stand there? I never had a brother

Nor can there be that deity in my nature

Of here and everywhere I had a sister

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd

Of charity what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio Of Messaline Sebastian was my father

Such a Sebastian was my brother too 240

So went he suited to his watery tomb

If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us

Seb A spirit I am indeed

But am in that dimension grossly clad

Which from the womb I did participate

Were you a woman as the rest goes even

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek

And say Thrice welcome drowned Viola!

Vio My father had a mole upon his brow

Seb And so had mine 250

Vio And died that day when Viola from her lurch

Had number'd thirteen years

Seb O that record is lively in my soul!

He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years

Vio If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place time fortune do cohere and jump

That I am Viola which to confirm 260

I'll bring you to a captain in this town

Where lie my maiden weeds by whose gentle help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord

Seb [*To OLIVIA*] So comes it lady you have been mistook

But nature to her bias drew in that

You would have been contracted to a maid

Nor are you therein by my life deceived

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man 270

Duke Be not amazed right noble is his blood

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck
[To VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand
times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me
Vio And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night

Duke Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds 280
Vio The captain that did bring me first on
shore

Hath my maid's garments he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's
Oli He shall enlarge him fetch Malvolio
hither

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his
How does he, sirrah? 290

Clo Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the
stave's end as well as a man in his case may do
has here writ a letter to you, I should have given
't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epis-
tles are no gospels, so it skilts not much when
they are delivered

Oli Open 't, and read it
Clo Look then to be well edified when the fool
delivers the madman [Reads] "By the Lord, ma-
dam"— 300

Oli How now! art thou mad?
Clo No, madam, I do but read madness an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
must allow Vox

Oli Prithee, read i' thy right wits
Clo So I do, madonna, but to read his right wits
is to read thus therefore perpend, my princess,
and give ear

Oli Read it you, sirrah [To FABIAN]
Fab [Reads] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it though you
have put me into darkness and given your drunk-
en cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit
of my senses as well as your ladyship I have your
own letter that induced me to the semblance I
put on, with the which I doubt not but to do my-
self much right, or you much shame Think of me
as you please I leave my duty a little unthought
of and speak out of my injury

The madly-used Malvolio "

Oli Did he write this? 320

Clo Ay, madam

Duke This savours not much of distraction

Oli See him deliver'd, Fabian, bring him hither
[Exit FABIAN]

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please
you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost
Duke Madam, I am most apt to embrace your
offer

[To VIOLA] Your master quits you, and for your
service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex, 330
So far beneath your soft and tender breed-
ing,

And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress

Oli A sister! you are she

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO

Duke Is this the madman?

Oli Ay, my lord, this same

How now, Malvolio?

Mal Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong

Oli Have I, Malvolio? no

Mal Lady, you have Pray you, peruse that
letter

You must not now deny it is your hand
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase, 340
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention
You can say none of this well, grant it then
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to
you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people,
And, acting thus in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, 350
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why

Oli Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad, then camest in
smiling,

And in such forms which here were presup-
posed

Upon thee in the letter Prithee, be content

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it 360
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause

Fab Good madam hear me speak
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 Taint the condition of this present hour
 Which I have wonder'd at In hope it shall not
 Most freely I confess myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceived against him Maria writ 370
 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance
 In recompense whereof he hath married her
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd

Ol Alas poor fool how have they baffled thee!
Clo Why some are born great some achieve
 greatness and some have greatness thrown upon
 them I was one sir in this interlude one Sir
 Topas sir but that's all one By the Lord fool
 I am not mad But do you remember? Madam
 why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you
 smile nor he's gagged and thus the whirling
 of time brings in his revenges

Mal I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you
[Exit]

Ol He hath been most notoriously abused
Duke Pursue him and entreat him to a peace
 He hath not told us of the captain yet 390
 When that is known and golden time conveys

A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls Meantime sweet sister
 We will not part from hence Cesario come
 For so you shall be while you are a man
 But when in other habits you are seen
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen
[Exeunt all except CLOWN]

Clo *[Sings]*

When that I was and a little tiny boy
 With hey ho the wind and the rain
 A foolish thing was but a toy 400
 For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came to man's estate
 With hey ho &c
 Gainst knives and thieves men shut their
 gate
 For the rain, &c

But when I came alas! to wive
 With hey ho &c
 By swaggering could I never thrive
 For the rain &c

But when I came unto my beds 410
 With hey ho &c
 With toss pots still had drunken heads
 For the rain &c

A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey ho &c
 But that's all one our play is done
 And we'll strive to please you every day
[Exit]

HAMLET,

Prince of Denmark

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark*
 HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present,*
King
 POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain*
 HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet*
 LAERTES, *son to Polonius*
 VOLTIMAND
 CORNELIUS
 ROSENCRANTZ
 GUILDENSTERN
 OSRIC
 A GENTLEMAN
 A PRIEST
 MARCELLUS
 BERNARDO
 FRANCISCO, *a soldier*
 REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius*
 FIVE PLAYERS

Courtiers

Officers

TWO CLOWNS, *gravediggers*
 FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway*
 A CAPTAIN
 ENGLISH AMBASSADORS
 A LORD
 A SOLDIER
 TWO MESSENGERS
 A SERVANT to Horatio
 DANES
 GHOST of Hamlet's father

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet*
 OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius*

NON-SPEAKING Lords, Ladies, Officers Soldiers
 Sailors and other Attendants

SCENE Denmark

ACT I

SCENE I *Elsinore a platform before the castle*

FRANCISCO at his post Enter to him BERNARDO

Ber Who's there?

Fran Nay, answer me stand, and unfold yourself

Ber Long live the king!

Fran Bernardo?

Ber He

Fran You come most carefully upon your hour

Ber 'Tis now struck tw elve, get thee to bed,
 Francisco

Fran For this relief much thanks 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart

Ber Have you had quiet guard?

Fran Not a mouse stirring 10

Ber Well, good night

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste

Fran I think I hear them Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

Hor Friends to this ground

Mar And liegemen to the Dane

Fran Give you good night

Mar O farewell honest soldier

Who hath relieved you?

Fran Bernardo has my place
 Give you good night [Exit

Mar Holla! Bernardo!

Ber Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor A piece of him

Ber Welcome, Horatio welcome, good Marcellus 20

Mar What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber I have seen nothing

Mar Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it

Hor Tush, tush, 'twill not appear

Ber Sit down awhile, 30

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen

Hor Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this

Ber Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns Marcellus and myself
The bell then beating one—

Enter GHOST

Mar Peace break thee off look where it
comes again! 40

Ber In the same figure like the king that's
dead

Mar Thou art a scholar speak to it Horatio

Ber Looks it not like the king? mark it

Horatio

Hor Most like it harrows me with fear and
wonder

Ber It would be spoke to

Mar Question it Horatio

Hor What art thou that usurp'st this time of
night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee
speak!

Mar It is offended

Ber See, it stalks away! 50

Hor Stay! speak! speak! I charge thee speak!
[Exit GHOST]

Mar 'Tis gone and will not answer

Ber How now Horatio! you tremble and look
pale

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

Hor Before my God I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes

Mar Is it not like the king?

Hor As thou art to thyself

Such was the very armour he had on 60

When he the ambitious Norway combated

So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice

'Tis strange

Mar Thus twice before, and jump at this dead
hour

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch

Hor In what particular thought to work I know
not

But in the gross and scope of my opinion

This bodes some strange eruption to our state

Mar Good now sit down, and tell me he that
knows 70

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war

Why such impress of shipwrights whose sore
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week
What might be toward that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor

That can I

At least the whisper goes so Our last king 80

Whose image even but now appear'd to us

Was as you know by Fortinbras of Norway

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride

Dared to the combat in which our valiant Ham-
let—

For so this side of our known world esteem'd
him—

Did slay this Fortinbras who by a seal'd com-
pact

Well ratified by law and heraldry

Did forfeit with his life all those his lands

Which he stood seized of to the conqueror

Against the which a moiety competent 90

Was gaged by our king which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras

Had he been vanquisher as by the same coven-
ant

And carriage of the article design'd

His fell to Hamlet Now sir young Fortinbras

Of unimprov'd mettle hot and full

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,

For food and diet to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't which is no other—

As it doth well appear unto our state— 101

But to recover of us by strong hand

And terms compulsory those foresaid lands

So by his father lost and this I take it

Is the main motive of our preparations

The source of this our watch and the chief head

Of this post haste and romage in the land

Ber I think it be no other but even so

Well may it sort that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch so like the
king 110

That was and is the question of these wars

Hor A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye

In the most lugh and palmy state of Rome

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell

The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted
dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood

Disasters in the sun and the moist star

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire

stands

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse 120

And even the like precursor of fierce events

As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climates and countrymen
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter GHOST

I'll cross it, though it blast me Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me

If there be any good thing to be done, 130
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in
death,

Speak of it [*Cock crows*] stay, and speak!
Stop it, Marcellus

Mar Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor Do, if it will not stand 141

Ber 'Tis here!

Hor 'Tis here!

Mar 'Tis gone! [*Exit GHOST*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence,

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery

Ber It was about to speak, when the cock crew

Hor And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 150

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day, and, at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine and of the truth herein

This present object made probation

Mar It faded on the crowing of the cock

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long 160

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time

Hor So have I heard and do in part believe it

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill

Break we our watch up, and by my advice,

Let us impart what we have seen to-night 170

Unto young Hamlet, for, upon my life,

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning
know

Where we shall find him most conveniently
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *A room of state in the castle*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS,
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and
Attendants*

King Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole king-
dom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,

Together with remembrance of ourselves

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy— 10

With an auspicious and a dropping eye,

With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole—

Taken to wife nor have we herein barr'd

Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone

With this affair along For all, our thanks

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,

Or thinking by our late dear brother's death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20

Collegued with the dream of his advantage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,

Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,

To our most valiant brother So much for him

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting

Thus much the business is we have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras—

Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew's purpose—to suppress 30

His further gait herein, in that the levies,

The lists, and full proportions are all made

Out of his subject and we here dispatch

You good Cornelius, and you, Voltmand,

For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,

Giving to you no further personal power

To business with the king, more than the scope

Of these delated articles allow

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty

Cor } In that and all things will we show our

Vol } duty 40

King We doubt it nothing heartily farewell

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit, what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice what wouldst thou beg
Laertes

That shall not be my offer not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more instrumental to the mouth
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father
What wouldst thou have Laertes?

Laer My dread lord 50
Your leave and favour to return to France
From whence though willingly I came to Den-
mark

To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now I must confess that duty done
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon
King Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

Pol He hath my lord wrung from me my
slow leave

By laboursome petition and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent 60
I do beseech you give him leave to go

King Take thy fair hour Laertes time be-
thine

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now my cousin Hamlet and my son—
Ham [Aside] A little more than kin and less
than kind

King How is it that the clouds still hang on
you?

Ham Not so my lord I am too much i the
sun

Queen Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids 70
Seek for thy noble father in the dust
Thou knowst 'tis common all that lives must
die

Passing through nature to eternity

Ham Ay madam it is common

Queen If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham Seems madam? nay it is I know not
seems

'Tis not alone my inkly cloak good mother
Nor customary suits of solemn black
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath
No nor the fruitful river in the eye 80
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage
Together with all forms moods shapes of grief
That can denote me truly these indeed seem
For they are actions that a man might play
But I have that within which passeth show
These but the trappings and the suits of woe

King 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature Hamlet

To give these mourning duties to your father
But you must know your father lost a father
That father lost lost his and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term 91

To do obsequious sorrow but to persevere
In obstinate condolence is a course
Of impious stubbornness 'tis unmanly grief

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven
A heart unfortified a mind impatient
An understanding simple and unschool'd

For what we know must be and is common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven
A fault against the dead a fault to nature
To reason most absurd whose common theme

Is death of fathers and who still hath cried
From the first corse till he that died to-day

This must be so We pray you throw to
earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne

And with no less nobility of love 110
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg

It is most retrograde to our desire
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye
Our chiefest courtier cousin and our son

Queen Let not thy mother lose her prayers

Hamlet
I pray thee stay with us go not to Witten-
berg

Ham I shall in all my best obey you madam
King Why 'tis a loving and a fair reply 121

Be as ourself in Denmark Madam come
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart in grace whereof

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell
And the King's rouse the heavens shall bruit
again

Re speaking earthly thunder Come away
(*Exeunt ill but HAMLET*)

Ham O, that this too too solid flesh would
melt

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! 130

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self slaughter! O God! God!
How weary stale flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely That it should come to this!
But two months dead nay, not so much, not two
So excellent a king, that was, to thus,
Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother 140
That he might not betem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears why she, even she— 149
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my
uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules within a month
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO

Hor Hail to your lordship!

Ham I am glad to see you well 160

Horatio—or I do forget myself

Hor The same, my lord, and your poor servant
ever

Ham Sir, my good friend, I'll change that
name with you

And what make you from Wittenberg, *Horatio*?
Marcellus?

Mar My good lord—

Ham I am very glad to see you Good even, sir

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor A truant disposition, good my lord

Ham I would not hear your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, 171

To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself I know you are no truant

But what in your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart

Hor My lord, I came to see your father's
funeral

Ham I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
student,

I think it was to see my mother's wedding

Hor Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon

Ham Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*! the funeral barked
meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio*!

My father!—methinks I see my father

Hor Where, my lord?

Ham In my mind's eye, *Horatio*

Hor I saw him once, he was a goodly king

Ham He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again

Hor My lord, I think I saw him yesternight

Ham Saw? who? 190

Hor My lord, the King your father

Ham The King my father!

Hor Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you

Ham For God's love, let me hear

Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd A figure like your father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pie, 200

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, dis-
till'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes I knew your father, 211

These hands are not more like

Ham But where was this?

Mar My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd

Ham Did you not speak to it?

Hor My lord, I did,

But answer made it none yet once methought

It lifted up it head and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak,

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight

Ham 'Tis very strange 220

Hor As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it

Ham Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar { We do, my lord

Ber {

Ham Arm'd, say you?

Mar { Arm d my lord
Ber {

Ham From top to toe?

Mar { My lord from head to foot
Ber {

Ham Then saw you not his face?

Hor O yes my lord he wore his beaver up

Ham What look d he frowningly? 231

Hor A countenance more in sorrow than in anger

Ham Pale or red?

Hor Nay very pale

Ham And fix d his eyes upon you?

Hor Most constantly

Ham I would I had been there

Hor It would have much amazed you

Ham Very like very like Stay d it long?

Hor While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred

Mar { Longer longer
Ber {

Hor Not when I saw t

Ham His beard was grizzled no? 240

Hor It was as I have seen it in his life

A sable silver d

Ham I will watch to-night

Perchance twill walk again

Hor I warrant it will

Ham If it assume my noble father s person,

I ll speak to it though hell itself should gape

And bide me hold my peace I pray you all

If you have hitherto conceal d this sight

Let it be tenable in your silence still 250

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night

Give it an understanding but no tongue

I will requite your loves So fare you well

Upon the platform twixt eleven and twelve

I ll visit you

All Our duty to your honour

Ham Your loves as mine to you farewell

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET*]

My father s spirit in arms! all is not well

I doubt some foul play Would the night were come!

Till then sit still my soul Foul deeds will rise

Though all the earth o crwhelm them to men s eyes [Exit

SCENE III A room in Polonius house

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA

Laer My necessities are embark d farewell

And sister as the winds give benefit

And convoy is assistant do not sleep

But let me hear from you

Oph Do you doubt that?

Laer For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood
A violet in the youth of primy nature
Forward not permanent sweet not lasting
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more

Oph No more but so?

Laer Think it no more 10

For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk but a this temple waves
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal Perhaps he loves you now
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmurch
The virtue of his will but you must fear
His greatness weigh d his will is not his own
For he himself is subject to his birth
He may not as unvalued persons do
Carve for himself for on his choice depends 20
The safety and health of this whole state
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head Then if he says he loves
you

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs 30
Or lose your heart or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster d importunity
Fear it Ophelia fear it my dear sister
And keep you in the rear of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon
Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed 40
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent
Be wary then best safety lies in fear
Youth to itself rebels though none else near

Oph I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart But good my brother
Do not as some ungracious pastors do
Show me the steep and thorny way to heavn
Whiles like a puff d and reckless libertine
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads 50
And recks not his own rede

Laer O fear me not
I stay too long but here my father comes

Enter POLONIUS

A double blessing in a double grace
Occasion smiles upon a second leave

Pol Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for There, my blessing with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act 60
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade Be-
ware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judge-
ment

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70
But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
This above all to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man 80
Farewell my blessing season this in thee!

Laer Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord

Pol The time invites you, go, your servants tend

Laer Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you

Oph 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it

Laer Farewell [Exit

Pol What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet

Pol Marry, well bethought 90
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bound-
tous

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour
What is between you? give me up the truth

Oph He hath, my lord, of late made many
tenders

Of his affection to me

100

Pol Affection! pooh! you speak like a green
girl,

Unsuited in such perilous circumstance
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph I do not know, my lord, what I should
think

Pol Marry, I'll teach you think yourself a
baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling Tender yourself more
dearly,

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool

Oph My lord, he hath importuned me with
love 110

In honourable fashion

Pol Ay, fashion you may call it, go to, go to

Oph And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven

Pol Ay, springs to catch woodcocks I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire From this time 120

Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,

Set your entreatments at a higher rate

Than a command to parley For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you in few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show,

But mere implorators of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 130

The better to beguile This is for all

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet

Look to't, I charge you come your ways

Oph I shall obey, my lord [Exit

SCENE IV The platform

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS

Ham The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold

Hor It is a nipping and an eager air

Ham What hour now?

Hor I think it lacks of twelve

Mar No, it is struck

Hor Indeed? I heard it not then it draws near
the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk

A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off,
with

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham The king doth wake to night and takes
his rouse
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring
reels

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down
The kettle drum and trumpet thus bray out 11
The triumph of his pledge

Hor Is it a custom?

Ham Ay marry is t
But to my mind though I am native here
And to the manner born it is a custom
More honour d in the breach than the observance
This heavy headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax d of other nations
They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition and indeed it takes 20
From our achievements though perform d at
height

The pith and marrow of our attribute
So oft it chanceth in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them
As in their birth—wherein they are not guilty
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o ergrowth of some complexion
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason
Or by some habit that too much o er leavens
The form of plausible manners that these men 30
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being nature s livery or fortune s star—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure tal e corruption
From that particular fault the dram of calt
Dorh all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal

Hor Look my lords it comes!

Enter GHOST

Ham Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn d 40
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
hell

Be thy intents wicked or charitable
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee I ll call thee Hamlet
King father royal Dane O answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance but tell
Why thy canonized bones hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly mourn d
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws 50
To cast thee up again What may this mean
That thou, dead corse again in complete steel
Revisit st thus the glimpses of the moon
Making night hideous and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say why in this? wherefore? what should we
do?

GHOST beckons HAMLET

Hor It beckons you to go away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone

Mar Look with what courteous action 60
It waves you to a more removed ground
But do not go with it

Hor No by no means

Ham It will not speak then I will follow it

Hor Do not my lord

Ham Why what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin s fee
And for my soul what can it do to that
Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again I ll follow it

Hor What if it tempt you toward the flood
my lord

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 70
That beetles o er his base into the sea

And there assume some other horrible form

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness? think of it

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea

And hears it roar beneath

Ham It waves me still
Go on I ll follow thee

Mar You shall not go my lord

Ham Hold off your hands 80

Hor Be ruled you shall not go

Ham My fate cries out
And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion s nerve

Still am I call d Unhand me gentlemen

By heaven I ll make a ghost of him that lets me!

I say away! Go on I ll follow thee

[Exit GHOST and HAMLET]

Hor He waves desperate with imagination

Mar Let s follow tis not fit thus to obey him

Hor Have after To what issue will this come?

Mar Something is rotten in the state of Den

mark

Hor Heaven will direct it 90

Mar Nay let s follow him *[Exit]*

SCENE V Another part of the platform

Enter GHOST and HAMLET

Ham Where wilt thou lead me? speak I ll
go no further

Ghost Mark me

Ham I will

Ghost My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself

Ham Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold

Ham Speak, I am bound to hear
Ghost So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
hear

Ham What?
Ghost I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 10
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine 20
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham O God!
Ghost Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder

Ham Murder!
Ghost Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural

Ham Haste me to know't, that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30
May sweep to my revenge

Ghost I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be than the far weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this Now, Hamlet,
hear

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown

Ham O my prophetic soul! 40
My uncle!

Ghost Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline 50
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air,
Brief let me be Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon, 60
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man

That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood So did it mine, 70
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! 80
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
Let nor the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her Fare thee well at once!

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire 90
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me {Exit

Ham O all you host of heaven! O earth! what
else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my
heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there, 101

And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain
 Unmix'd with baser matter Yes by heaven!
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain villain smiling damned villain!
 My tables—meet it is I set it down
 That one may smile and smile and be a villain
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark

Exit King

So uncle there you are Now to my word
 It is Adieu adieu! remember me
 I have sworn it

Mar { *Within* } My lord my lord—

Mar { *Within* } Lord Hamlet—

Hor { *Within* } Heaven secure him!

Ham So be it!

Hor { *Within* } Hillo ho ho my lord!

Ham Hillo ho ho boy! come bird come

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

Mar How is it my noble lord?

Hor What news my lord?

Ham O wonderful!

Hor Good my lord tell it

Ham No you'll reveal it

Hor Not I my lord by heaven

Mar Nor I my lord 120

Ham How say you then would heart of man
 once think it?

But you'll be secret?

Hor { *Mar* } Ay by heaven my lord

Ham There's never a villain dwelling in all
 Denmark

But he's an arrant knave

Hor There needs no ghost my lord come from
 the grave

To tell us this

Ham Why right you are: the right

And so without more circumstance at all

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part

You as your business and desire shall point you

For every man has business and desire 130

Such as it is and for mine own poor part

Look you I'll go pray

Hor These are but wild and whirling words
 my lord

Ham I'm sorry they offend you heartily

Yes faith heartily

Hor There's no offence my lord

Ham Yes by Saint Patrick but there is
 Horatio

And much offence too Touching this vision here

It is an honest ghost that let me tell you

For your desire to know what is between us

O'ermaster't as you may And now good friends
 As you are friends scholars and soldiers 141

Give me one poor request

Hor What is't my lord? we will

Ham Never make known what you have seen
 to night

Hor { *Mar* } My Lord we will not

Ham Nay but swear it

Hor In faith

141 My lord not I

Mar Nor I my lord in faith

Ham Upon my sword

Mar We have sworn my lord already

Ham Indeed upon my sword indeed

Ghost { *Beneath* } Swear

Ham Ah ha boy! say'st thou so? art thou
 there truepenny? 150

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—
 Consent to swear

Hor Propose the oath my lord

Ham Never to speak of this that you have seen
 Swear by my sword

Ghost { *Beneath* } Swear

Ham *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground
 Come higher gentlemen

And lay your hands again upon my sword

Never to speak of this that you have heard

Swear by my sword 160

Ghost { *Beneath* } Swear

Ham Well said old mole! canst work i' the
 earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove good
 friends

Hor O day and night but this is wondrous
 strange!

Ham And therefore as a stranger give it wel
 come

There are more things in heaven and earth

Horatio

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy

But come

Here as before never so help you mercy

How strange or odd so'er I bear myself 170

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on

That you at such times seeing me never shall

With arms encumber'd thus or this head
 shake

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase

As Well well we know or We could an if
 we would

Or If we list to speak or There be an if
 they might

Or such ambiguous giving out to note

That you know aught of me this not to do

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
 Swear 181
Ghost [Beneath] Swear
Ham Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *[They*
swear] So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack Let us go in to-
 gether,
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray
 The time is out of joint O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right! 190
Nay, come, let's go together *[Exeunt]*

ACT II

SCENE I *A room in Polonius' house**Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO*

Pol Give him this money and these notes,
 Reynaldo
Rey I will, my lord
Pol You shall do marvellous wisely, good
 Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to make inquire
 Of his behaviour
Rey My lord, I did intend it
Pol Marry, well said, very well said Look
 you, sir,
 Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
 And how, and who, what means, and where they
 keep,
 What company, at what expense, and finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question 10
 That they do know my son, come you more
 nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it
 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of
 him,
 As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him" do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey Ay, very well, my lord
Pol "And in part him, but" you may say
 "not well
 But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
 Addicted so and so" and there put on him 19
 What forgeries you please, marry, none so rank
 As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
 But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
 As are companions noted and most known
 To youth and liberty
Rey As gaming, my lord
Pol Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quar-
 relling,
 Drabbing you may go so far
Rey My lord, that would dishonour him

Pol Faith, no, as you may season it in the
 charge
 You must not put another scandal on him,
 That he is open to incontinency, 30
 That's not my meaning But breathe his faults so
 quaintly
 That they may seem the taints of liberty,
 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
 Of general assault
Rey But, my good lord—
Pol Wherefore should you do this?
Rey Ay, my lord,
 I would know that
Pol Marry, sir, here's my drift,
 And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit
 You laying these slight sullies on my son,
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working, 40
 Mark you,
 Your party in converse, him you would sound,
 Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
 He closes with you in this consequence,
 "Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"
 According to the phrase or the addition
 Of man and country
Rey Very good, my lord
Pol And then, sir, does he this—he does—
 what was I about to say? By the mass, I was
 about to say something Where did I leave? 51
Rey At "closes in the consequence," at "friend
 or so," and "gentleman"
Pol At "closes in the consequence," ay, marry,
 He closes thus "I know the gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
 Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you
 say,
 There was a 'gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,
 There falling out at tennis" or perchance,
 "I saw him enter such a house of sale," 60
I'ldeluct, a brothel, or so forth
 See you now,
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With windlasses and with assays of bias,
 By indirections find directions out
 So by my former lecture and advice,
 Shall you my son You have me, have you not?
Rey My lord, I have
Pol God be wi' you, fare you well
Rey Good my lord! 70
Pol Observe his inclination in yourself
Rey I shall, my lord
Pol And let him ply his music
Rey Well, my lord
Pol Farewell! *[Exit REYNALDO]*

Enter OPHELIA

How now Ophelia¹ what's the matter?

Oph O my lord, my lord I have been so affrighted¹

Pol With what¹ the name of God?

Oph My lord, as I was sewing in my closet
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced
No hat upon his head his stockings foul d
Ungarter d and down-gyrd to his ankle 80
Pale as his shirt his knees knocking each other
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors—he comes before me

Pol Mad for thy love?

Oph My lord I do not know
But truly I do fear it

Pol What said he?

Oph He took me by the wrist and held me hard
Then goes he to the length of all his arm
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow 90
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it Long stay d he so
At last a little shaking of mine arm
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being That done he lets me go
And with his head over his shoulder turn d
He seem d to find his way without his eyes
For out o' doors he went without their helps
And to the last bended their light on me 100

Pol Come go with me I will go seek the
King

This is the very ecstasy of love
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures I am sorry
What have you given him any hard words of
lure?

Oph No my good lord but as you did com-
mand

I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me

Pol That hath made him mad 110
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him I fear d he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee but beshrew my jea-
lousy¹

By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion Come, go we to the King
This must be known which, being kept close,
might move

More grief to hide than hate will utter love

[Exit

SCENE II A room in the castle

Enter KING QUEEN ROSENCRANTZ GUILDEN-
STERN and Attendants

King Welcome dear Rosencrantz and Guild-
enstern¹

Moreover that we much did long to see you
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation so call it
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was What it should be
More than his father's death that thus hath put
him

So much from the understanding of himself
I cannot dream of I entreat you both 10
That being of so young days brought up with
him

And sith so neighbour d to his youth and humour
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown, afflicts him
thus

That open d lies within our remedy

Queen Good gentlemen he hath much talk d
of you

And sure I am two men there are not living 20
To whom he more adheres If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile
For the supply and profit of our hope
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance

Ros Both your Majesties

Might by the sovereign power you have of us
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty

Guil But we both obey
And here give up ourselves in the full bent 30
To lay our service freely at your feet
To be commanded

King Thanks Rosencrantz and gentle Guild-
enstern

Queen Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Ro-
sencrantz

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son Go some of you
And bring these gentlemen where I Hamlet is
Guil Heavens make our presence and our
practices

Pleasant and helpful to him¹

Queen

Ay amen¹

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
some Attendants]

Enter POLONIUS

Pol The ambassadors from Norway, my good
lord, 40

Are joyfully return'd

King Thou still hast been the father of good
news

Pol Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy 49

King O, speak of that, that do I long to hear

Pol Give first admittance to the ambassadors,
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast

King Thyself do grace to them, and bring
them in [Exit POLONIUS]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper

Queen I doubt it is no other but the main,

His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage
King Well, we shall sift him

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and
CORNELIUS

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt Most fair return of greetings and desires
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress 61

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,

But, better look'd into, he truly found

It was against your Highness whereat grieved,

That so to his sickness, age and impotence

Was falsely borne in hand sends out arrests

On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys,

Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine

Makes vow before his uncle never more 70

To give the assay of arms against your Majesty

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,

And his commission to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack

With an entreaty, herein further shown,

Giving a paper

That it might please you to give quiet pass

Through your dominions for this enterprise,

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therein are set down

King It likes us well, 80

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,

Answer, and think upon this business

Meantime we thank you for your well-took
labour

Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS]

Pol This business is well ended

My liege, and madam, to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, 90

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief your noble son is mad

Mad call I it, for, to define true madness,

What is't but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go

Queen More matter, with less art

Pol Madam, I swear I use no art at all

That he is mad, 'tis true 'tis true 'tis pity,

And pity 'tis 'tis true A foolish figure,

But farewell it, for I will use no art

Mad let us grant him, then, and now remains

That we find out the cause of this effect, 101

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,

For this effect defective comes by cause

Thus it remains and the remainder thus

Perpend

I have a daughter—have while she is mine—

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this Now gather, and surmise

Reads

"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia"— 110

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, "beautified" is

a vile phrase but you shall hear Thus [Reads]

"In her excellent white bosom, these, &c."

Queen Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol Good madam, stay awhile, I will be faith-
ful [Reads]

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,

Doubt that the sun doth move,

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love 119

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I

have not art to reckon my groans but that I love

thee best, O most best, believe it Adieu

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this

machine is to him, Hamlet"

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

All given to mine ear

King But how hath she

Received his love?

Pol What do you think of me?

King As of a man faithful and honourable

Pol I would fain prove so But what might you think 131

When I had seen this hot love on the wing—
As I perceived it I must tell you that
Before my daughter told me—what might you
Or my dear Majesty your queen here think
If I had play'd the desk or table book
Or given my heart a winking mute and dumb
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight
What might you think? No I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak 140
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star
This must not be and then I prescripts gave her
That she should lock herself from his resort
Admit no messengers receive no tokens
Which done she took the fruits of my advice
And he repuls'd—a short tale to make—
Fell into a sadness then into a fast
Thence to a watch thence into a weakness
Thence to a lightness and, by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves 150
And all we mourn for

King Do you think tis this?
Queen It may be very likely
Pol Hath there been such a time—I'd fain
know that—
That I have positively said 'Tis so
When it proved otherwise?

King Not that I know
Pol [Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take
this from this if this be otherwise
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid though it were hid indeed
Within the centre

King How may we try it further?
Pol You know sometimes he walks four hours
together 160
Here in the lobby

Queen So he does indeed
Pol At such a time I'll loose my daughter to
him

Be you and I behind an arras then
Mark the encounter If he love her not
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keep a farm and carters

King We will try it
Queen But look where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading
Pol Away I do beseech you, both away
I'll board him presently

[Exit KING QUEEN and Attendants]

Enter HAMLET *reading*
O give me leave, 170
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham Well God a mercy
Pol Do you know me my lord?

Ham Excellent well you are a fishmonger
Pol Not I my lord
Ham Then I would you were so honest a man
Pol Honest my lord?

Ham Ay sir be honest as this world goes
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand
Pol That's very true my lord 180
Ham For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog being a god kissing carrion—Have you a
daughter?

Pol I have my lord
Ham Let her not walk i the sun Conception
is a blessing but not as your daughter may con-
ceive Friend look to t

Pol [Aside] How say you by that? Still harp-
ing on my daughter yet he knew me not at
first he said I was a fishmonger he is far gone
far gone and truly in my youth I suffered much
extremity for love very near this I'll speak to
him again What do you read my lord?

Ham Words words words
Pol What is the matter my lord?

Ham Between who?

Pol I mean the matter that you read my lord
Ham Slanders sir for the satirical rogue
says here that old men have grey beards that
their faces are wrinkled their eyes purging thick
amber and plum tree gum and that they have a
plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak
hams all which sir though I most powerfully
and potently believe yet I hold it not honesty to
have it thus set down, for yourself sir should be
old as I am if like a crab you could go backward
Pol [Aside] Though this be madness yet there
is method in t Will you walk out of the air my
lord?

Ham Into my grave 210
Pol Indeed that is out o the air [Aside] How
pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness
that often madness hits on which reason and
sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of
I will leave him and suddenly contrive the means
of meeting between him and my daughter—My
honourable lord I will most humbly take my
leave of you
Ham You cannot sir take from me any thing
that I will more willingly part withal except my
life except my life except my life 220
Pol Fare you well my lord
Ham These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and CUILDENSTERN
Pol You go to seek the Lord Hamlet there he
is

Ros [To POLONIUS] God save you, sir!

[Exit POLONIUS]

Gul My honoured lord!

Ros My most dear lord!

Ham My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? 230

Ros As the indifferent children of the earth

Gul Happy, in that we are not over-happy,

On fortune's cap we are not the very button

Ham Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros Neither, my lord

Ham Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Gul 'Faith, her privates we

Ham In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true, she is a strumpet! What's the news? 240

Ros None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest

Ham Then is doomsday near! But your news is not true! Let me question more in particular! What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Gul Prison, my lord!

Ham Denmark's a prison

Ros Then is the world one 250

Ham A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst

Ros We think not so, my lord

Ham Why, then, 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so! To me it is a prison

Ros Why then your ambition makes it one, 'tis too narrow for your mind 259

Ham O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams

Gul Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream

Ham A dream itself is but a shadow

Ros Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow

Ham Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows! Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason

Ros } We'll wait upon you

Gul }
Ham No such matter! I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended! But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros To visit you, my lord, no other occasion

Ham Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you—and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny! Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me! Come, come, nay, speak!

Gul What should we say, my lord?

Ham Why, any thing, but to the purpose! You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour! I know the good king and queen have sent for you 291

Ros To what end, my lord?

Ham That you must teach me! But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros [Aside to GUILDENSTERN] What say you? 300

Ham [Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of you—If you love me, hold not off!

Gul My lord, we were sent for

Ham I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather! I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours! What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me—no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so

Ros My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts

Ham Why did you laugh then, when I said "man delights not me"?

Ros To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you! We coted them on the way, and hither are they coming, to offer you service

Ham He that plays the king shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target, the

lover shall not sigh *gratts* the humorous man shall end his part in peace the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere and the lady shall say her mind freely or the blank verse shall halt for t' What players are they? 340

Ros Even those you were wont to take delight in the tragedians of the city

Ham How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways

Ros I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation

Ham Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so fol-
lowed? 350

Ros No indeed are they not

Ham How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros Nay their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace but there is sir an aery of children little eyases that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for t' These are now the fashion and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither 360

Ham What are they children? who maintains em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros Faith there has been much to do on both sides and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy There was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question

Ham Is t' possible?

Guil O there has been much throwing about of brains

Ham Do the boys carry it away?

Ros Ay that they do my lord Hercules and his load too 379

Ham It is not very strange for mine uncle is King of Denmark and those that would make mows at him while my father lived gave twenty forty fifty an hundred ducats a piece for his picture in little Shblood there is something in this more than natural if philosophy could find it out

Flourish of trumpets within

Guil There are the players

Ham Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore Your hands come then The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony Let me com-

ply with you in this garb lest my extent to the players which I tell you must show fairly outward should more appear like entertainment than yours You are welcome but my uncle father and aunt mother are deceived

Guil In what my dear lord?

Ham I am but mad north north west When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw

Re-enter POLONIUS

Pol Well be with you gentlemen!

Ham Hark you Guildenstern and you too at each ear a hearer that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts

Ros Happily he's the second time come to them for they say an old man is twice a child

Ham I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players mark it [*Aloud*] You say right sir on Monday morning 'twas so indeed

Pol My lord I have news to tell you

Ham My lord I have news to tell you When Roscius was an actor in Rome— 410

Pol The actors are come hither my lord

Ham Buz buz!

Pol Upon mine honour—

Ham Then came each actor on his ass—

Pol The best actors in the world either for tragedy comedy, history pastoral pastoral comical historical pastoral tragical historical tragical-comical historical pastoral scene indivisible or poem unlimited Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light For the law of writ and the liberty these are the only men 421

Ham O Jephthah judge of Israel what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol What a treasure had he my lord?

Ham Why

One fair daughter, and no more

The which he loved passing well

Pol [*Aside*] Still on my daughter

Ham Am I not the right old Jephthah?

Pol If you call me Jephthah my lord I have a daughter that I love passing well 431

Ham Nay that follows not

Pol What follows then, my lord?

Ham Why

As by lot God wot and then you know

It came to pass as most like it was — the first row of the pious chanson will show you more for look where my abridgement comes

Enter four or five PLAYERS

You are welcome masters welcome all I am glad to see thee well Welcome good friends

O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last, comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see. We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality, come, a passionate speech.

1st Play What speech, my lord?

Ham I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted, or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas caviare to the general, but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallies in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas *Aeneas'* tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see—

471

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"

—it is not so. It begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion
Smear'd

With heraldry more dismal, head to foot
Now is he total gules, horribly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,
sons,

Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murder, roasted in wrath and
fire,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

So proceed you.

Pol 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

1st Play "Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks, his antique
sword

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless
Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear, for, lo! his
sword,

Which was declining on the milky head 500
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick.
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arous'd vengeance sets him new a-work, 510
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour forged for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding
sword.

Now falls on Priam

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you
gods,

In general synod, take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of
heaven,

As low as to the fiends!"

Pol This is too long. 520

Ham It shall to the barber's, with your beard.
Prithee, say on, he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry,
or he sleeps. Say on, come to Hecuba.

1st Play "But who, O, who had seen the mobled
queen—"

Ham "The mobled queen?"

Pol That's good, "mobled queen" is good.

1st Play "Run barefoot up and down, threaten-
ing the flames

With bisson rheum, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins, 531
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up,
Who thus had seen, with tongue in venom
steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have
pronounced

But if the gods themselves did see her then
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of
heaven,

540

And passion in the gods'

Pol Look whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in s eyes Pray you no more

Ham Tis well I'll have thee speak out the rest soon Good my lord will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear let them be well used for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live 551

Pol My lord I will use them according to their desert

Ham God's bodykins man much better Use every man after his desert and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity the less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty Take them in

Pol Come sirs 559

Ham Follow him friends we'll hear a play to-morrow [*Exit POLONIUS with all the PLAYERS but the first*] Dost thou hear me old friend can you play The Murder of Gonzago?

1st Play Ay my lord

Ham We'll ha't to-morrow night You could for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and insert in't could you not?

1st Play Ay my lord 569

Ham Very well Follow that lord and look you mock him not [*Exit FIRST PLAYER*] My good friends I'll leave you till night you are welcome to Elsinore

Ros Good my lord!

Ham Ay so God be wi' ye [*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*] Now I am alone O what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a fiction in a dream of passion Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd 580 Tears in his eyes distraction in s aspect A broken voice and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing! For Hecuba!

What s Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech, Make mad the guilty and appal the free, 590 Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed The very faculties of eyes and ears Yet I

A dull and muddy mettled rascal peak Like John-a-dreams unpregnant of my cause

And can say nothing no not for a king Upon whose property and most dear life A damn'd defeat was made Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face? Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie in the throat 601

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this? Ha!

Sounds I should take it for it cannot be But I am pigeon liver'd and lack gall To make oppression bitter or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal Bloody bawdy villain! Remorseless treacherous, lecherous kindless villain!

O vengeance! 610

Why what an ass am I! This is most brave That I the son of a dear father murder'd Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell Must like a whore unpack my heart with words And fall a-cursing like a very drab A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! I have heard That guilty creatures sitting at a play Have by the very cunning of the scene Been struck so to the soul that presently 620 They have proclaim'd their malefactions, For murder though it have no tongue will speak With most miraculous organ I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father Before mine uncle I'll observe his looks I'll tent him to the quick If he but blench I know my course The spirit that I have seen May be the devil and the devil hath power To assume a pleasing shape yea and perhaps Out of my weakness and my melancholy 630 As he is very potent with such spirits Abuses me to damn me I'll have grounds More relative than this The play's the thing Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king [*Exit*]

ACT III

SCENE I A room in the castle

ENTER KING QUEEN POLONIUS OPHELIA ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

King And can you by no drift of circumstance Get from him why he puts on this confusion Grating so harshly all his days of quiet With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros He does confess he feels himself distracted But from what cause he will by no means speak

Gul! Nor do we find him forward to be sound'd

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state

Queen Did he receive you well? 10

Ros Most like a gentleman

Guil But with much forcing of his disposition

Ros Niggard of question, but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply

Queen Did you assay him

To any pastime?

Ros Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way, of these we told
him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it They are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order 20
This night to play before him

Pol 'Tis most true

And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter

King With all my heart, and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclined

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights

Ros We shall, my lord

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]

King Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 30
Affront Ophelia

Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unscen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for

Queen I shall obey you

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness so shall I hope your virtues 40

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours

Oph Madam, I wish it may [*Exit QUEEN*]

Pol Ophelia, walk you here Gracious, so
please you,

We will bestow ourselves [*To OPHELIA*] Read
on this book,

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness We are oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much prov'd—that with devotion's visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er

The devil himself

King [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience! 50

The harlot's check, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word
O heavy burthen!

Pol I hear him coming let's withdraw, my lord
[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS*]

Enter HAMLET

Ham To be, or not to be that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep, 60
No more, and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd To die, to sleep,
To sleep? perchance to dream Ay, there's the
rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time, 70

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurs
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn 80

No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd

Oph Good my lord, 90
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham I humbly thank you, well, well, well

Oph My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you, now receive them

Ham No, not I,
I never gave you aught

Oph My honour'd lord you know right well
you did
And with them words of so sweet breath com-
posed
As made the things more rich Their perfume
lost
Take these again for to the noble mind 100
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind
There my lord

Ham Ha ha! are you honest?

Oph My lord?

Ham Are you fair?

Oph What means your lordship?

Ham That if you be honest and fair your hon-
esty should admit no discourse to your beauty

Oph Could beauty my lord have better com-
merce than with honesty? 110

Ham Ay truly for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a
bawd than the force of honesty can translate
beauty into his likeness This was sometime a
paradox but now the time gives it proof I did
love you once

Oph Indeed my lord you made me believe so

Ham You should not have believed me for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we
shall relish of it I loved you not 120

Oph I was the more deceived

Ham Get thee to a nunnery why wouldst thou
be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent
honest but yet I could accuse me of such things
that it were better my mother had not borne me
I am very proud revengeful ambitious with
more offences at my beck than I have thoughts
to put them in imagination to give them shape
or time to act them in What should such fellows
as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We
are arrant knaves all believe none of us Go thy
ways to a nunnery Where's your father?

Oph At home my lord

Ham Let the doors be shut upon him that he
may play the fool nowhere but in his own house
Farewell

Oph O help him you sweet heavens!

Ham If thou dost marry I'll give thee this
plague for thy dowry be thou as chaste as ice
as pure as snow thou shalt not escape calumny
Get thee to a nunnery go Farewell Or if thou
wilt needs marry marry a fool for wise men
know well enough what monsters you make of
them To a nunnery go and quickly too Fare-
well

Oph O heavenly powers restore him!

Ham I have heard of your paintings too well
enough God has given you one face and you
make yourselves another You jig you amble

and you lisp and nick name God's creatures and
make your wantonness your ignorance Go to
I'll no more on it it hath made me mad I say we
will have no more marriages Those that are
married already all but one shall live the rest
shall keep as they are To a nunnery go

[Exit]

Oph O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's soldier's scholar's eye tongue
sword

The expectancy and rose of the fair state 160

The glass of fashion and the mould of form

The observed of all observers quite quite
down!

And I of ladies most deject and wretched
That suck'd the honey of his music vows
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh
That unmatched form and feature of blown
youth

Blasted with ecstasy O woe is me
To have seen what I have seen see what I see!

Re enter KING and POLONIUS

King Love! his affections do not that way
tend 170

Nor what he spake though it lack'd form a little
Was not like madness There's something in his
soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger which for to prevent
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down he shall with speed to
England

For the demand of our neglected tribute
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel 180

Thus something settled matter in his heart
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself What think you on't?

Pol It shall do well but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love How now Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said
We heard it all My lord do as you please
But if you hold it fit after the play

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him 190
To show his grief let her be round with him
And I'll be placed so please you in the ear
Of all their conference If she find him not
To England send him or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think

King It shall be so
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go

[Exit]

SCENE II *A hall in the castle**Enter HAMLET and PLAYERS*

Ham Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant It out-herods Herod Pray you, avoid it

1st Play I warrant your honour

Ham Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature, for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably

1st Play I hope we have reformed that indifference with us, sir 41

Ham O, reform it altogether And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it Go, make you ready *[Exit PLAYERS]*

*Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and**GUILDENSTERN*

How now, my lord! will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol And the Queen too, and that presently

Ham Bid the players make haste *[Exit POLONIUS]* Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros } We will, my lord
Guil }

*[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]**Ham* What ho! Horatio!*Enter HORATIO**Hor* Here, sweet lord, at your service

Ham Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal 60

Hor O, my dear lord—

Ham Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself, for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, 71
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks, and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well com-
mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee—Something too much of this—
There is a play to-night before the King 80
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle If his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkenel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stutty Give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 90
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming

Hor Well, my lord
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft

Ham They are coming to the play, I must be
idle

Get you a place

Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham Excellent: I faith, of the chameleon's dish. I eat the air, promise crammed. You cannot feed capons so. 100

King I have nothing with this answer. Hamlet, these words are not mine.

Ham No, nor mine now. [*To POLONIUS*] My lord, you played once in the university, you say?

Pol That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham What did you enact?

Pol I did enact Julius Cæsar. I was killed: the Capitol. Brutus killed me.

Ham It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready? 111

Ros Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

Queen Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol [*To the KING*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet*]

Oph No, my lord. 120

Ham I mean my head upon your lap?

Oph Ay, my lord.

Ham Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph I think nothing, my lord.

Ham That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph What in my lord?

Ham Nothing.

Oph You are merry, my lord.

Ham Who I? 130

Oph Ay, my lord.

Ham O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year, but by a lady he must build churches, then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is: For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a KING and a QUEEN very lovingly, the QUEEN embracing him, and he her. She kneels and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up

and declines his head upon her neck, lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the KING'S ears, and exits. The QUEEN returns, finds the KING dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the QUEEN with gifts, she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exit]

Oph What means this, my lord?

Ham Marry, this is mitching mallecho, it means mischief.

Oph Belike this show imports the argument of the play. 150

Enter PROLOGUE.

Ham We shall know by this fellow. The players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph Will he tell us what this show means?

Ham Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show; he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph You are naught, you are naught, I'll marl the play.

Pro For us, and for our tragedy.

Here stooping to your clemency. 160

We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit]

Ham Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham As woman's love.

Enter two Players at KING and QUEEN.

P King Full thirty times hath Phœbus cart gone round.

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground. And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen. About the world have times twelve thirties been. Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands. Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170

P Queen So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done! But woe is me, you are so sick of late. So far from cheer and from your former state. That I distrust you. Yet though I distrust. Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must. For women's fear and love holds quantity. In neither aught, or in extremity. Now what my love is, proof hath made you know.

And as my love is sized, my fear is so. 180
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear.
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P King 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too,

My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P Queen O, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my breast
In second husband let me be accurst! 189

None wed the second but who kill'd the first

Ham [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood

P Queen The instances that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed

P King I do believe you think what now you speak,

But what we do determine oft we break

Purpose is but the slave to memory,

Of violent birth, but poor validity 199

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be

Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enatures with themselves destroy

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange

That even our loves should with our fortunes change,

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,

The poor advanced makes friends of enemies

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

For who not needs shall never lack a friend,

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy

But, orderly to end where I begun, 220

Our wills and fates do so contrary run

That our devices still are overthrown,

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own

So think thou wilt no second husband wed,

But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead

P Queen Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230

Meet what I would have well and it destroy!

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham If she should break it now!

P King 'Tis deeply sworn Sweet, leave me here awhile,

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep [*Sleeps*]

P Queen Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain!

[*Exit*]

Ham Madam, how like you this play? 239

Queen The lady doth protest too much, methinks

Ham O, but she'll keep her word

King Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest,
no offence 't the world

King What do you call the play?

Ham "The Mouse-trap" Marry, how? Tropically This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife, Baptista You shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work, but what o' that? your Majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung

Enter LUCIANUS

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king

Oph You are as good as a chorus, my lord

Ham I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying

Oph You are keen my lord, you are keen

Ham It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge 260

Oph Still better, and worse

Ham So you must take your husbands Begin, murderer, now, leave thy damnable faces, and begin Come, "the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge"

Luc Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,

Confederate season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property, 270

On wholesome life usurp immediately

Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears

Ham He poisons him 't the garden for's estate
His name's Gonzago the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian You shall see anon how

the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife

Oph The King rises

Ham What frightened with false fire?

Queen How fates my lord?

Pol Give o'er the play

King Give me some light. Away! 280

All Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO]

Ham Why let the stricken deer go weep

The hart ungalled play

For some must watch while some must sleep

So runs the world away

Would not this sir and a forest of feathers—if
the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with
two Provincial roses on my razed shoes get me a
fellowship in a cry of players sir?

Hor Half a share 290

Ham A whole one I

For thou dost know O Damon dear

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself and now reigns here

A very very—pajock

Hor You might have rhymed

Ham O good Horatio I'll take the ghost's

word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor Very well my lord

Ham Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

Hor I did very well note him

Ham Ah ha! Come some music! come, the
recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy

Why then belike he likes it not perdy

Come some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Gul Good my lord vouchsafe me a word
with you

Ham Sir a whole history

Gul The King sir— 310

Ham Ay sir what of him?

Gul Is in his retirement marvellous distem-
pered

Ham With drink sir?

Gul No my lord rather with choler

Ham Your wisdom should show itself more
richer to signify this to his doctor for for me to
put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge
him into far more choler 319

Gul Good my lord put your discourse into
some frame and start not so wildly from my affair

Ham I am tame sir pronounce

Gul The Queen your mother in most great
affliction of spirit hath sent me to you

Ham You are welcome

Gul Nay good my lord this courtesy is not

of the right breed If it shall please you to make
me a wholesome answer I will do your mother's
commandment if not your pardon and my re-
turn shall be the end of my business 330

Ham Sir I cannot

Gul What my lord?

Ham Make you a wholesome answer my
wit's diseased But sir such answer as I can
make you shall command or rather as you say
my mother Therefore no more but to the mat-
ter My mother you say—

Ros Then thus she says your behaviour hath
struck her into amazement and admiration 339

Ham O wonderful son that can so astonish a
mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this
mother's admiration? Impart

Ros She desires to speak with you in her closet
ere you go to bed

Ham We shall obey were she ten times our
mother Have you any further trade with us?

Ros My lord you once did love me

Ham So I do still by these pickers and
stealers 349

Ros Good my lord what is your cause of dis-
temper? you do surely bar the door upon your
own liberty if you deny your griefs to your
friend

Ham Sir I lack advancement

Ros How can that be when you have the voice
of the king himself for your succession in Den-
mark?

Ham Ay sir but While the grass grows—
the proverb is something musty 359

Re-enter PLAYERS with recorders

O the recorders! let me see one To withdraw
with you—why do you go about to recover the
wind of me as if you would drive me into a toil?

Cnl O my lord if my duty be too bold my
love is too unmannerly

Ham I do not well understand that Will you
play upon this pipe?

Gul My lord I cannot

Ham I pray you

Gul Believe me I cannot

Ham I do beseech you 370

Gul I know no touch of it my lord

Ham 'Tis as easy as lying Govern these
ventages with your fingers and thumb give it
breath with your mouth and it will discourse
most eloquent music Look you these are the
stops

Gul But these cannot I command in any utter-
ance of harmony I have not the skill

Ham Why look you now how unworthy a
thing you make of me! You would play upon

me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak 'Blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me

Enter POLONIUS

God bless you, sir! 390

Pol My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently

Ham Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed

Ham Methinks it is like a weasel

Pol It is backed like a weasel

Ham Or like a whale?

Pol Very like a whale 399

Ham Then I will come to my mother by and by They fool me to the top of my bent I will come by and by

Pol I will say so

Ham By and by *in* easily said [*Exit* POLONIUS] Leave me, friends

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world Now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to look on Soft! now to my
mother 410

O heart, lose not thy nature, let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom

Let me be cruel, not unnatural

I will speak daggers to her, but use none,

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit*

SCENE III *A room in the castle*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and

GUILDENSTERN

King I like him not nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range Therefore prepare
you,

Your commission with forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow

Out of his lunacies

Gul

We will ourselves provide

Most holy and religious fear it is

To keep those many many bodies safe

That live and feed upon your Majesty 10

Ros The single and peculiar life is bound,

With all the strength and armour of the mind,

To keep itself from noyance, but much more

That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest

The lives of many The cease of majesty

Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw

What's near it with it It is a massy wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortised and adjoin'd, which, when it falls,

Each small annement, petty consequence, 21

Attends the boisterous ruin Never alone

Did the King sigh, but with a general groan

King Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voy-
age,

For we will fetters put upon this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed

Ros } We will haste us

Gul }

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Enter POLONIUS

Pol My lord, he's going to his mother's closet

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,

To hear the process, I'll warrant she'll tax him
home

And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 30

'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear

The speech, of vantage Fare you well, my liege

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know

King Thanks, dear my lord

[*Exit* POLONIUS

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,

It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,

A brother's murder Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent, 40

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,

To be forestalled ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up, 50

My fault is past But, O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul mur-
der"?

That cannot be since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder
 My crown, mine own ambition and my queen
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law but 'tis not so above 60
 There is no shuffling there the action lies
 In his true nature and we ourselves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 To give in evidence What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can What can it not?
 Yet what can it when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul that struggling to be free
 Art more engaged! Help angels! Make assay!
 Bow stubborn knees and heart with strings of
 steel 70
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well [*Retires and kneels*]

Enter HAMLET

Ham Now might I do it pat now he is praying
 And now I'll do't And so he goes to heaven
 And so am I revenged That would be scann'd
 A villain kills my father and for that
 I his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven
 O this is hire and salary not revenge
 He took my father grossly full of bread 80
 With all his crimes broad blown as flush as May
 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heavy with him And am I then revenged
 To take him in the purging of his soul
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 No!
 Up sword and know thou a more horrid hent
 When he is drunk asleep or in his rage
 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed 90
 At gaming swearing or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't
 Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell where'to it goes My mother stays
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days [*Exit*
 King [*Rising*] My words fly up my thoughts
 remain below
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go
 [*Exit*]

SCENE IV The Queen's closet

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS

Pol He will come straight Look you lay horse
 to him

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
 with
 And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood be-
 tween
 Much heat and him I'll sounce me even here
 Pray you be round with him
 Ham [*Within*] Mother mother mother!
 Queen I'll warrant you
 Fear me not Withdraw I hear him coming
 [*POLONIUS hides behind the arras*]

Enter HAMLET

Ham Now mother what's the matter?
 Queen Hamlet thou hast thy father much
 offended
 Ham Mother you have my father much
 offended 10
 Queen Come come you answer with an idle
 tongue
 Ham Go go you question with a wicked
 tongue
 Queen Why how now, Hamlet?
 Ham What's the matter now?
 Queen Have you forgot me?
 Ham No by the rood not so
 You are the Queen your husband's brother's
 wife
 And—would it were not so!—you are my
 mother
 Queen Nay then I'll set those to you that can
 speak
 Ham Come, come and sit you down you
 shall not budge
 You go not till I set you up a glass
 Where you may see the inmost part of you 20
 Queen What wilt thou do? thou wilt not mur-
 der me?
 Help help ho!
 Pol [*Behind*] What ho! help help help!
 Ham [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead for a
 ducat dead!
 Makes a pass through the arras
 Pol [*Behind*] O I am slain! [*Falls and dies*]
 Queen O me what hast thou done?
 Ham Nay I know not
 Is it the king?
 Queen O what a rash and bloody deed is this!
 Ham A bloody deed! almost as bad good
 mother
 As kill a king and marry with his brother
 Queen As kill a king!
 Ham Ay lady 'twas my word 30
 Lifts up the arras and discovers POLONIUS
 Thou wretched rash intruding fool farewell!
 I took thee for thy better Take thy fortune
 Thou find'st it to be too busy in some danger

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace! sit you
down,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it so
That it be proof and bulwark against sense

Queen What have I done, that thou darest wag
thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham Such an act 40
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths, O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom, 50
Is thought-sick at the act

Queen Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham Look here, upon this picture, and on
this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers
See, what a grace was seated on this brow,

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,

A station like the herald Mercury

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,

A combination and a form indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man

This was your husband: Look you now, what
follows

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother: Have you
eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love, for at your age

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgement, and what judgement 70

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you
have,

Else could you not have motion, but sure, that
sense

Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd

But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference: What devil was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope 80

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire: Proclaim no shame

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn

And reason panders will

Queen O Hamlet, speak no more

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,

And there I see such black and grain'd spots 90

As will not leave their tinct

Ham Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,

Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making

love

Over the nasty sty—

Queen O, speak to me no more,

These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears,

No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham A murderer and a villain,

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, 100

And put it in his pocket!

Queen No more!

Ham A king of shreds and patches—

Enter GHOST

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards! What would your gracious
figure?

Queen Alas, he's mad!

Ham Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,

That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by

The important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

Ghost Do not forget! This visitation 110

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose

But, look, amazement on thy mother sits

O, step between her and her fighting soul

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works

Speak to her, Hamlet

Ham How is't with you, lady?

Queen Alas, how is't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,

And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,

Start up, and stand an end: O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience: Whereon do you look?

Ham On him on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd preaching to stones
Would make them capable Do not look upon me

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects then what I have to do 129
Will want true colour tears perchance for blood
Queen To whom do you speak thus?

Ham Do you see nothing there?

Queen Nothing at all yet all that is I see

Ham Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen No nothing but ourselves

Ham Why look you there! look how it steals away!

My father in his habit as he liv'd!
Look where he goes even now out at the portal!
(*Exit GHOST*)

Queen This is the very coinage of your brain
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in

Ham Ecstasy! 139

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time
And makes as healthful music It is not madness
That I have utter'd Bring me to the rest
And I the matter will re-word which madness
Would gambol from Mother for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place
Whiles rank corruption mining all within
Infects unseen Confess yourself to heaven
Repent what's past avoid what is to come 150
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker Forgive me this my virtue

For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg

Yea curb and woo for leave to do him good
Queen O Hamlet thou hast cleft my heart in twain

Ham O throw away the worse part of it
And live the purer with the other half
Good night but go not to mine uncle's bed
Assume a virtue if you have it not 160
That monster custom who all sense doth eat
Of habits devil is angel yet in this
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on Refrain to-night
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence the next more easy
For use almost can change the stamp of nature
And either master the devil or throw him out 169
With wondrous potency Once more good night
And when you are desirous to be bless'd

I'll blessing beg of you For this same lord
(*Pointing to Polonius*)

I do repent but heaven hath pleased it so
To punish me with this and this with me
That I must be their scourge and minister
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gave him So again good night
I must be cruel only to be kind
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind
One word more good lady

Queen What shall I do? 180

Ham Not this by no means that I bid you do
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed
Pinch wanton on your cheek call you his mouse

And let him for a pair of reechy kisses
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers
Make you to ravel all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madness
But mad in craft 'Twere good you let him know

For who that's but a queen fair sober wise 189
Would from a paddock from a bat a gib
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No in despite of sense and secrecy
Unpeg the basket on the house's top
Let the birds fly and like the famous ape
To try conclusions in the basket creep
And break your own neck down

Queen Be thou assured if words be made of breath

And breath of life I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me

Ham I must to England you know that?

Queen Alack 200

I had forgot 'Tis so concluded on

Ham There's letters seal'd and my two school fellows

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd
They bear the mandate they must sweep my way

And marshal me to knavery Let it work
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar and I shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet 210
Thus man shall set me packing

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room
Mother good night Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave
Come sir to draw toward an end with you
Good night mother

(*Exeunt severally, HAMLET dragging in Polonius*)

ACT IV

SCENE I *A room in the castle*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN

King There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves

You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them
Where is your son?

Queen Bestow this place on us a little while

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

King What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat, a rat!" 10
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man

King O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restra'm'd, and out of
haunt,

This mad young man But so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit, 20
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life Where is he gone?

Queen To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure, he weeps for what is done

King O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed 30
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Friends both, go join you with some further aid
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd
him

Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel I pray you, haste in this

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done, so, haply, slander, 40
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our
name,
And hit the woundless air O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II *Another room in the castle*

Enter HAMLET

Ham Safely stowed

Ros { *[Within]* Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Gul {
Ham But soft, what noise? who calls on
Hamlet? O, here they come

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

Ros What have you done, my-lord; with the
dead body?

Ham Compounded it with dust, whereto 't
hath

Ros Tell us where 'tis, that we may take
thence

And bear it to the chapel

Ham Do not believe it

Ros Believe what? 10

Ham That I can keep your counsel and not
mine own Besides, to be demanded of a sponge,
what replication should be made by the son of a
king?

Ros Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's coun-
tenance, his rewards, his authorities But such
officers do the King best service in the end He
keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his
jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed When
he needs what you have gleaned, it is but
squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry
again

Ros I understand you not, my lord

Ham I am glad of it A knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear

Ros My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the King

Ham The body is with the King, but the
King is not with the body The King is a thing—
Gul A thing, my lord! 31

Ham Of nothing Bring me to him Hide fox,
and all after *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III *Another room in the castle*

Enter KING attended

King I have sent to seek him, and to find the
body

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him
He's loved of the distracted multitude
Who like not in their judgement, but

And where tis so the offender s scourge is
weigh d,
But never the offence To bear all smooth and
even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved 10
Or not at all

Enter ROSENCRANTZ

How now ! what hath befall n?

Ros Where the dead body is bestow d my
lord

We cannot get from him

King But where is he?

Ros Without my lord guarded to know your
pleasure

King Bring him before us

Ros Ho Guildenstern! bring in my lord

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN

King Now Hamlet where s Polonius?

Ham At supper

King At supper! where? 19

Ham Not where he eats but where he is
eaten A certain convocation of politic worms
are e en at him Your worm is your only em-
peror for diet We eat all creatures else to fat
us and we fat ourselves for maggots Your fat
king and your lean beggar is but variable service
two dishes but to one table that s the end

King Alas alas!

Ham A man may fish with the worm that hath
eat of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of
that worm 20

King What dost thou mean by this?

Ham Nothing but to show you how a king
may go a progress through the guts of a beggar

King Where is Polonius?

Ham In heaven send thither to see If your
messenger find him not there seek him i the
other place yourself But indeed if you find him
not within thim month you shall nose him as you
go up the stairs into the lobby

King Go seek him there 40

[To some Attendants]

Ham He will stay till you come

[Exit Attendants]

King Hamlet this deed for thine especial
safety—

Which we do tender as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done—must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness Therefore prepare thy
self

The bark is ready and the wind at help

The associates tend and every thing is bent
For England

Ham For England!

King Ay Hamlet

Ham Good

King So is it if thou knew st our purposes

Ham I see a cherub that sees them But come
for England! Farewell dear mother 51

King Thy loving father Hamlet

Ham My mother Father and mother a man
and wife man and wife a one flesh and so my
mother Come for England! *[Exit]*

King Follow him at foot tempt him with
speed aboard

Delay it not I ll have him hence to-night

Away! for every thing is seal d and done

That else leans on the affair Pray you make
haste

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]

And England if my love thou hold st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee
sense

Since yet thy creature looks raw and red
After the Danish sword and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process which imports at full

By letters concurring to that effect

The present death of Hamlet Do it England

For like the hectic in my blood he rages

And thou must cure me Till I know tis done

Howe er my haps my joys were ne er begun 70
[Exit]

SCENE IV A plain in Denmark

*Enter FORTINBRAS a CAPTAIN and Soldiers
marching*

For Go captain from me greet the Danish
king

Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom You know the rendezvous
If that his Majesty would aught with us
We shall express our duty in his eye
And let him know so

Cap I will do t my lord

For Go softly on

[Exit FORTINBRAS and Soldiers]

*Enter HAMLET ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN
and others*

Ham Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap They are of Norway sir 10

Ham How purposed sir I pray you?

Cap Against some part of Poland

Ham Who commands them sir?

Cap The nephew a old Norway Fortinbras

Ham Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it, 20
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee

Ham Why, then the Polack never will defend
it

Cap Yes, it is already garrison'd

Ham Two thousand souls and twenty thousand
ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw

This is the imposthume of much wealth and
peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies I humbly thank you, sir

Cap God be wi' you, sir [Exit] 40

Ros Will't please you go, my lord? 30

Ham I'll be with you straight Go a little
before [Exit all except HAMLET]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40
Of thinking too precisely on the event,

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do",

Such I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't Examples gross as earth exhort me,

Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50

Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,

Even for an egg-shell Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake How stand I then,

That have a father kill'd a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let me sleep? while, to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men, 60

That for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

Whereon the numbers cannot tri the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit]

SCENE V *Elsmore a room in the castle*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO, and a GENTLEMAN

Queen I will not speak with her

Gent She is importunate, indeed distract

Her mood will needs be pitied

Queen What would she have?

Gent She speaks much of her father, says she
hears

There's tricks i' the world, and hems, and beats
her heart,

Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in
doubt,

That carry but half sense Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection, they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
yield them, 11

Indeed would make one think there might be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily

Hor 'Twere good she were spoken with, for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds

Queen Let her come in [Exit HORATIO]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt 20

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA

Oph Where is the beauteous majesty of Den-
mark?

Queen How now, Ophelia?

Oph [Sings] "How should I your true love
know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon"

Queen Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
song?

Oph Say you? nay, pray you, mark

[Sings] "He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone, 30

At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone"

Queen Nay, but, Ophelia—

Oph Pray you, mark

[Sings] "White his shroud as the mountain
snow"—

Enter KING

Queen Alas, look here, my lord

Oph [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love's showers

Ham How do you pretty lady? 40

Oph Well God ild you! They say the owl
was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we
are, but know not what we may be. God be at
your table!

Ham Conceit upon her father

Oph Pray you let's have no words of this, but
when they ask you what it means, say you this
[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day

All in the morning betime

And I a maid in your window

To be your Valentine 50

Then up he rose, and down'd his clothes

And dupp'd the chamber door

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more

Ham Pretty Ophelia!

Oph Indeed la, without an oath, I'll make an
end on't

[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity

Alack, and fie for shame! 60

Young men will do't, if they come to't

By cock, they are to blame

Quoth she, before you tumbled me

You promised me to wed

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun

An thou hadst not come to my bed

Ham How long hath she been thus?

Oph I hope all will be well. We must be
patient, but I cannot choose but weep, to think
they should lay him in the cold ground. My
brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for
your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good
night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good
night, good night. [*Exit*]

Ham Follow her close, give her good watch

I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single
spies

But in battalions: First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and
whispers

For good Polonius' death, and we have done but
greenly

In hugging and muzzling to inter him, poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures or mere
beasts

Laer and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder; keeps himself in clouds;
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity of matter beggars
Will nothing stick, our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death

A noise within

Queen

Alack, what noise is this?

Enter another GENTLEMAN

Ham Where are my Switzers? Let them
guard the door

What is the matter?

Gent Save yourself, my lord

The ocean overpeering of his list
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste 100

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him
lord

And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word

They cry, 'Choose we! Laertes shall be king'

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the
clouds

Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen How cheerfully on the false trail they
cry!

O, this is counter; you false Danish dogs! 110

Ham The doors are broke

Noise within

Enter LAERTES, armed, DANES following

Laer Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all
without

Danes No, let's come in

Laer I pray you give me leave

Danes We will, we will

[*They retire without the door*]

Laer I thank you, keep the door. O thou vile
king

Give me my father!

Queen Calmly, good Laertes

Laer That drop of blood that's calm proclaims
me bastard

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother

Ham What is the cause, Laertes? 120

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude, do not fear our person

There's such divinity doth hedge a king

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed Let him go, Gertrude

Speak, man

Laer Where is my father?

King Dead

Queen But not by him

King Let him demand his fill

Laer How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with 130

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation To this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged

Most thoroughly for my father

King Who shall stay you?

Laer My will, not all the world

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little

King Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty 140

Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer None but his enemies

King Will you know them then?

Laer To his good friends thus wide I'll open my arms,

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,

Repay them with my blood

King Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it, 150

It shall as level to your judgement pierce

As day does to your eye

Danes [Within] Let her come in

Laer How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,

Till our scale turn the beam O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits 160

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves

Oph [Sings]

"They bore him barefaced on the bier,

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,

And in his grave rain'd many a tear!"—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,

It could not move thus

Oph [Sings] "You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a" 171

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter

Laer This nothing's more than matter

Oph There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray, love, remember, and there are pansies,
that's for thoughts

Laer A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted 179

Oph There's fennel for you, and columbines,
there's rue for you, and here's some for me,
we may call it herb-grace o'Sundays O, you
must wear your rue with a difference There's
a daisy I would give you some violets, but they
withered all when my father died They say he
made a good end—

[Sings] "For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy"

Laer Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness

Oph [Sings] "And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?"

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death bed,

He never will come again

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan

God ha' mercy on his soul!"

And of all Christian souls, I pray God God be
wi' ye [Exit] 200

Laer Do you see this, O God?

King Laertes, I must commune with your
grief,

Or you deny me right Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
me

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom
give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,

To you in satisfaction, but if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us, 210

And we shall jointly labour with your soul

To give it due content

Laer Let this be so,

His means of death, his obscure funeral—

No trophy sword nor hatchment o'er his bones
No noble rite nor formal ostentation—
Cry to be heard as 'twere from heaven to
earth

That I must call in question

King So you shall
And where the offence is let the great axe fall

I pray you go with me [Exit

SCENE VI Another room in the castle

Enter HORATIO and a SERVANT

Hor What are they that would speak with me?

Serv Sailors sir They say they have letters for
you

Hor Let them come in [Exit SERVANT

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted if not from lord Hamlet

Enter SAILORS

1st Sail God bless you sir

Hor Let him bless thee too

1st Sail He shall sir an't please Him

There's a letter for you sir It comes from the
ambassador that was bound for England if your
name be Horatio as I am let to know it is //

Hor [Reads] Horatio when thou shalt have
overlooked this give these fellows some means
to the king they have letters for him Ere we
were two days old at sea a pirate of very warlike
appointment gave us chase Finding ourselves
too slow of sail we put on a compelled valour
and in the grapple I boarded them On the instant
they got clear of our ship so I alone became
their prisoner They have dealt with me like
thieves of mercy but they knew what they did
I am to do a good turn for them Let the king
have the letters I have sent and repair thou to
me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death
I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee
dumb yet are they much too light for the bore
of the matter These good fellows will bring
thee where I am Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
hold their course for England of them I have
much to tell thee Farewell 30

He that thou knowest thine Hamlet

Come I will make you way for these your
letters

And do it the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them [Exit

SCENE VII Another room in the castle

Enter KING and LAERTES

King Now must your conscience my acquit
tance seal

And you must put me in your heart for friend

Both you have heard, and with a knowing ear

That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life

Laer It well appears but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats
So crimeful and so capital in nature
As by your safety wisdom all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up

King O for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much un-
snew'd

But yet to me they are strong The Queen his
mother //

Lives almost by his looks and for my self—
My virtue or my plague be it either which—
She's so conjunctiv' to my life and soul
That as the star moves not but in his sphere
I could not but by her The other motive
Why to a public count I might not go
Is the great love the general gender bear him
Who dipping all his faults in their affection
Would like the spring that turneth wood to
stone

Convert his gyves to graces so that my arrows
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aim'd them

Laer And so have I a noble father lost
A sister driven into desperate terms
Whose worth if praises may go back again
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections But my revenge will come

King Break not your sleeps for that You must
not think 30

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime You shortly shall hear
more

I loved your father and we love ourself
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a MESSENGER

How now! what news?

Mess Letters my lord from Hamlet
This to your Majesty this to the Queen

King From Hamlet? who brought them?

Mess Sailors my lord they say I saw them
not

They were given me by Claudio he received
them 40

Of him that brought them

King Laertes you shall hear them
Leave us [Exit MESSENGER

[Re-enters] High and mighty You shall know I
am set naked on your kingdom To-morrow shall
I beg leave to see your kingly eyes when I shall
first asking your pardon thereunto recount the

occasion of my sudden and more strange return
 "Hamlet"
 What should this mean? Are all the rest come
 back? 50

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer Know you the hand?

King 'Tis Hamlet's character "Naked"
 And in a postscript here, he says "alone"
 Can you advise me?

Laer I'm lost in it, my lord But let him come,
 It warms the very sickness in my heart,
 That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
 "Thus didest thou"

King If it be so, Laertes—
 As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
 Will you be ruled by me?

Laer Ay, my lord, 60

So you will not o'errule me to a peace

King To thine own peace If he be now re-
 turn'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
 No more to undertake it, I will work him
 To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall,
 And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
 And call it accident

Laer My lord, I will be ruled,
 The rather, if you could devise it so 70
 That I might be the organ

King It falls right
 You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
 Wherein they say, you shine your sum of
 parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him
 As did that one, and that, in my regard,
 Of the unworthiest siege

Laer What part is that, my lord?

King A very riband in the cap of youth,
 Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes 80
 The light and careless livery that it wears
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
 Importing health and graveness Two months
 since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,
 I've seen my self, and serv'd against, the French,
 And they can well on horseback but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat,
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As had he been incorp'd and demy-natur'd
 With the brave beast So far he topp'd my
 thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90
 Come short of what he did

Laer A Norman was't?

King A Norman

Laer Upon my life, Lamond

King The very same

Laer I know him well He is the brooch indeed
 And gem of all the nation

King He made confession of you,
 And gave you such a masterly report
 For art and exercise in your defence
 And for your rapier most especial,
 That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed, 100
 If one could match you The scrimers of their
 nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you opposed them Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
 That he could nothing do but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him
 Now, out of this—

Laer What out of this, my lord?

King Laertes, was your father dear to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart?

Laer Why ask you this? 110

King Not that I think you did not love your
 father,
 But that I know love is begun by time,
 And that I see, in passages of proof,
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it
 There lives within the very flame of love
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like goodness still,
 For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
 Dies in his own too much That we would do,
 We should do when we would, for this "would"
 changes 120

And hath abatements and delays as many
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
 And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
 That hurts by easing But, to the quick o' the
 ulcer—

Hamlet comes back What would you undertake,
 To show yourself your father's son in deed
 More than in words?

Laer To cut his throat i' the church

King No place, indeed, should murder sanc-
 tuarize,

Revenge should have no bounds But, good
 Laertes, 129

Will you do this, keep close within your cham-
 ber

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home
 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
 And set a double varnish on the fame
 The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine to-
 gether

And wager on your heads He, being remiss,

Most generous and free from all contriving
Will not peruse the foils so that with ease
Or with a little shuffling you may choose
A sword unbated and in a pass of practice
Require him for your father

Laer I will do it 140
And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword
I bought an unction of a mountebank
So mortal that but dip a knife in it
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal I'll touch my point
With this contagion that if I gall him slightly
It may be death

King Let's further think of this 149
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape if this should fail
And that our drift look through our bad per-
formance,

'Twere better not assay'd therefore this project
Should have a back or second that might hold
If this should blast in proof Soft! let me see
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings
I ha't

When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink I'll have prepared
him 160
A chalice for the nonce whereon but sipping
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck
Our purpose may hold there

Enter QUEEN

How now sweet queen!

Queen One woe doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow Your sister's drowned,
Laertes

Laer Drown'd! O where?

Queen There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream
There with fantastic garlands did she come 169
Of crow flowers nettles daisies and long
purples

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang an envious slyer broke
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook Her clothes spread
wide

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes
As one incapable of her own distress
Or like a creature native and indued 180

Unto that element But long it could not be
Till that her garments heavy with their drink
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death

Laer Alas then she is drown'd?

Queen Drown'd drown'd

Laer Too much of water hast thou poor
Ophelia

And therefore I forbid my tears But yet
It is our trick Nature her custom holds
Let shame say what it will when these are gone
The woman will be out Adieu my lord 190
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze
But that this folly douts it *[Exit*

King Let's follow Gertrude
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again
Therefore let's follow *[Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I A churchyard

Enter two CLOWNS with spades &c

1st Clo Is she to be buried in Christian burial
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2nd Clo I tell thee she is and therefore make
her grave straight The crowner hath sat on her
and finds it Christian burial

1st Clo How can that be unless she drown'd
herself in her own defence?

2nd Clo Why tis found so

1st Clo It must be so *offendendo* it cannot be
else For here lies the point if I drown myself
wittingly it argues an act and an act hath three
branches it is to act to do and to perform
argal she drown'd herself wittingly

2nd Clo Nay but hear you goodman deliver—

1st Clo Give me leave Here lies the water
good Here stands the man good If the man go
to this water and drown himself it is will he
nill he he goes—mark you that But if the water
come to him and drown him he drowns not him-
self argal he that is not guilty of his own death
shortens not his own life

2nd Clo But is this law?

1st Clo Ay marry is't crowner's quest law

2nd Clo Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out o' Christian burial

1st Clo Why there thou say'st and the more
pity that great folk should have countenance in
this world to drown or hang themselves more
than their even Christian Come my spade
There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners
ditchers and grave makers they hold up Adam's
profession

2nd Clo Was he a gentleman?

1st Clo A' was the first that ever bore arms

2nd Clo Why, he had none 39

1st Clo What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says "Adam digged", could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2nd Clo Go to

1st Clo What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2nd Clo The gallows-maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants 50

1st Clo I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gallows does well, but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come

2nd Clo "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

1st Clo Ay, tell me that, and unyoke

2nd Clo Marry, now I can tell 60

1st Clo To't

2nd Clo Mass, I cannot tell

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance

1st Clo Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and, when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker" the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan fetch me a stoup of liquor

[*Exit SECOND CLOWN*]

He digs, and sings

"In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet, 70

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my be-
hove,

O, methought, there was nothing meet "

Ham Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness

Ham 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense

1st Clo [*Sings*]

"But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80

And hath shipped me intil the land,

As if I had never been such "

Throws up a skull

Ham That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first

murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor It might, my lord 89

Ham Or of a courtier, which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor Ay, my lord

Ham Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't 101

1st Clo [*Sings*]

"A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,

For and a shrouding sheet,

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet "

Throws up another skull

Ham There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor Not a jot more, my lord

Ham Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too

Ham They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1st Clo Mine, sir

[*Sings*] "O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet " 130

Ham I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't

1st Clo You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours. For my part, I do not lie in't and yet it is mine

Ham Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest

1st Clo 'Tis a quick lie sir 'twill away again
from me to you 140

Ham What man dost thou dig it for?

1st Clo For no man sir

Ham What woman then?

1st Clo For none neither

Ham Who is to be buried in't?

1st Clo One that was a woman sir but rest
her soul she's dead

Ham How absolute the knave is! we must
speak by the card or equivocation will undo us.
By the Lord Horatio these three years I have
taken note of it the age is grown so picked that
the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of
the courtier he galls his kibe. How long hast
thou been a grave maker?

1st Clo Of all the days i the year I came to t
that day that our last king Hamlet overcame
Fortinbras

Ham How long is that since?

1st Clo Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell
that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was
born he that is mad and sent into England

Ham Ay marry why was he sent into Eng-
land?

1st Clo Why because he was mad. He shall
recover his wits there or if he do not it's no
great matter there

Ham Why?

1st Clo 'Twill not be seen in him there there
the men are as mad as he 170

Ham How came he mad?

1st Clo Very strangely they say

Ham How strangely?

1st Clo Faith e'en with losing his wits

Ham Upon what ground?

1st Clo Why here in Denmark I have been
sexton here man and boy thirty years

Ham How long will a man lie i the earth ere he
rot? 179

1st Clo I faith if he be not rotten before he die
—as we have many pocky corpses now a-days
that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last
you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will
last you nine year

Ham Why he more than another?

1st Clo Why sir his hide is so tanned with his
trade that he will keep out water a great while
and your water is a sore decayer of your whore-
son dead body. Here's a skull now this skull has
lain in the earth three and twenty years 191

Ham Whose was it?

1st Clo A whoreson mad fellow's it was. Whose
do you think it was?

Ham Nay I know not

1st Clo A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a

poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once.
This same skull sir was Yorick's skull the
king's jester

Ham This?

200

1st Clo E'en that

Ham Let me see [*Takes the skull*] Alas poor
Yorick! I knew him Horatio a fellow of infinite
jest of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me
on his back a thousand times and now how
abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises
at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I
know not how oft. Where be your gibes now?
your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merrim-
ent that were wont to set the table on a roar?
Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite
chapp-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber
and tell her let her paint an inch thick to this
favour she must come make her laugh at that.
Prithee Horatio tell me one thing

Hor What's that my lord?

Ham Dost thou think Alexander looked o this
fashion i the earth?

Hor E'en so 20

Ham And smelt so? pah!

Puts down the skull

Hor E'en so my lord

Ham To what base uses we may return Ho-
ratio! Why may not imagination trace the noble
dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung
hole?

Hor 'Twere to consider too curiously to con-
sider 20

Ham No faith not a jot but to follow him
thither with modesty enough and likelihood to
lead it as thus Alexander died Alexander was
buried Alexander returneth into dust the dust i
earth of earth we make loam and why of that
loam whereto he was converted might they not
stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Cæsar dead and turn'd to clay

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away

O that that earth which kept the world in
awe

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft but soft! aside here comes the king

*Enter PRIESTS, &c in procession the corpse of
OPHELIA LAERTES and Mourners following
KING QUEEN their trains &c*

The Queen the courtiers Who is this they fol-
low?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corpse they follow did with desperate hand

For do it own life 'Twas of some estate

Couch we awhile and mark

[*Retiring with HORATIO*]

Laer What ceremony else?
Ham That is Laertes,
 A very noble youth, mark
Laer What ceremony else?
1st Priest Her obsequies have been as far enlarged 249
 As we have warranty Her death was doubtful,
 And, but that great command o'ersways the
 order,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
 Till the last trumpet, for charitable prayers,
 Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on
 her
 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 Of bell and burial
Laer Must there no more be done?
First Priest No more be done
 We should profane the service of the dead
 To sing a requiem and such rest to her 260
 As to peace-parted souls
Laer Lay her i' the earth,
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A ministering angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling
Ham What, the fair Ophelia?
Queen Sweet to the sweet, farewell!
Scattering flowers
 I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
 wife,
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
 maid,
 And not have strew'd thy grave
Laer O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 270
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms
Leaps into the grave
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus
Ham [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
 stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 280
 Hamlet the Dane [*Leaps into the grave*]
Laer The devil take thy soul!
Grappling with him
Ham Thou pray'st not well
 I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,
 For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
 Yet have I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wiseness fear hold off thy hand
King Pluck them asunder
Queen Hamlet, Hamlet!
All Gentlemen—
Hor Good my lord, be quiet
The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave
Ham Why, I will fight with him upon this
 theme
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag 290
Queen O my son, what theme?
Ham I loved Ophelia Forty thousand broth-
 ers
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum What wilt thou do for her?
King O, he is mad, Laertes
Queen For love of God, forbear him
Ham 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do
 Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
 thyself?
 Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
 I'll do't Dost thou come here to wune? 300
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I,
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou
Queen This is mere madness,
 And thus awhile the fit will work on him,
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden couplets are disclosed, 310
 His silence will sit drooping
Ham Hear you sir,
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I loved you ever But it is no matter,
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew and dog will have his day
 [Exit
King I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him
 [Exit HORATIO]
 [To LAERTES] Strengthen your patience in our
 last night's speech,
 We'll put the matter to the present push
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son
 This grave shall have a living monument 320
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see,
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be [Exit
 SCENE II A hall in the castle
 Enter HAMLET and HORATIO
Ham So much for this, sir, now shall you see
 the other,
 You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor Remember it, my lord!

Ham Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep Methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes Rashly
And praised be rashness for it let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall and that should
reach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends 10
Rough hew them how we will—
Hor That is most certain.
Ham Up from my cabin
My sea-gown scarf'd about me in the dark
Groped I to find out them had my desire
Finger'd their packet and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again making so bold
My fears forgetting manners to unseal
Their grand commission where I found Ho-
ratio—
O royal knavery!—an exact command
Larded with many several sorts of reasons 20
Importing Denmark's health and England's too
With ho¹ such bugs and goblins in my life
That on the supervise no leisure bated
No not to stay the grinding of the axe
My head should be struck off
Hor Is it possible?
Ham Here's the commission read it at more
leisure
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor I beseech you
Ham Being thus be-netted round with vil-
lainies—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains 30
They had begun the play—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission wrote it fair
I once did hold it as our statists do
A baseness to write fair and labour'd much
How to forget that learning but sir now
It did me yeoman's service Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor Ay good my lord
Ham An earnest conjuration from the King
As England was his faithful tributary
As love between them like the palm might flour-
ish, 40
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities
And many such like as of great charge
That on the view and knowing of these contents
Without debatement further more or less
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd
Hor How was this seal'd?
Ham Why even in that was heaven's ordinance
I had my father's signet in my purse,

Which was the model of that Danish seal 50
Folded the writ up in form of the other
Subscribed it gave it the impression, placed it
safely
The changeling never known Now the next
day
Was our sea fight and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already
Hor So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't
Ham Why man they did make love to this
employment
They are not near my conscience their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes 60
Between the pass and sell incensed points
Of mighty opposites
Hor Why what a king is this!
Ham Does it not think it thee stand me now
upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my
mother
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes
Thrown out his angle for my proper life
And with such cozenage—is it not perfect con-
science
To quit him with this arm? and is it not to be
damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil? 70
Hor It must be shortly known to him from
England
What is the issue of the business there
Ham It will be short the interim is mine
And a man's life's no more than to say One
But I am very sorry good Horatio
That to Laertes I forgot myself
For by the image of my cause I see
The portrature of his I'll court his favours
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion
Hor Peace! who comes here? 80
Enter OSCAR
Os Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.
Ham I humbly thank you sir Dost know this
water fly?
Hor No my good lord
Ham Thy state is the more gracious for 'tis a
vice to know him He hath much land and fer-
tile let a beast be lord of beasts and his crib
shall stand at the King's mess 'Tis a chough
but as I say spacious in the possession of dirt 90
Os Sweet lord if your lordship were at leisure
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty
Ham I will receive it sir with all diligence of

spirit Put your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head

Osr I thank your lordship, it is very hot

Ham No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind
northerly 99

Osr It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed

Ham But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion

Osr Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry—as 'twere—I cannot tell how But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham I beseech you, remember—

HAMLET moves him to put on his hat

Osr Nay, good my lord, for mine ease, in good faith Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes, believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing, indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see

Ham Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great artifice, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more

Osr Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him

Ham The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr Sir? 130

Hor Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really

Ham What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr Of Laertes?

Hor His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent

Ham Of him, sir

Osr I know you are not ignorant—

Ham I would you did, sir, yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me Well, sir?

Osr You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence, but, to know a man well were to know himself

Osr I mean, sir, for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfollowed 150

Ham What's his weapon?

Osr Rapier and dagger

Ham That's two of his weapons, but, well

Osr The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has im-
poned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poni-
ards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and
so Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear
to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most deli-
cate carriages, and of very liberal conceit

Ham What call you the carriages?

Hor I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done

Osr The carriages, sir, are the hangers

Ham The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then But, on six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish Why is this "imponed," as you call it? 171

Osr The King, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits He hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer

Ham How if I answer "no"?

Osr I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial 179

Ham Sir, I will walk here in the hall, if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can, if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits

Osr Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will

Osr I commend my duty to your lordship

Ham Yours, yours [*Exit OSRIC*] He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn

Hor This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head

Ham He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of jesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and unwonned opinions, and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out

Enter A LORD

Lord My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young OSRIC, who brings back to him,

that you attend him in the hall He sends to know
if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes or that
you will take longer time

Ham I am constant to my purposes they follow
the King's pleasure If his fitness speaks mine is
ready now or whensoever provided I be so able
as now 211

Lord The King and Queen and all are coming
down

Ham In happy time

Lord The Queen desires you to use some gentle
entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play

Ham She well instructs me [Exit Lord]

Hor You will lose this wager my lord

Ham I do not think so since he went into
France I have been in continual practice I shall
win at the odds But thou wouldst not think how
ill all a here about my heart But it is no matter

Hor Nay good my lord—

Ham It is but foolery but it is such a kind of
gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman

Hor If your mind dislike anything obey it I
will forestall their repair hither and say you are
not fit 229

Ham Not a whit we defy augury There's a
special providence in the fall of a sparrow If it
be now 'tis not to come if it be not to come it
will be now if it be not now yet it will come
the readiness is all Since no man has aught of
what he leaves what is't to leave betimes? Let be

*Enter KING QUEEN LAERTES OSRIC, Lords and
Attendants with foils and gauntlets a table and
flagons of wine on it*

King Come Hamlet come and take this hand
from me

The KING puts LAERTES' hand into HAMLET'S

Ham Give me your pardon, sir I've done you
wrong

But pardon it as you are a gentleman

This presence knows

And you must needs have heard how I am pun-
ish'd 240

With sore distraction What I have done

That might your nature honour and exception

Roughly awake I here proclaim was madness

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet

If Hamlet from himself be taken away

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes

Then Hamlet does it not Hamlet denies it

Who does it then? His madness If't be so

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd

His madness in poor Hamlet's enemy 250

Sir in this audience

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother

Laer I am satisfied in nature
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof and will no reconciliation
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace 60
To keep my name ungor'd But till that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love
And will not wrong it

Ham I embrace it freely
And will this brother's wager frankly play
Give us the foils Come on

Laer Come one for me

Ham I'll be your foil Laertes in mine ignor-
ance

Your skill shall like a star in the darkest night
Stick fiery off indeed

Laer You mock me sir

Ham No by this hand

King Give them the foils young Osric Cousin
Hamlet 270

You know the wager?

Ham Very well my lord

Your Grace hath laid the odds on the weaker side

King I do not fear it I have seen you both

But since he is better'd we have therefore odds

Laer This is too heavy let me see another

Ham This likes me well These foils have all a
length

They prepare to play

Os Ay my good lord

King Set me the stoups of wine upon that table
If Hamlet give the first or second hit

Or quit in answer of the third exchange 280

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire

The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath

And in the cup an union shall he throw

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn Give me the
cups

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak

The trumpet to the cannoneer without

The cannons to the heavens the heavens to earth,

Now the King drinks to Hamlet Come
begin

And you the judges bear a wary eye 290

Ham Come on sir

Laer Come my lord

They play

Ham

One

Laer

No

Ham

Judgment

Os A hit a very palpable hit

Laer

Well again

King Stay, give me drink Hamlet, this pearl is
thine,

Here's to thy health

Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within

Give him the cup

Ham I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile

Come [*They play*] Another hit, what say you?

Laer A touch, a touch, I do confess

King Our son shall win

Queen He's fat, and scant of breath

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet 300

Ham Good madam!

King Gertrude, do not drink

Queen I will, my lord, I pray you, pardon me

King [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup, it is too

late

Ham I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by

Queen Come, let me wipe thy face

Laer My lord, I'll hit him now

King I do not think't

Laer [*Aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my

conscience

Ham Come, for the third, Laertes, you but

dally

I pray you, pass with your best violence,

I am afraid you make a wanton of me 310

Laer Say you so? come on

They play

Osr Nothing, neither way

Laer Have at you now!

*LAERTES wounds HAMLET, then, in stuffing, they
change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES*

King Part them, they are incensed

Ham Nay, come, again

The QUEEN falls

Osr Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor They bleed on both sides How is it, my

lord?

Osr How is't, Laertes?

Laer Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,

*Osr*ic,

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery

Ham How does the Queen?

King She swoonds to see them bleed

Queen No, no, the drink, the drink—O my dear

Hamlet— 320

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd [*Dies*]

Ham O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd,

Treachery! Seek it out

Laer It is here, Hamlet Hamlet thou art slain

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour of life

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me, lo, here I lie, 329

Never to rise again Thy mother's poison'd
I can no more The King, the King's to blame

Ham The point envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work

Stabs the KING

All Treason! treason!

King O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt

Ham Here, thou incestuous, murderous,

damned Dane,

Drink off this potion Is thy union here?

Follow my mother [*KING dies*]

Laer He is justly served,

It is a poison temper'd by himself 339

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! [*Dies*]

Ham Heaven make thee free of it! I follow

thee

I am dead, Horatio Wretched Queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mates or audiences to this act,

Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—

But let it be Horatio, I am dead,

Thou livest, report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied

Hor Never believe it 351

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left

Ham As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup Let go! By heaven, I'll have't

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind

me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story

March afar off, and shot within

What warlike noise is this? 360

Osr Young Fortinbras, with conquest come

from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley

Ham O, I die, Horatio,

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit

I cannot live to hear the news from England,

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras, he has my dying voice

So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited The rest is silence [*Dies*]

Hor Now cracks a noble heart Good night,

swet prince,

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Why does the drum come hither?

March within

*Enter FORTINBRAS the ENGLISH AMBASSADORS
and others*

Fort Where is this sight?

Hor What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe or wonder cease your search

Fort This quarry cries on havoc O proud
Death

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

1st Amb The sight is dismal

And our affairs from England come too late

The ears are senseless that should give us hear-
ing

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd 381

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor Not from his mouth

Had it the ability of life to thank you

He never gave commandment for their death

But since so jump upon this bloody question

You from the Polack wars and you from Eng-
land

Are here arrived give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view 389

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world

How these things came about So shall you hear

Of carnal bloody and unnatural acts

Of accidental judgements casual slaughterers

Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause
And in this upshot purposes mistook
Fall n on the inventors heads all this can I
Truly deliver

Fort Let us haste to hear it

And call the noblest to the audience

For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite
me

Hor Of that I shall have also cause to speak
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more

But let this same be presently perform'd

Even while men's minds are wild lest more mis-
chance

On plots and errors happen

Fort Let four captains

Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage

For he was likely had he been put on

To have proved most royally and for his pas-
sage

The soldiers music and the rites of war 410

Speak loudly for him

Take up the bodies Such a sight as this

Becomes the field but here shows much amiss

Go bid the soldiers shoot

*[A dead march Exeunt bearing off the
dead bodies after which a peal of ord-
nance is shot off]*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
FENTON, a gentleman
SHALLOW, a country justice
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow
FORD | two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor
PAGE |
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Page
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician
HOST of the Garter Inn
BARDOLPH |
PISTOL | sharpers attending on Falstaff
NYM |

ROBIN, page to Falstaff
SIMPLE, servant to Slender
JOHN RUGBY, servant to Doctor Caius
TWO SERVANTS to Ford

MISTRESS FORD
MISTRESS PAGE
ANNE PAGE, her daughter
MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius
SOME CHILDREN, as fairies

NON-SPEAKING Servants to Page and Ford
SCENE Windsor, and the neighborhood

ACT I

SCENE I Windsor before Page's house

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR
HUGH EVANS

Shal Sir Hugh, persuade me not, I will make a
Star chamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir
John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow,
esquire

Slender In the county of Gloucester, justice of
peace and "Coram"

Shal Ay, cousin Slender, and "Custalorum"

Slender Ay, and "Rato-lorum" too, and a gentle-
man born, master parson, who writes himself
"Armigero," in any bill, warrant, quittance, or
obligation, "Armigero" 11

Shal Ay, that I do, and have done any time
these three hundred years

Slender All his successors gone before him hath
done't, and all his ancestors that come after him
may. They may give the dozen white lutes in
their coat

Shal It is an old coat

Evans The dozen white louses do become an
old coat well, it agrees well, passant, it is a
familiar beast to man and signifies love 21

Shal The lute is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an
old coat

Slender I may quarter, coz

Shal You may, by marrying

Evans It is marring indeed, if he quarter it

Shal Not a whit

Evans Yes, py'r lady, if he has a quarter of
your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself,
in my simple conjectures. But that is all one. If
Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements
unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to
do my benevolence to make atonements and com-
premises between you

Shal The council shall hear it, it is a riot

Evans It is not meet the council hear a riot,
there is no fear of God in a riot. The council,
look you, shall desire to hear the fear of God,
and not to hear a riot, take your vizaments in
that

Shal Ha' o' my life, if I were young again, the
sword should end it 41

Evans It is better that friends is the sword, and
end it, and there is also another device in my
prain, which peradventure prings good discre-
tions with it: there is Anne Page, which is
daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty
virginity

Slender Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair,
and speaks small like a woman

Evans It is that fery person for all the world, as
just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds
of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire
upon his death's-bed—God deliver to a joyful
resurrections!—give, when she is able to over-
take seventeen years old. It were a good motion
if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire
a marriage between Master Abraham and Mis-
tress Anne Page

Slm Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 60

Evans Ay and her father is make her a petter penny

Slm I know the young gentlewoman she has good gifts

E ans Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts

Shal Well let us see honest Master Page Is Falstaff there?

E ms Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar
 I do despise one that is false or as I despise one that is not true The knight Sir John is there and I beseech you be ruled by your well willers I will peat the door for Master Page [Knocks] What ho! Got pless your house here!

Page [Within] Who s there?

Enter PAGE

Evans Here is Got s plessing and your friend and Justice Shallow and here young Master Slender that peradventures shall tell you an other tale if matters grow to your likings

Page I am glad to see your worsups well I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow 82

Shal Master Page I am glad to see you Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better it was ill killed How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart la! with my heart

Page Sir I thank you

Shal Sir I thank you by yea and no I do

Page I am glad to see you good Master Slender 90

Slm How does your fallow greyhound sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall

Page I could not be judged sir

Slm You ll not confess you ll not confess

Shal That he will not 'Tis your fault tis your fault tis a good dog

Page A cur sir

Shal Sir he s a good dog and a fair dog can there be more said? he is good and fair Is Sir John Falstaff here? 100

Page Sir he is within and I would I could do a good office between you

Evans It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak

Shal He hath wronged me, Master Page

Page Sir he doth in some sort confess it

Shal If it be confessed it is not redressed is not that so Master Page? He hath wronged me indeed he hath at a word he hath believe me Robert Shallow esquire saith he is wronged
Page Here comes Sir John 111

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF BARDOLPH NYM and PISTOL

Fal Now Master Shallow you ll complain of me to the King?

Shal Knight you have beaten my men killed my deer and broke open my lodge

Fal But not kissed your keeper s daughter?

Shal Tut a pin! this shall be answered

Fal I will answer it straight I have done all this

That is now answered

Shal The council shall know this 120

Fal Twere better for you if it were known in counsel you ll be laughed at

Evans *Præterea* Sir John goot worts

Fal Good worts! good cabbage Slender I broke your head what matter have you against me?

Slm Marry sic I have matter in my head against you and against your cony catching rascals Bardolph Nym and Pistol

Bard You Banbury cheese! 130

Slm Ay it is no matter

Put How now Mephistophilus!

Slm Ay it is no matter

Nym Slice I say! *præterea* Slice! that s my humour

Slm Where s Simple my man? Can you tell cousin?

Evans Peace, I pray you Now let us understand There is three umpires in this matter as I understand that is Master Page *fideliest* Master Page and there is myself *fideliest* myself and the three party is lastly and finally mine host of the Garter

Page We three to hear it and end it between them

Evms Fery goot I will make a prief of it in my note book and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can

Fal Pistol!

Pist He hears with ears 150

Evans The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this He hears with ear? why it is affectations

Fal Pistol did you pick Master Slender s purse?

Slm Ay by these gloves did he or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else of seven groats in mill sixpences and two Edward shovel boards that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece of Yeard Miller by these gloves 161

Fal Is this true Pistol?

Evans No it is false, if it is a pick purse.

Pist Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John
and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo

Word of denial in thy *labras* here!

Word of denial! Froth and scum, thou hest!

Slén By these gloves, then, 'twas he

Nym Be avised, sir, and pass good humours

I will say "marry trap" with you, if you run
the nuthook's humour on me, that is the very
note of it

Slén By this hat, then, he in the red face had it,
for though I cannot remember what I did when
you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an
ass

Fal What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentle-
man had drunk himself out of his five sen-
tences 180

Evans It is his five senses Fie, what the ignor-
ance is!

Bard And being fap, sir, was, as they say,
cashiered, and so conclusions passed the careires

Slén Ay, you spake in Latin then too, but 'tis
no matter, I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again,
but in honest, civil, godly company, for this
trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that
have the fear of God, and not with drunken
knaves 190

Evans So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind

Fal You hear all these matters denied, gentle-
men, you hear it

*Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine, MISTRESS FORD and
MISTRESS PAGE, following*

Page Nay, daughter, carry the wine in, we'll
drink within [Exit ANNE PAGE

Slén O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page

Page How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very
well met By your leave, good mistress 200

Kisses her

Page Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome
Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner
Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down
all unkindness

[*Exeunt all except SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS*

Slén I had rather than forty shillings I had my
Book of Songs and Sonnets here

Enter SIMPLE

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must
wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book
of Riddles about you have you?

Sim Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend
it to Alice Shortcake upon All hallowmas last, a
fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal Come, coz, come, coz, we stay for you
A word with you, coz, marry, this, coz there
is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made
afar off by Sir Hugh here Do you understand
me?

Slén Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable, if it
be so, I shall do that that is reason

Shal Nay, but understand me

Slén So I do, sir

220

Evans Give ear to his motions, Master Slen-
der I will description the matter to you, if you
be capacity of it

Slén Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow
says I pray you, pardon me, he's a justice of
peace in his country, simple though I stand here

Evans But that is not the question The ques-
tion is concerning your marriage

Shal Ay, there's the point, sir

Evans Marry, is it, the very point of it, to
Mistress Anne Page 231

Slén Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon
any reasonable demands

Evans But can you affection the 'oman? Let
us command to know that of your mouth or of
your lips, for divers philosophers hold that the
lips is parcel of the mouth Therefore, precisely,
can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love
her? 240

Slén I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one
that would do reason

Evans Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you
must speak possitable, if you can carry her your
desires towards her

Shal That you must Will you, upon good
dowry, marry her?

Slén I will do a greater thing than that, upon
your request, cousin, in any reason

Shal Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet
coz, what I do is to pleasure you, coz Can you
love the maid?

Slén I will marry her, sir, at your request,
but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet
heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance,
when we are married and have more occasion to
know one another I hope, upon familiarity will
grow more contempt But if you say, "Marry
her," I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved,
and dissolutely 260

Evans It is a fery discretion answer, save the
fall is in the ort "dissolutely" the ort is, accord-
ing to our meaning, "resolutely" His meaning
is good

Shal Ay, I think my cousin meant well

Slén Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal Here comes fair Mistress Anne

Re-enter ANNE PAGE

Would I were young for your sake Mistress Anne!

Anne The dinner is on the table my father desires your worships company 271

Shal I will wait on him fair Mistress Anne

Evans Od's pleased will! I will not be absence at the grace [*Exeunt SHALLOW and EVANS*]

Anne Will't please your worship to come in sir?

Slen No I thank you forsooth heartily I am very well

Anne The dinner attends you sir

Slen I am not a hungry I thank you forsooth Go sirrah for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow [*Exit SIMPLE*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man I keep but three men and a boy yet till my mother be dead But what though? Yet I live like a poor gentleman born

Anne I may not go in without your worship They will not sit till you come

Slen I faith, I'll eat nothing I thank you as much as though I did 291

Anne I pray you sir walk in

Slen I had rather walk here I thank you I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence three venys for a dish of stewed prunes and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?

Anne I think there are sir I heard them talked of 301

Slen I love the sport well but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England You are afraid if you see the bear loose are you not?

Anne Ay indeed sir

Slen That's meat and drink to me now I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times and have taken him by the chain but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed But women indeed cannot abide em they are very ill favoured rough things

Re-enter PAGE

Page Come gentle Master Slender come we stay for you

Slen I'll eat nothing I thank you sir

Page By cock and pie you shall not choose sir! come, come.

Slen Nay pray you, lead the way

Page Come on, sir

Slen Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first

Anne Not I sir pray you keep on 321

Slen Truly I will not go first truly la! I will not do you that wrong

Anne I pray you sir

Slen I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome You do yourself wrong indeed la! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The same*

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE

Evans Go your ways and ask of Doctor Caius house which is the way and there dwells one Mistress Quickly which is in the manner of his nurse or his dry nurse or his cook or his laundry his washer and his wringer

Sim Well sir

Evans Nay it is petter yet Give her this letter for it is a woman that altogether acquainted with Mistress Anne Page and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page I pray you be gone I will make an end of my dinner there's pippins and cheese to come [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FALSTAFF HOST BARDOLPH NYM

PISTOL, and ROBIN

Fal Mine host of the Garter!

Host What says my bully rook? speak scholarly and wisely

Fal Truly mine host I must turn away some of my followers

Host Discard bully Hercules cashier Let them wag trot trot

Fal I sit at ten pounds a week

Host Thou art an emperor Cæsar Keisar and Pheezar I will entertain Bardolph he shall draw he shall tap Said I well bully Hector?

Fal Do so good mine host

Host I have spoke let him follow [*To BARDOLPH*] Let me see thee froth and lime I am at a word follow [*Exit*]

Fal Bardolph follow him A tapster is a good trade an old cloak makes a new jerkin a withered serving man a fresh tapster Go adieu 20

Bard It is a life that I have desired I will thrive

Pist O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit BARDOLPH*]

Nym He was gotten in drink Is not the humour concited?

Fal I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox his thefts were too open his filching was like an unskilful singer he kept not time

Nym The good humour is to steal at a minute's rest 31

Pist Convey the wise it call Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels
Pist Why, then, let kibes ensue
Fal There is no remedy, I must cony-catch, I must shift

Pist Young ravens must have food
Fal Which of you know Ford of this town?
Pist I ken the wight He is of substance good 41
Fal My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about

Pist Two yards, and more
Fal No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about, but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife I spy entertainment in her, she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation I can construe the action of her familiar style, and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's"

Pist He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English

Nym The anchor is deep will that humour pass?

Fal Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse He hath a legion of angels 60

Pist As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I

Nym The humour rises, it is good Humour me the angels

Fal I have writ me here a letter to her, and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious cillades, sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly

Pist Then did the sun on dunghill shine 70

Nym I thank thee for that humour

Fal O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her She bears the purse too, she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me, they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page, and thou this to Mistress Ford We will thrive, lads, we will thrive

Pist Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!

Nym I will run no base humour Here take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation

Fal [To ROBIN] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly,

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones go, Trudge, plod away o' the hoof, seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues, myself and skirted page [Exit FALSTAFF and ROBIN]

Pist Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor
 Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
 Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym I have operations which be humours of revenge

Pist Wilt thou revenge? 100

Nym By welkin and her star!

Pist With wit or steel?

Nym With both the humours, I
 I will discuss the humour of this love to Page

Pist And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile

Nym My humour shall not cool I will incense
 Page to deal with poison, I will possess him
 with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous
 That is my true humour

Pist Thou art the Mars of malecontents I second thee, troop on [Exit]

SCENE IV A room in Doctor Caius's house

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY

Quick What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming If he do, I' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English

Rug I'll go watch

Quick Go, and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith at the latter end of a sea-coal fire [Exit RUGBY] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate his worst fault is that he is given to prayer, he is something peevish that way, but nobody but has his fault, but let that pass Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim Ay, for fault of a better

Quick And Master Slender's your master?

Sim Ay, forsooth

Quick Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring-knife? 21

Sim No forsooth he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard

Quick A softly-sprighted man is he not?

Sim Ay, forsooth, but he is as tall a man of his

hands as any ■ between this and his head he hath fought with a warrener

Quick How say you? O I should remember him Does he not hold up his head as it were and strut in his gait?

Sims Yes indeed does he

Quick Well heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master Anne is a good girl and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY

Rug Out alas! here comes my master

Quick We shall all be shent Run in here good young man go into this closet He will not stay long [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet*] What John Rugby! John! what John I say! Go John go inquire for my master I doubt he be not well that he comes not home 43

[*Singing*] And down down adown a &c

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS

Caius Vat is you sing? I do not like des roys Pray you go and vetch me in my closet *un boinet vert* a box a green a box do intend vat I speak a green a box

Quick Ay forsooth I'll fetch it you [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself if he had found the young man he would have been horn mad 52

Caius *Le fe fe fe! ma for il fait fort chaud Je m'en vas à la cour—la grande affaire*

Quick Is it this sir?

Caius Out *mette le au mon pocket depreche* quickly Vere is dat I nave Rugby?

Quick What John Rugby! John!

Rug Here sir!

Caius You are John Rugby and you are Jack Rugby Come take a your rapier and come after my heel to the court 62

Rug 'Tis ready sir here in the porch

Caius By my trot, I tarry too long Od's me! *Qu'as foubie!* dere is some simples in my closet dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind

Quick Ay me he'll find the young man there and be mad!

Caius O *duble duble!* vat ■ in my closet? Villan! larron! [*Pulling SIMPLE out*] Rugby my rapier! 72

Quick Good master be content

Caius Wherefore shall I be content?

Quick The young man is an honest man

Caius What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet

Quick I beseech you be not so phlegmatic

Hear the truth of it he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh 81

Caius Vell

Sims Ay forsooth to desire her to—

Quick Peace I pray you

Caius Peace a your tongue Speak a your tale

Sims To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage

Quick This is all indeed la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire and need not 91

Caius Sir Hugh send a you? Rugby *baillez me* some paper Tarry you a little a while

■ riles

Quick [*Aside to SIMPLE*] I am glad he ■ so queer If he had been thoroughly moved you should have heard him so loud and so melan choly But notwithstanding man I'll do you your master what good I can and the very yea and the no is the French doctor my master—I may call him my master look you for I keep his house and I wash wring brew bake scour dress meat and drink make the beds and do all myself—

Sims [*Aside to QUICKLY*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand

Quick [*Aside to SIMPLE*] Are you avised o that? you shall find it a great charge and to be up early and down late but notwithstanding—to tell you in your ear I would have no words of it—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page but notwithstanding that I know Anne's mind—that's neither here nor there

Caius You jack nape give a this letter to Sir Hugh by gar it is a challenge I will cut his throat in de park and I will teach a scurvy jack a nape priest to meddle or make You may be gone it is not good you tarry here By gar I will cut all his two stones by gar he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog [*Exit SIMPLE*]

Quick Alas he speaks but for his friend 10
Caius It ■ no matter a ver dat Do not you tell a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar I will kill de Jack priest and I have appointed mine host of de Jartee to measure our weapon By gar I will myself have Anne Page

Quick Sir the maid loves you and all shall be well We must give folks leave to prate what the good yer!

Caius Rugby come to the court with me By gar if I have not Anne Page I shall turn your head out of my door Follow my heels Rugby

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY*]

Quick You shall have An fool's head of your own No I know Anne's mind for that Never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's

mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven

Fent [*Within*] Who's within there? ho!

Quick Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you 141

Enter FENTON

Fent How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick The better that it pleases your good worship to ask

Fent What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it 151

Fent Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick Troth, sir, all is in His hands above. But notwithstanding, Master Fenton I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent Yes, marry, have I, what of that?

Quick Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith, it is such another Nan, but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread. We had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to alcholy and musing, but for you—well, go to

Fent Well, I shall see her to day. Hold, there's money for thee, let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou seest her before me, commend me

Quick Will I? I' faith, that we will, and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers

Fent Well, farewell, I am in great haste now

Quick Farewell to your worship [*Exit FENTON*] Truly, an honest gentleman, but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit* 180

ACT II

SCENE I Before Page's house

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter

Mrs Page What, have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see [*Reads*] "Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love use Reason for his physician he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I, go to then there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I, ha, ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I, would you

desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase but I say, love me By me,

Thine own true knight,

By day or night,

Or any kind of light,

With all his might

For thee to fight,

John Falstaff"

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth. Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings

Enter MISTRESS FORD

Mrs Ford Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house

Mrs Page And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill!

Mrs Ford Nay, I'll ne'er believe that, I have to show to the contrary

Mrs Page Faith, but you do, in my mind

Mrs Ford Well, I do then, yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs Page What's the matter, woman?

Mrs Ford O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs Page Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles, what is it?

Mrs Ford If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted 50

Mrs Page What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry

Mrs Ford We burn daylight. Here, read, read, perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking, and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words, but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the

tune of *Green Sleeves* What tempest I trow
threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his
belly ashore at Windsor? How shall I be re-
venged on him? I think the best way were to
entertain him with hope till the wicked fire of
lust have melted him in his own grease Did you
ever hear the like? 70

Mrs Page Letter for letter but that the name
of *Page* and *Ford* differs! To thy great comfort
in this mystery of ill opinions here's the twin
brother of thy letter but let thine inherit first
for I protest mine never shall I warrant he
hath a thousand of these letters writ with blank
space for different names—sure more—and
these are of the second edition He will print
them out of doubt for he cares not what he
puts into the press when he would put us two
I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount
Pelion Well I will find you twenty lascivious
turtles ere one chaste man

Mrs Ford Why this is the very same the very
hand the very words What doth he think of us?

Mrs Page Nay I know not It makes me almost
ready to wrangle with mine own honesty I'll
entertain myself like one that I am not ac-
quainted withal for sure unless he know some
strain in me that I know not myself he would
never have boarded me in this fury

Mrs Ford Boarding call you it? I'll be sure
to keep him above deck

Mrs Page So will I If he come under my
hatches I'll never to sea again Let's be re-
venged on him Let's appoint him a meeting
give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead
him on with a fine baited delay till he hath
pawned his horse to mine host of the Garter 100

Mrs Ford Nay I will consent to act any vil-
lainy against him, that may not sully the chariness
of our honesty O that my husband saw this
letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy

Mrs Page Why look where he comes and
my good man too He's as far from jealousy as I
am from giving him cause and that I hope is an
unmeasurable distance

Mrs Ford You are the happier woman 110
Mrs Page Let's consult together against this
greasy knight Come hither [They retire]

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM

Ford Well I hope it be not so

Pist Hope is a curial dog in some affairs

Sir John affects thy wife

Ford Why sir my wife is not young

Pist He wooes both high and low both rich
and poor

Both young and old one with another *Ford*
He loves the gallimaufry *Ford* perpend

Ford Love my wife! 10

Pist With liver burning hot Prevent or go
thou

Like *Sir Actæon* he with *Ringwood* at thy heels
O odious is the name!

Ford What name sir?

Pist The horn I say Farewell

Take heed have open eye for thieves do foot by
night

Take heed ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds
do sing

Away *Sir Corporal Nym*!

Believe it *Page* he speaks sense [Exit]

Ford [Aside] I will be patient I will find out
this 131

Nym [To *PAGE*] And thus is true I like not
the humour of lying He hath wronged me in
some humours I should have borne the humoured
letter to her but I have a sword and it shall bite
upon my necessity He loves your wife there's
the short and the long My name is *Corporal*
Nym I speak and I avouch tis true my name
is *Nym* and *Falstaff* loves your wife Adieu
I love not the humour of bread and cheese and
there's the humour of it Adieu [Exit] 141

Page The humour of it quoth a! Here's a
fellow frights English out of his wits

Ford I will seek out *Falstaff*

Page I never heard such a drawing affecting
rogue

Ford If I do find it! Well

Page I will not believe such a *Cataian* though
the priest of the town commended him for a true
man 150

Ford 'Twas a good sensible fellow Well

Page How how *Meg*!

MISTRESS PAGE and *MISTRESS FORD* come forward

Mrs Page Whither go you *George*? Hark you

Mrs Ford How now sweet *Frank*! why art
thou melancholy?

Ford I melancholy! I am not melancholy Get
you home go

Mrs Ford Faith thou hast some crotchets in
thy head Now will you go *Mistress Page*?

Mrs Page Have with you You'll come to
dinner *George* [Aside to *MISTRESS FORD*] Look
who comes yonder She shall be our messenger
to this paltry knight

Mrs Ford [Aside to *MISTRESS PAGE*] Trust me
I thought on her she'll fit it

Enter *MISTRESS QUICKLY*

Mrs Page You are come to see my daughter
Anne?

Quick Ay forsooth and I pray how does
good *Mistress Anne*? 170

Mrs Page Go in with us and see We have an hour's talk with you

[*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and MISTRESS QUICKLY*]

Page How now, Master Ford?

Ford You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford Do you think there is truth in them?

Page Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it, but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men, very rogues, now they be out of service

Ford Were they his men?

Page Marry, were they

Ford I like it never the better for that Does he lie at the Garter?

Page Ay, marry, does he If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him, and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head 191

Ford I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together A man may be too confident I would have nothing lie on my head I cannot be thus satisfied

Page Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily

Enter HOST

How now, mine host?

Host How now, bully-rook! thou'rt a gentleman Cavaleiro-justice, I say! 201

Enter Shallow

Shil I follow, mine host, I follow Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand

Host Tell him, cavaleiro-justice, tell him, bully-rook

Shil Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor 210

Ford Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you [*Drawing him aside*]

Host What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

Shil [*To PAGE*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places, for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester Iark, I will tell you what our sport shall be [*They converse apart*]

Host Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleiro? 221

Ford None, I protest, but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest

Host My hand, bully, thou shalt have egress and regress—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook It is a merry knight Will you go, An-heires?

Shal Have with you, mine host

Page I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier 231

Shal Tut, sir, I could have told you more In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what 'Tis the heart, Master Page, 'tis here, 'tis here I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats

Host Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page Have with you I had rather hear them scold than fight 240

[*Exeunt HOST, SHALLOW, and PAGE*]

Ford Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not Well, I will look further into 't, and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff If I find her honest, I lose not my labour, if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed [*Exit*]

SCENE II *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL

Fal I will not lend thee a penny

Pist Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open

Fal Not a penny I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym, or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows, and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not

Pist Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal Reason you rogue, reason thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you Go A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Picket-hatch! Go You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour Why thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my

necessity am fain to shuffle to hedge and to lurch and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags your cat a mountain looks your red lattice phrases and your bold besting oaths under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it you! 30

Ist I do relent What would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN

Rob Sir here's a woman would speak with you

Fal Let her approach

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick Give your worship good morrow

Fal Good morrow good wife

Quick Not so an't please your worship

Fal Good maid then

Quick I'll be sworn

As my mother was the first hour I was born

Fal I do believe the swearer What with me?

Quick Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal Two thousand fair woman and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing

Quick There is one Mistress Ford sir—I pray come a little nearer this ways—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius—

Fal Well on Mistress Ford you say—

Quick Your worship says very true I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways 50

Fal I warrant thee nobody hears mine own people mine own people

Quick Are they so? God bless them and make them His servants!

Fal Well Mistress Ford what of her?

Quick Why sir she's a good creature Lord Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well heaven forgive you and all of us I pray!

Fal Mistress Ford come Mistress Ford—

Quick Marry this is the short and the long of it you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful The best courteser of them all when the court lay at Windsor could never have brought her to such a canary Yet there has been knights and lords and gentlemen with their coaches I warrant you coach after coach letter after letter gift after gift smelling so sweetly all musk and so rushing I warrant you in silk and gold and in such alligant terms and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest that would have won any woman's heart and I warrant you they could never get an eye wink of her I had myself twenty angels given me this morning but I defy all angels in any such sort as they say but in the way of honesty and I

warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all and yet there has been earls nay which is more pensioners but I warrant you all in one with her 80

Fal But what says she to me? be brief my good she Mercury

Quick Marry she hath received your letter for the which she thanks you a thousand times and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven

Fal Ten and eleven?

Quick Ay forsooth and then you may come and see the picture she says that you wot of Master Ford her husband will be from home Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him He's a very jealousy man She leads a very frim cold life with him good heart

Fal Ten and eleven Woman commend me to her I will not fail her

Quick Why you say well But I have another messenger to your worship Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too and let me tell you in your ear she's as fatuous a civil modest wife and one I tell you that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer as any is in Windsor who'er be the other and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home but she hopes there will come a time I never knew a woman so dote upon a man Surely I think you have charms la yes in truth

Fal Nor I I assure thee Setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms 110

Quick Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal But I pray thee tell me this has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace I hope That were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page and truly Master Page is an honest man Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does do what she will say what she will take all pay all go to bed when she list rise when she list all is as she will and truly she deserves it for if there be a kind woman in Windsor she is one You must send her your page no remedy

Fal Why I will

Quick Nay but do so then and look you he may come and go between you both and in any case have a nay word that you may know one another a mind and the boy never need to understand any thing for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness Old folks you

know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world

Fal Fare thee well. Commend me to them both. There's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. *[Exeunt MISTRESS QUICKLY and ROBIN.]* This news distracts me!

Pist This punk is one of Cupid's carriers. Clap on more sails, pursue, up with your fights, Give fire, she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all! *[Exit]*

Fal Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways, I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH

Bard Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you, and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal Brook is his name?

Bard Ay, sir.

Fal Call him in. *[Exit BARDOLPH.]* Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to, via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised

Ford Bless you, sir! 160

Fal And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. *[Exit BARDOLPH.]*

Ford Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much, my name is Brook.

Fal Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford Good Sir John, I sue for yours, not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion, for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me. If you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. 181

Ford I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal Speak, good Master Brook. I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford Sir, I hear you are a scholar—I will be brief with you—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection, but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal Very well, sir, proceed.

Ford There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal Well, sir.

200

Ford I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her, followed her with a doting observance, engrossed opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her, not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given, briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say thus:

"Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues,

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

Fal Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford Never.

Fal Have you importuned her to such a purpose? 221

Ford Never.

Fal Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford Like a fair house built on another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse of great admittance, authentic in your place and person generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal O, sir!

Ford Believe it for you know it There is money spend it spend it spend more spend all I have only give me so much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife Use your art of wooing win her to consent to you if any man may you may as soon as any

Fil Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously 250

Ford O understand my drift She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself She is too bright to be looked against Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves I could drive her then from the ward of her purity her reputation her marriage vow and a thousand other her defences which now are too too strongly embattled against me What say you to it Sir John? 261

Fal Master Brook I will first make bold with your money next give me your hand and last as I am a gentleman you shall if you will enjoy *Ford's* wife

Ford O good sir!

Fal I say you shall

Ford Want no money Sir John you shall want none

Fal Want no Mistress *Ford* Master Brook you shall want none I shall be with her I may tell you by her own appointment even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth Come you to me at night you shall know how I speed

Ford I am blest in your acquaintance Do you know *Ford* sir? 280

Fal Hang him poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not Yet I wrong him to call him poor they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money for the which his wife seems to me well favoured I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer and there's my harvest home

Ford I would you knew *Ford*, sir that you might avoid him if you saw him

Fal Hang him, mechanical salt butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits I will awe him with my cudgel it shall hang like a meteor over the cuckold's horns Master Brook thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant and thou shalt lie with his wife Come to me soon at night *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his

style thou Master Brook shalt know him for knave and cuckold Come to me soon at night

[Exit]

Ford What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him the hour is fixed the match is made Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused my coffers ransacked my reputation gnawn at and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong but stand under the adoption of abominable terms and by him that does me this wrong Terms' names! Amamon sounds well Lucifer well Barbason, well yet they are devils additions the names of fiends but Cuckold! Wiltol! —Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name Page is an ass a secure ass He will trust his wife he will not be jealous I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese an Irishman with my aqua vitæ bottle or a thief to walk my ambling gelding than my wife with herself Then she plots then she ruminates then she devises and what they think in their hearts they may effect they will break their hearts but they will effect God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour I will prevent this detect my wife be revenged on Falstaff and laugh at Page I will about it better three hours too soon than a minute too late Fie fie fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit]

SCENE III A field near Windsor

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY

Caius Jack Rugby!

Rug Sir?

Caius Vat is de clock Jack?

Rug 'Tis past the hour sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet

Caius By gar he has save his soul dar he is no come he has pray his Pible well dar he is no come By gar Jack Rugby he is dead already if he be come

Rug He is wise sir he knew your worship would kill him if he came

Caius By gar de herring is no dead so as I will kill him Take your rapier Jack I will tell you how I will kill him

Rug Alas sir I cannot fence

Caius Villainy take your rapier

Rug Forbear here's company

Enter HOST SHALLOW SLENDER and PAGE

Host Bless thee bully doctor!

Shal Save you Master Doctor *Caius*!

Page Now, good master doctor! 20
Slend Give you good morrow, sir
Caus Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host To see thee fight, to see thee foim, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my *Æsculapius*? my *Galen*? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caus By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world, he is not show his face 32

Host Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caus I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come

Shal He is the wiser man, master doctor He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies, if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions Is it not true, Master Page?

Page Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace

Shal Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women, Master Page 51

Page 'Tis true, Master Shallow

Shal It will be found so, Master Page Master Doctor Caus, I am come to fetch you home I am sworn of the peace You have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman You must go with me, master doctor

Host Pardon, guest-justice A word, Mounseur Mock-water 60

Caus Mock-water! 'at is dat?

Host Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully

Caus By gar, den, I have as mush mock-water as de Englishman Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears

Host He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully

Caus Clapper-de-claw! 'at is dat?

Host That is, he will make thee amends 70

Caus By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me, for, by gar, me vill have it

Host And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag

Caus Me tank you for dat

Host And moreover, bully—but first master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slend-

der, go you through the town to Frogmore [*Aside to them*]

Page Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host He is there See what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields Will it do well?

Shal We will do it

Page, Shal, and Slend Adieu, good master doctor
 [*Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER*]

Caus By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page

Host Let him die, sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler, go about the fields with me through Frogmore I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her Cried I aim? said I well?

Caus By gar, me dank you vor dat By gar, I love you, and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients

Host For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page Said I well?

Caus By gar, 'tis good, vell said 100

Host Let us wag, then

Caus Come at my heels, Jack Rugby [*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I A field near Frogmore

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE

Evans I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caus, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the parkward, every way, old Windsor way, and every way but the town way

Evans I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way

Sim I will, sir [*Exit to*]

Evans 'Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me How melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork 'Pless my soul! [*Sings*]

"To shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sings madrigals,
 There will we make our peds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies 20
 To shallow —

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry
 [*Sings*]

"Melodious birds sing madrigals—

When as I sat in Babylon—
And a thousand vagrant posies
To shallow &c

Re-enter SIMPLE

Sim Yonder he is coming this way Sir Hugh

Evans He's welcome [*Sings*]

To shallow rivers to whose falls —
Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is
he?

Sim No weapons sir There comes my master
Master Shallow and another gentleman from
Frogmore over the stile this way

Evans Pray you give me my gown or else
keep it in your arms

Enter PAGE SHALLOW and SLENDER

Shal How now master Parson! Good morrow
good Sir Hugh Keep a gamester from the dice
and a good student from his book and it is won-
derful

Slm [*Aside*] Ah sweet Anne Page! 40

Page Save you good Sir Hugh!

Evans Pless you from his mercy sake all of
you!

Shl What the sword and the word! do you
study them both master parson?

Page And youthful still! in your doublet and
hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans There is reasons and causes for it

Page We are come to you to do a good office
master parson 50

Evans Fery well what is it?

Page Yonder is a most reverend gentleman
who belike having received wrong by some per-
son, is at most odds with his own gravity and
patience that ever you saw

Shl I have lived fourscore years and upward
I never heard a man of his place gravity and
learning so wide of his own respect

Evans What is he?

Page I think you know him Master Doctor
Caius the renowned French physician 61

Evans Got a will and his passion of my heart!
I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of
porridge

Page Why?

Evans He has no more knowledge in Hibo-
crates and Galen—and he is a knave besides a
cowardly knave as you would desires to be ac-
quainted withal

Pa I warrant you he's the man should fight
with him 71

Slm [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shl It appears so by his weapons keep them
asunder here comes Doctor Caius

Enter HOST CAIUS and RUGBY

Page Nay good master parson keep in your
weapon

Shl So do you good master doctor

Host Disarm them and let them question Let
them keep their limbs whole and hack our Eng-
lish 80

Caius I pray you let a me speak a word with
your ear Wherefore will you not meet a me?

Evans [*Aside to CAIUS*] Pray you use your pa-
tience In good time

Caius By gar you are de coward de Jack dog
John ape

Evans [*Aside to CAIUS*] Pray you let us not be
laughing stocks to other men's humours I desire
you in friendship and I will one way or other
make you amends [*Aloud*] I will knog your
urnals about your knave's cogscomb for miss-
ing your meetings and appointments 92

Caius Diable! Jack Rugby—mine host de Jar-
teer—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I
not at de place I did appoint?

Evans As I am a Christians soul now look you
this is the place appointed I'll be judgement by
mine host of the Garter

Host Peace I say Gallia and Gaul French and
Welsh soul-curer and body-curer! 100

Caius Ay dat is very good excellent

Host Peace I say! hear mine host of the Garter
Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?
Shall I lose my doctor? no he gives me the po-
tions and the motions Shall I lose my parson
my priest my Sir Hugh? no he gives me the
proverbs and the no-verbs Give me thy hand
terrestrial so Give me thy hand celestial 110
Boys of art I have deceived you both I have
directed you to wrong places Your hearts are
mighty your skins are whole and let burns
sack be the issue Come lay their swords to
paw Follow me lads of peace follow follow
follow

Shl Trust me a mad host Follow gentlemen
follow

Slm [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exit SHALLOW SLENDER, PAGE, and HOST*]

Caius Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make a
desot of us ha ha?

Evans This is well he has made us his vount-
ing stog I desire you th t we may be friends
and let us knog our prains together to be revenge
on this same scall scurry cogging companion,
the host of the Garter

Caius By gar with all my heart I'll promise to
bring me where is Anne Page by gar he deceive
me too

Evans Well, I will smite his noddles Pray you, follow
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *A street*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN

Mrs Page Nay, keep your way, little gallant, you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf

Mrs Page O, you are a flattering boy Now I see you'll be a courtier

Enter FORD

Ford Well met, Mistress Page Whither go you? 10

Mrs Page Truly, sir, to see your wife Is she at home?

Ford Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry

Mrs Page Be sure of that—two other husbands

Ford Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs Page I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of What do you call your knight's name, sirrah? 21

Rob Sir John Falstaff

Ford Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs Page He, he, I can never hit on's name There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford Indeed she is

Mrs Page By your leave sir I am sick till I see her
[*Exeunt MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN*]

Ford Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep he hath no use of them Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score He pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advantage and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her A man may hear this shower sing in the wind And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together Well, I will take him then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Acton, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim [Clock heard] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search There I shall find Falstaff I shall be rather praised for this than mocked for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there I will go 50

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY

Shal, Page, &c Well met, Master Ford
Ford Trust me, a good knot I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me

Shal I must excuse myself, Master Ford

Slen And so must I, sir We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of

Shal We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer 60

Slen I hope I have your good will, father Page

Page You have, Master Slender, I stand wholly for you, but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether

Caius Ay, be-gar, and de maid is love-a me My nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush

Host What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May He will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't 71

Page Not by my consent, I promise you The gentleman is of no having He kept company with the wild prince and Poins, he is of too high a region, he knows too much No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance If he take her, let him take her simply, the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way

Ford I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner Besides your cheer, you shall have sport, I will show you a monster Master doctor, you shall go, so shall you, Master Page, and you, Sir Hugh

Shal Well, fare you well We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's

[*Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER*]

Caius Go home, John Rugby, I come anon

[*Exit RUGBY*]

Host Farewell my hearts I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him

[*Exit*]

Ford [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipewine first with him, I'll make him dance Will you go gentles?

All Have with you to see this monster

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *A room in Ford's house*

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Ford What John! What Robert!

Mrs Page Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

Mrs Ford I warrant What Robin I say!

Enter Servants with a basket

Mr Page Come come come

Mrs Ford Here set it down

Mrs Page Give your men the charge we must be brief

Mrs Ford Marry as I told you before John and Robert be ready here hard by in the brew house and when I suddenly call you come forth and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders That done trudge with it in all haste and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side

Mrs Page You will do it?

Mrs Ford I ha told them over and over they lack no direction Be gone and come when you are called *[Exit Servants 20]*

Mrs Page Here comes little Robin

Enter ROBIN

Mrs Ford How now my eyas musket what news with you?

Rob My master Sir John is come in at your back-door Mistress Ford and requests your company

Mrs Page You little Jack a Lent have you been true to us?

Rob Ay I'll be sworn My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it for he swears he'll turn me away

Mrs Page Thou art a good boy This secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose I'll go hide me

Mrs Ford Do so Go tell thy master I am alone *[Exit ROBIN]* Mistress Page remember you your cue

Mrs Page I warrant thee if I do not act it hiss me *[Exit 41]*

Mrs Ford Go to then We'll use this unwhole some humidity this gross watery pumpion we'll teach him to know turtles from pajs

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why now let me die for I have lived long enough This is the period of my ambition O this blessed hour!

Mrs Ford O sweet Sir John!

Fal Mistress Ford I cannot cog I cannot prate, Mistress Ford Now shall I sin in my wish I would thy husband were dead I'll speak it before the best lord I would make thee my lady

Mrs Ford I your lady Sir John! alas I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal Let the court of France show me such an other I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire the tire valiant or any tire of Venetian admittance 61

Mrs Ford A plain kerchief Sir John My brows become nothing else nor that well neither

Fal By the Lord thou art a traitor to say so Thou wouldst make an absolute courtier and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a senu-circled far thingale I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not Nature thy friend Come thou canst not hide it 71

Mrs Ford Believe me there's no such thing in me

Fal What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee Come I cannot cog and say thou art this and that like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds that come like women in men's apparel and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time I cannot But I love thee none but thee and thou deservest it 81

Mrs Ford Do not betray me sir I fear you love Mistress Page

Fal Thou mightest as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime kiln

Mrs Ford Well heaven knows how I love you and you shall one day find it

Fal Keep in that mind I'll deserve it

Mrs Ford Nay I must tell you so you do or else I could not be in that mind 91

Rob *[Within]* Mistress Ford Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door sweating and blowing and looking wildly and would needs speak with you presently

Fal She shall not see me I will ensconce me behind the arras

Mrs Ford Pray you do so She's a very tattling woman *[FALSTAFF hides himself]*

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN

What's the matter? how now? 100

Mrs Page O Mistress Ford what have you done? You're shamed you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

Mrs Ford What's the matter good Mistress Page?

Mrs Page O well a-day Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs Ford What cause of suspicion?

Mrs Page What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you! *III*

Mrs Page Why, alas, what's the matter?

Mrs Page Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs Ford 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs Page Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it, but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs Ford What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend, and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs Page For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather." Your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking, or—it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead. *141*

Mrs Ford He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal [Coming forward] Let me see't, let me see't, O, let me see't! I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in.

Mrs Page What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never— *150*

Gets into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs Page Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

Mrs Ford What, John! Robert! John!

[Exit ROBIN]

Re-enter Servants

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl staff? look, how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead, quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford Pray you, come near. If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let

me be your jest, I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

Serv To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs Ford Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck, I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exit Servants with the basket] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night, I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys. Ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkenel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [Locking the door] So, now uncape.

Page Good Master Ford, be contented. You wrong yourself too much.

Ford True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon. Follow me, gentlemen.

[Exit 180]

Evans This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France, it is not jealous in France.

Page Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search.

[Exit PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS]

Mrs Page Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs Ford I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs Page What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs Ford I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs Page Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs Ford I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs Page I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff. His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs Ford Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs Page We will do it. Let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock, to have amends. *210*

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS

Ford I cannot find him. May be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs Page [Aside to MISTRESS FORD] I heard you that?

Mrs Ford You use me well Master Ford do you?

Ford Ay I do so

Mrs Ford Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford Amen! 220

Mrs Page You do yourself mighty wrong Master Ford

Ford Ay ay I must bear it

Evans If there be any pody in the house and in the chambers and in the coffers and in the presses heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caues By gar nor I too There is no bodies

Page Hee fie Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle

Ford Tis my fault Master Page I suffer for it

Evans You suffer for a pad conscience Your wife is as honest a woman as I will desires among five thousand and five hundred too

Caues By gar I see tis an honest woman

Ford Well I promised you a dinner Come come walk in the Park I pray you pardon me I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this Come wife come Mistress Page I pray you pardon me pray heartily pardon me

Page Lets go in, gentlemen but trust me we'll mock him I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast After we'll a birding together I have a fine hawk for the bush Shall it be so?

Ford Anything

Evans If there is one, I shall make two in the company 251

Caues If dere be one or two I shall make a theturd

Ford Pray you go Master Page

Evans I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave mine host

Ca is Dat is good by gar with all my heart!

Ford A lousy knave to have his gibes and his mockeries! *Exeunt* 260

SCENE IV A room in Page's house

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE

Fent I see I cannot get thy father's love Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan

Anne Alas how then?

Fent Why thou must be thyself He doth object I am too great of birth

And that my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth

Besides these other bars he lays before me

My riots past my wild societies

And tells me tis a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property 10

Anne May be he tells you true

Fent No heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albert I will confess thy father's wealth

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee Anne

Yet wooing thee I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags

And tis the very riches of thyself

That now I am at

Anne Gentle Master Fenton

Yet seek my father's love still seek it sir

If opportunity and humblest suit 20

Cannot attain it why then—hark you hither!

[*They converse apart*]

Enter SHALLOW SLENDER and MISTRESS QUICKLY

Shal Break their talk Mistress Quickly My kinsman shall speak for himself

Slender I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't Slid tis but venturing

Shal Be not dismayed

Slender No she shall not dismay me I care not for that but that I am afraid

Quick Hark ye Master Slender would speak a word with you 30

Anne I come to him [*Aside*] This is my father's choice

O what a world of vile ill favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick And how does good Master Fenton?

Pray you a word with you

Shal She's coming to her coz O boy thou hadst a father!

Slender I had a father Mistress Anne my uncle can tell you good jests of him Pray you uncle tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese out of a pen good uncle 41

Shal Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you

Slender Ay that I do as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire

Shal He will maintain you like a gentlewoman

Slender Ay that I will come out and long tail under the degree of a squire

Shal He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure 50

Anne Good Master Shallow let him woo for himself

Shal Marry I thank you for it I thank you for that good comfort She calls you coz I'll leave you

Anne Now Master Slender—

Slender Now good Mistress Anne—

Anne What is your will?

Slender My will! od's heartlings that's a pretty

jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven, I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise

62

Anne I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slender Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you Your father and my uncle hath made motions If it be my luck, so, if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can You may ask your father, here he comes

70

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE

Page Now, Master Slender Love him, daughter Anne

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of

Fenton Nay, Master Page, be not impatient

Mistress Page Good Master Fenton, come not to my child

Page She is no match for you

Fenton Sir, will you hear me?

Page No, good Master Fenton

Come, Master Shallow, come, son Slender, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton

[Exit PAGE, SHALLOW and SLENDER]

Quick Speak to Mistress Page

Fenton Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners, I must advance the colours of my love

And not retire Let me have your good will

Anne Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool

Mistress Page I mean it not, I seek you a better husband

Quick That's my master, master doctor

Anne Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth

90

And bow'd to death with turnips!

Mistress Page Come, trouble not yourself Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected

Till then farewell, sir, she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry

Fenton Farewell, gentle mistress farewell, Nan

[Exit MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE]

Quick This is my doing now "Nay," said I, "will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton" This is my doing

Fenton I thank thee, and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring There's for thy pains

Quick Now heaven send thee good fortune!

[Exit FENTON] A kind heart he hath A woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne, or I would Master Slender had her, or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Master Fenton Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses What a beast am I to slack it!

[Exit]

SCENE V *A room in the Garter Inn*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH

Fal Bardolph, I say—

Bard Here, sir

Fal Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't *[Exit BARDOLPH]* Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter, and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking, if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow—a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy

Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack

Bard Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you

21

Fal Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins Call her in

Bard Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Quick By your leave, I cry you mercy Give you your worship good morrow

Fal Take away these chalices Go brew me a pottle of sack finely

30

Bard With eggs, sir?

Fal Simple of itself, I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage *[Exit BARDOLPH]* How now!

Quick Marry sir I come to your worship from Mistress Ford

Fal Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough I was thrown into the ford I have my belly full of ford

Quick Alas the day! good heart that was not her fault She does so take on with her men they mistook their erection 41

Fal So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise

Quick Well she laments sir for it that it would yearn your heart to see it Her husband goes this morning a birding she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine I must carry her word quickly She'll make you amends I warrant you

Fal Well I will visit her Tell her so and bid her think what a man is Let her consider his frailty and then judge of my merit 52

Quick I will tell her

Fal Do so Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quick Eight and nine sir

Fal Well be gone I will not miss her

Quick Peace be with you sir [Exit

Fal I marvel I hear not of Master Brook he sent me word to stay within I like his money well O here he comes 60

Enter FORD

Ford Bless you, sir!

Fal Now master Brook you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford That, indeed Sir John is my business

Fal Master Brook I will not lie to you I was at her house the hour she appointed me

Ford And sped you sir?

Fal Very ill favouredly Master Brook

Ford How so sir? Did she change her determination? 70

Fal No Master Brook but the peaking Corinto her husband, Master Brook dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy comes me in the instant of our encounter after we had embraced kissed, protested and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy and at his heels a rabble of his companions thither provoked and instigated by his distemper and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love

Ford What while you were there? 80

Fal While I was there

Fal And did he search for you and could not find you?

Fal You shall hear As good luck would have it comes in one Mistress Page gives intelligence of Ford's approach and, in her invention

and Ford's wife's distraction they conveyed me into a buck basket

Ford A buck basket!

Fal By the Lord a buck basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks socks foul stockings greasy napkins that Master Brook there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril

Ford And how long lay you there?

Fal Nay you shall hear Master Brook what I have suffered to bring this woman in evil for your good Being thus crammed in the basket a couple of Ford's knaves his hinds were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet lane They took me on their shoulders met the jealous knave their master in the door who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it but fate ordaining he should be a cuckold held his hand Well on went he for a search and away went I for foul clothes But mark the sequel Master Brook I suffered the pangs of three several deaths first an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous rotten bell wether next to be compassed like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck hilt to point heel to head and then to be stopped in, like a strong distillation with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease Think of that—a man of my kidney—think of that—that am as subject to heat as butter a man of continual dissolution and thaw—it was a miracle to scape suffocation And in the height of this bath when I was more than half stewed in grease like a Dutch dish to be thrown into the Thames and cooled glowing hot in that surge like a horse shoe think of that—fussing hot—think of that Master Brook

Ford In good sadness sir I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this My suit then is desperate you'll undertake her no more?

Fal Master Brook I will be thrown into Erna as I have been into Thames ere I will leave her thus Her husband is this morning gone a birding I have received from her another embassy of meeting twixt eight and nine is the hour Master Brook

Ford 'Tis past eight already sir

Fal Is it? I will then address me to my appointment Come to me at your convenient leisure and you shall know how I speed and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her Adieu You shall have her Master Brook Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford [Exit

Ford Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream?

do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am. I will now take the lecher, he is at my house, he cannot 'scape me, 'tis impossible he should. He cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box, but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me. I'll be horn-mad. [Exit]

ACT IV

SCENE I A street

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM

Mrs Page Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick Sure he is by this, or will be presently. But, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs Page I'll be with her by and by, I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes, 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day? 10

Evans No, Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans Come hither, William, hold up your head, come.

Mrs Page Come on, sirrah, hold up your head, answer your master, be not afraid. 20

Evans William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will Two.

Quick Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, "Od's nouns."

Evans Peace your tattlings! What is "fair," William?

Will Pulcher.

Quick Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure. 30

Evans You are a very simplicity 'oman. I pray you peace. What is *lapis*, William?

Will A stone.

Evans And what is "a stone," William?

Will A pebble.

Evans No, it is *lapis*. I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will *Lapis*.

Evans That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 40

Will Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Evans *Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*, pray you, mark. *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will *Accusativo, hinc*.

Evans I pray you, have your remembrance, child, *accusativo, hunc, hanc, hoc*.

Quick "Hang-hog" is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. 51

Evans Leave your prabbles, 'oman, What is the fociative case, William?

Will O—*vocativo, O*.

Evans Remember, William, fociative is *caret*.

Quick And that's a good root.

Evans 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs Page Peace!

Evans What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will Genitive case!

Evans Ay.

Will Genitive—*horum, harum, horum*.

Quick Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! nei'er name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans For shame, 'oman.

Quick You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to fuck and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call "horum." Fie upon you! 70

Evans 'Oman, art thou lunatic? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs Page Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans It is *qui, quæ, quod*. If you forget your *quies*, your *quæ*, and your *quods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs Page He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs Page Adieu good Sir Hugh.

[Exit SIR HUGH]
Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. 80

SCENE II *A room in Ford's house**Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD*

Fal Mistress Ford your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance I see you are obsequious in your love and I profess requital to a hair's breadth not only Mistress Ford in the simple office of love but in all the accoutrement complement and ceremony of it But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs Ford He's a birding sweet Sir John

Mrs Page [*Within*] What ho gossip Ford! what, ho! 10

Mrs Ford Step into the chamber Sir John

[*Exit FALSTAFF*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Page How now 'sweetheart' who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs Ford Why none but mine own people

Mrs Page Indeed!

Mrs Ford No certainly [*Aside to her*] Speak louder

Mrs Page Truly I am so glad you have nobody here

Mrs Ford Why? 20

Mrs Page Why woman your husband is in his old lines again He so takes on yonder with my husband so rails against all married mankind so curses all Eve's daughters of what complexion soever and so buffets himself on the forehead crying Peer out peer out! that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness civility and patience, to thus his disorder he is in now I am glad the fat knight is not here

Mrs Ford Why does he talk of him? 30

Mrs Page Of none but him and swears he was carried out the last time he searched for him in a basket protests to my husband he is now here and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport to make another experiment of his suspicion But I am glad the knight is not here now he shall see his own foolery

Mrs Ford How near is he Mistress Page? 35

Mrs Page Hard by at street end he will be here anon 40

Mrs Ford I am undone! The knight is here

Mrs Page Why then you are utterly shamed and he's but a dead man What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder

Mrs Ford Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Fal No I'll come no more: the basket May I not go out ere he come? 51

Mrs Page Alas three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols that none shall issue out otherwise you might slip away ere he came But what make you here?

Fal What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney

Mrs Ford There they always use to discharge their birding pieces Creep into the kiln hole

Fal Where is it? 60

Mrs Ford He will seek there on my word Neither press coffer, chest trunk well vault but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places and goes to them by his note There is no hiding you in the house

Fal I'll go out then

Mrs Page If you go out in your own semblance you die Sir John Unless you go out disguised—

Mrs Ford How might we disguise him? 70

Mrs Page Alas the day I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him otherwise he might put on a hat a muffler and a kerchief and so escape

Fal Good hearts devise something Any extremity rather than a mischief

Mrs Ford My maid's aunt the fat woman of Brentford has a gown above

Mrs Page On my word it will serve him she's as big as he is and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too Run up Sir John

Mrs Ford Go go sweet Sir John Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head

Mrs Page Quick quick! we'll come dress you straight Put on the gown the while 85

[*Exit FALSTAFF*]

Mrs Ford I would my husband would meet him in this shape He cannot abide the old woman of Brentford he swears she's a witch forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her

Mrs Page Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs Ford But is my husband coming?

Mrs Page As in good sadness is he and talks of the basket too howsoever he hath had intelligence

Mrs Ford We'll try that for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it as they did last time

Mrs Page Nay but he'll be here presently Let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford

Mrs Ford I'll first direct my men what they

shall do with the basket Go up, I'll bring linen
for him straight [Exit

Mrs Page Hang him, dishonest varlet! we
cannot misuse him enough

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too

We do not act that often jest and laugh,

'Tis old, but true, Still swine eats all the draff
[Exit

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with TWO SERVANTS

Mrs Ford Go, sirs, take the basket again on
your shoulders Your master is hard at door, if
he bid you set it down, obey him Quickly, dis-
patch [Exit

1st Serv Come, come, take it up

2nd Serv Pray heaven it be not full of knight
again

1st Serv I hope not, I had as lief bear so much
lead

*Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH
EVANS*

Ford Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page,
have you any way then to unfool me again? Set
down the basket, villain! Somebody call my
wife Youth in a basket! O you pandarous rascals!
there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy
against me Now shall the devil be shamed
What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold
what honest clothes you send forth to bleach-
ing!

Page Why, this passes, Master Ford, you are
not to go loose any longer, you must be pinioned

Evans Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a
mad dog! 131

Shal Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, in-
deed

Ford So say I too, sir

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD

Come hither, Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford, the
honest woman, the modest wife the virtuous
creature, that hath the jealous fool to her hus-
band! I suspect without cause, mistress do I?

Mrs Ford Heaven be my witness you do if you
suspect me in any dishonesty 140

Ford Well said, brazen-face! hold it out Come
forth, villain!

Pulling clothes out of the basket

Page This passes!

Mrs Ford Are you not ashamed? let the clothes
alone

Ford I shall find you anon

Mrs 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up
your wife's clothes? Come away

Ford Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs Ford Why, man, why? 150

Ford Master Page, as I am a man, there was
one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this
basket Why may not he be there again? In my
house I am sure he is My intelligence is true, my
jealousy is reasonable Pluck me out all the linen

Mrs Ford If you find a man there, he shall die a
flea's death

Page Here's no man

Shal By my fidelity, this is not well, Master
Ford, this wrongs you 161

Evans Master Ford, you must pray, and not
follow the imaginations of your own heart This
is jealousies

Ford Well he's not here I seek for

Page No, nor nowhere else but in your brain

Ford Help to search my house this one time
If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my
extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport,
let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that
searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman"
Satisfy me once more, once more search with
me

Mrs Ford What, ho, Mistress Page! come you
and the old woman down, my husband will come
into the chamber

Ford Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs Ford Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brent-
ford

Ford A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean!
Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of
errands, does she? We are simple men, we do
not know what's brought to pass under the pro-
fession of fortune-telling She works by charms,
by spells by the figure and such daubery as this
is beyond our element We know nothing Come
down, you witch you hag, you, come down, I
say!

Mrs Ford Nay, good, sweet husband! Good
gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman 190

*Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and
MISTRESS PAGE*

Mrs Page Come, Mother Prat, come give me
your hand

Ford I'll prat her [Beating him] Out of my
door you witch you hag you baggage, you pole-
cat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you I'll
fortune tell you [Exit FALSTAFF]

Mrs Page Are you not ashamed? I think you
have killed the poor woman

Mrs Ford Nay, he will do it 'Tis a goodly
credit for you 200

Ford Hang her, witch!

Evans By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a

witch indeed I like not when a woman has a great peard I spy a great peard under his muffler

Ford Will you follow gentlemen? I beseech you follow see but the issue of my jealousy If I cry out thus upon no trail never trust me when I open again

Page Let's obey his humour a little further Come gentlemen 211

[*Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAILS and EVANS*]

Mrs Page Trust me he beat him most pitifully

Mrs Ford Nay by the mass that he did not he beat him most unpitifully methought

Mrs Page I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar it hath done meritorious service

Mrs Ford What think you? may we with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? 222

Mrs Page The spirit of wantonness is sure scared out of him If the devil have him not in fee simple with fine and recovery he will never I think in the way of waste attempt us again

Mrs Ford Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs Page Yes by all means if it be list to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains If they can find in their hearts the poor unvir-
tuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted we two will still be the ministers

Mrs Ford I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed and methinks there would be no period to the jest should he not be publicly shamed

Mrs Page Come, to the forge with it then shape it I would not have things cool [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III A room in the Garter Inn

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH

Bard Sir the Germans desire to have three of your horses The Duke himself will be tomorrow at court and they are going to meet him

Host What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court Let me speak with the gentlemen They speak English?

Bard Ay sir I'll call them to you

Host They shall have my horses but I'll make them pay I'll sauce them They have had my house a week at command I have turned away my other guests They must come off I'll sauce them Come [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV A room in Ford's house

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD and SIR HUGH EVANS

Evans 'Tis one of the best discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon

Page And did he send you both these letters in an instant?

Mrs Page Within a quarter of an hour

Ford Pardon me wife Henceforth do what thou wilt

I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness Now doth thy honour stand

In him that was of late an heretic,

As firm as faith

Page 'Tis well 'tis well no more 10
Be not as extreme in submission

As in offence

But let our plot go forward Let our wives

Yet once again to make us public sport

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow

Where we may take him and disgrace him for it

Ford There is no better way than that they spoke of

Page How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie fie! he'll never come

Evans You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously beaten as an old woman Methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come methinks his flesh is punished he shall have no desires

Page So think I too

Mrs Ford Devise but how you'll use him when he comes

And let us two devise to bring him thither

Mrs Page There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest

Doth all the winter time at still midnight 30
Walk round about an oak with great ragged

horns

And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle And makes milch kine yield blood and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner

You have heard of such a spirit and well you know

The superstitious idle headed old

Received and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth

Page Why yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak 40
But what of this?

Mrs Ford Marry this is our device That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us

Page Well let it not be doubted but he'll come

And in this shape when you have brought him thither

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs Page That likewise have we thought upon,
and thus
Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we'll
dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and
white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, 50
And rattles in their hands Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song Upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly
Then let them all encircle him about
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane

Mrs Ford And till he tell the truth, 60
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound
And burn him with their tapers

Mrs Page The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor

Ford The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't

Evens I will teach the children their behaviors,
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the
knight with my taber

Ford That will be excellent I'll go buy them
vizards 70

Mrs Page My Nan shall be the queen of all the
fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white

Page That silk will I go buy [*Aside*] And in
that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away

And marry her at Eton Go send to Falstaff
straight

Ford Nay, I'll to him again in name of
Brook

He'll tell me all his purpose Sure, he'll come

Mrs Page Fear not you that Go get us proper-
ties

And tricking for our fairies

Evens Let us about it It is admirable pleasures
and fery honest knaveries 81

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, and EVANS*]

Mrs Page Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind

[*Exit MISTRESS FORD*]

I'll to the doctor He hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page
That Slender, though well landed is an idiot,
And he my husband best of all affects
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

Potent at court He, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave
her [*Exit* 90

SCENE V A room in the Garter Inn

Enter HOST and SIMPLE

Host What wouldst thou have, boor? what,
thick-skun? speak, breathe, discuss, brief, short,
quick, snap

Sim Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John
Falstaff from Master Slender

Host There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed and truckle-bed, 'tis painted
about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and
new Go knock and call, he'll speak like an
Anthropophaginian unto thee Knock, I say 11

Sim There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone
up into his chamber I'll be so bold as stay, sir,
till she come down, I come to speak with her,
indeed

Host Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
robbed I'll call Bully knight! bully Sir John!
speak from thy lungs military Art thou there? it
is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls

Fal [*Above*] How now, mine host! 20

Host Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the
coming down of thy fat woman Let her descend,
bully, let her descend, my chambers are honour-
able Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF

Fal There was, mine host, an old fat woman
even now with me, but she's gone

Sim Pray you, sir, was it not the wise woman of
Brentford?

Fal Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell What
would you with her? 30

Sim My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to
her, seeing her go through the streets, to know
sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of
a chain, had the chain or no

Fal I spake with the old woman about it

Sim And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal Marry, she says that the very same man
that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened
him of it

Sim I would I could have spoken with the
woman herself, I had other things to have spoken
with her too from him 42

Fal What are they? let us know

Host Ay, come quick

Sim I may not conceal them, sir

Host Conceal them, or thou diest

Sim Why, sir, they were nothing but about
Mistress Anne Page to know if it were my mas-
ter's fortune to have her or no

Fal Tis tis his fortune 50

Sim What sir?

Fal To have her or no Go say the woman told me so

Sim May I be bold to say so sir?

Fal Ay sir like who more bold

Sim I thank your worship I shall make my master glad with these tidings [Exit]

Host Thou art clerkly thou art clerkly sir

John Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal Ay that there was mine host one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life and I paid nothing for it neither but was paid for my learning

Enter BARDOLPH

Bard Out alas sir! cozenage mere cozenage!

Host Where be my horses? speak well of them varletto

Bard Run away with the cozeners for so soon as I came beyond Iron they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire and set spurs and away like three German devils three Doctor Faustuses 71

Host They are gone but to meet the Duke villain Do not say they be fled Germans are honest men

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

Evans Where is mine host?

Host What is the matter sir?

Evans Have a care of your entertainments There is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three cozen Germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readings of Maidenhead of Colebrook of horses and money I tell you for good will look you You are wise and full of gibes and flouting stocks and tis not convenient you should be cozened Fare you well [Exit]

Enter DOCTOR CAULS

Cauls Vere is mine host de Jarreer?

Host Here, master doctor in perplexity and doubtful dilemma

Cauls I cannot tell what is that but it is tell a me that you make grand preparation for a duke de Janany By my troth there is no duke that the court is know to come I tell you for good will adieu [Exit] 91

Host Hue and cry villain go! Assist me knight I am undone! Fly run hue and cry villain! I am undone! [Exeunt most and BARDOLPH]

Fal I would all the world might be cozened for I have been cozened and beaten too If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath

been washed and cudgelled they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero Well if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers I would repent

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY

Now whence come you?

Quick From the two parties forsooth

Fal The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed I have suffered more for their sakes more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear

Quick And have not they suffered? Yes I warrant speciously one of them Mistress Ford good heart is beaten black and blue that you cannot see a white spot about her

Fal What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten my self into all the colours of the rainbow and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford But that my admirable dexterity of wit my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me the knave constable had set me the stocks the common stocks for a witch

Quick Sir let me speak with you in your chamber You shall hear how things go and I warrant to your content Here is a letter will say somewhat Good hearts what ado here is to bring you together! Sure one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so crossed 120

Fal Come up into my chamber [Exeunt]

SCENE VI Another room in the Garter Inn

Enter FENTON and HOST

Host Master Fenton talk not to me my mind is heavy I will give over all

Fent Yet hear me speak Assist me in my purpose

And as I am a gentleman I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss

Host I will hear you Master Fenton and I will at the least keep your counsel

Fent From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page Who mutually hath answered my affection 10 So far forth as herself might be her chooser Even to my wish I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at The mirth whereof so larded with my matter That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both Falstaff Hath a great scene The image of the jest

I'll show you here at large Host, good mine

host

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen, 20

The purpose why, is here, in which disguise,

While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip

Away with Slender and with him at Eton

Immediately to marry She hath consented

Now, sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed

That he shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sports are tasking of their minds, 30

And at the deanery, where a priest attends,

Straight marry her To this her mother's plot

She seemingly obedient likewise hath

Made promise to the doctor Now, thus it rests

Her father means she shall be all in white,

And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

To take her by the hand and bid her go,

She shall go with him Her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor,

For they must all be mask'd and vizarded, 40

That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,

With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head,

And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,

To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,

The maid hath given consent to go with him

Host Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent Both, my good host, to go along with me

And here it rests, that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,

And, in the lawful name of marrying, 50

To give our hearts united ceremony

Host Well, husband your device, I'll to the vicar

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest

Fent So shall I evermore be bound to thee,

Besides, I'll make a present recompense [Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I A room in the Garter Inn

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY

Fal Prithce, no more prattling, go I'll hold
This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in
odd numbers Away! go They say there is divi-
nity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance,
or death Away!

Quick I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what
I can to get you a pair of horns

Fal Away I say time wears Hold up your
head, and mince [Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY]

Enter FORD

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the
matter will be known to-night, or never Be you
in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and
you shall see wonders

Ford Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as
you told me you had appointed?

Fal I went to her, Master Brook, as you see,
like a poor old man, but I came from her, Master
Brook, like a poor old woman That same knave
Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of
jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever gov-
erned frenzy I will tell you He beat me griev-
ously, in the shape of a woman, for in the shape
of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a
weaver's beam, because I know also life is a
shuttle I am in haste, go along with me I'll tell
you all, Master Brook Since I plucked geese,
played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what
'twas to be beaten till lately Follow me I'll tell
you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom
to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his
wife into your hand Follow Strange things in
hand, Master Brook! Follow [Exeunt]

SCENE II Windsor Park

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER

Page Come, come, we'll couch i' the castle-
ditch till we see the light of our fairies Remem-
ber, son Slender, my daughter

Slen Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her and
we have a nay-word how to know one another
I come to her in white, and cry "mum", she cries
"budget", and by that we know one another

Shal That's good too, but what needs either
your "mum" or her "budget"? the white will de-
cipher her well enough It hath struck ten
o'clock

Page The night is dark, light and spirits will
become it well Heaven prosper our sport! No
man means evil but the devil, and we shall know
him by his horns Let's away, follow me

[Exeunt]

SCENE III A street leading to the Park

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and

DOCTOR CAIUS

Mrs Page Master doctor, my daughter is in
green When you see your time, take her by the
hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch
it quickly Go before into the Park We two
must go together

Caius I know what I have to do Adieu

Mrs Page Fare you well sir [Exit CAIUS] My
husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of

Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter. But 'tis no matter: better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs Ford Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs Page They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak with obscured lights which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting they will at once display to the night.

Mrs Ford That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs Page If he be not amazed he will be mocked: if he be amazed he will every way be mocked.

Mrs Ford We'll betray him finely.

Mrs Page Against such lewdsters and their lechery.

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs Ford The hour draws on. To the oak to the oak!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV Windsor Park

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS disguised with others as Fairies

Evans Trib trib fairies come and remember your parts. Be pold I pray you follow me into the pit and when I give the watch-ords do as I bid you. Come come trib trib.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V Another part of the Park

Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne with a buck's head upon him

Fal The Windsor bell hath struck twelve: the minute draws on. Now the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa: love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man in some other a man a beast. You were also Jupiter a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the completion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove a beastly fault! And then an other fault in the semblance of a fowl. I think on't. Jove a fowl fault! When gods have hot backs what shall poor men do? For me I am here a Windsor stag and the fattest I think in the forest. Send me a cool rut-time. Jove or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE

Mrs Ford Sir John! art thou there my deer? my male deer?

Fal My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes: let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves' hail kissing-comfits and snow-cringoes.

let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs Ford Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal Divide me like a bribe-buck each a haunch. I will keep my sides to myself my shoulders for the fellow of this walk and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why now is Cupid a child of conscience: he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit welcome!

Noise within

Mrs Page Alas what noise?

Mrs Ford Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal What should this be?

Mrs Ford { Away away! [*They run off*]

Fal I think the devil will not have me damned lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire: he would never else cross me thus.

40

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS disguised as a Satyr, PISTOL as Hobgoblin, MISTRESS QUICKLY, ANNE PAGE, and others as Fairies with tapers

Quick Fairies black grey green and white. You moonshine revellers and shades of night. You orphan heirs of fated destiny. Attend your office and your quality. Crier Hobgoblin make the fairy oyes.

Pist Elves list your names: silence you airy toys.

Cricket to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap. Where fires thou findst at unraked and hearths unswept.

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry. Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

50

Fal They are fairies: he that speaks to them shall die.

I'll wink and cough: no man their works must eye.

Lies down upon his face

Evans Where's Bode? Go you and where you find a maid.

That ere she sleep has thrice her prayers said. Raise up the organs of her fantasy.

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.

But those as sleep and think not on their sins.

Pinch them arms legs backs shoulders sides and shins.

Quick About about.

Search Windsor Castle: elves within and out. Strew good luck: couples on every sacred room.

That it may stand till the perpetual doom.

In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit.

Worthy the owner and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scout.

With juice of balm and every precious flower,
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring 70
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see,
And "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and
white,

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee
Fairies use flowers for their charity
Away, disperse But till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget 80
Evans Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves
in order set,

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree
But, stay, I smell a man of middle-earth
Fal Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy,
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in
thy birth

Quick With trial-fire touch me his finger-end
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend
And turn him to no pain, but if he start, 90
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart

Pist A trial, come
Evms Come, will this wood take fire?

They burn him with their tapers
Fal Oh, Oh, Oh!

Quick Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme,
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time

SONG

Gie on sinful fantasy!
Gie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire, 100
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher
Pinch him fairies, mutually,
Pinch him for his villainy,
Pinch him and burn him and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF DOCTOR
CAUS comes one way, and steals away a boy in
green, SLENDER another way and takes off a boy in
white, and FENTON comes and steals away
ANNE PAGE I rouse of hunting is heard within
All the Fairies run away FALSTAFF pills off his
beak's lead, and rises

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE and

MISTRESS FORD

Page Nay, do not fly, I think we have watch'd
you now
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs Page I pray you, come, hold up the jest no
higher
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor
wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yoles
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master
Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave,
here are his horns, Master Brook, and, Master
Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his
buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of
money, which must be paid to Master Brook,
his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook

Mrs Ford Sir John, we have had ill luck, we
could never meet I will never take you for my
love again, but I will always count you my deer

Fal I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass
Ford Ay, and an ox too, both the proofs are
ettant

Fal And these are not fairies? I was three or
four times in the thought they were not fairies,
and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden
surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the
foppery into a received belief, in despite of the
teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were
fairies See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-
Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pinse you

Ford Well said, fairy Hugh
Evms And leave your jealousies too, I pray
you 140

Ford I will never mistrust my wife again, till
thou art able to woo her in good English

Fal Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried
it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-
reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat
too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I
were choked with a piece of toasted cheese

Evms Seese is not good to give putter, your
belly is all putter

Fal "Seese" and "putter" have I lived to stand
at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?
This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-
walking through the realm

Mrs Page Why, Sir John do you think, though
we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by
the head and shoulders and have given ourselves
without scruple to hell that ever the devil could
have made you our delight?

Ford What, a hog's pudding? a bag of flax?

favour—for so tis, I must confess—not brown neither—

Cres No but brown

Pan Faith to say truth brown and not brown

Cres To say the truth true and not true

Pan She praised his complexion above Paris

Cres Why Paris hath colour enough

Pan So he has 109

Cres Then Troilus should have too much If she praised him above his complexion is higher than his he having colour enough and the other higher is too flaming a praise for a good complexion I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose

Pan I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris

Cres Then she's a merry Greek indeed

Pan Nay I am sure she does She came to him the other day into the compassed window—and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

Cres Indeed a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total

Pan Why he is very young and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector

Cres Is he so young a man and so old a lifter? 129

Pan But may prove to you that Helen loves him she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan Why you know tis dimpled I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia

Cres O he smiles valiantly

Pan Does he not?

Cres O yes an ewere a cloud in autumn 139

Pan Why go to then But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus—

Cres Troilus will stand to the proof if you'll prove it so

Pan Troilus! why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg

Cres If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head you would eat chickens in the shell
Pan I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin indeed she has a marvellous white hand I must needs confess— 151

Cres Without the rack

Pan And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin

Cres Alas poor chin! many a wart is richer

Pan For there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er

Cres With mill stones

Pan And Cassandra laughed

Cres But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes Did her eyes run o'er too? 161

Pan And Hector laughed

Cres At what was all this laughing?

Pan Marry at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin

Cres And had been a green hair I should have laughed too

Pan They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer

Cres What was his answer? 170

Pan Quoth she Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin and one of them is white

Cres This is her question

Pan That's true make no question of that
Two and fifty hairs quoth he and one white
That white hair is my father and all the rest are his sons
Jupiter! quoth she which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forlorn one
quoth he, pluck it out and give it him But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed and Paris so chafed and all the rest so laughed that it passed

Cres So let it now for it has been a great while going by

Pan Well cousin I told you a thing yesterday think on't

Cres So I do

Pan I'll be sworn 'tis true he will weep you an ewere a man born in April 189

Cres And I'll spring up in his tears an ewere a nettle against May

A retreat sounded

Pan Hark! they are coming from the field shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass to and fro? good niece do sweet niece *Cres* 194

Cres At your pleasure

Pan Here here here's an excellent place here we may see most bravely I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by but mark Troilus above the rest 200

Cres Speak not so loud

ÆNEAS PASSES

Pan That's Æneas is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you But mark Troilus you shall see anon

ANTENOR PASSES

Cres Who's that?

Pan That's Antenor he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you and he's a man good enough he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy whosoever and a proper man of person When comes Troil

us? I'll show you Troilus anon If he see me, you shall see him nod at me

Cres Will he give you the nod?

Pan You shall see

Cres If he do, the rich shall have more

HECTOR passes

Pan That's Hector, that, that, look you, that, there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cres O, a brave man! 220

Pan Is a' not? it does a man's heart good Look you what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there, there's no jesting, there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say There be hacks!

Cres Be those with swords?

Pan Swords! anything, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one By God's lid, it does one's heart good Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris 230

PARIS passes

Look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why, this is brave now Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt Why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon

HELENUS passes

Cres Who's that?

Pan That's Helenus I marvel where Troilus is That's Helenus I think he went not forth to-day That's Helenus 240

Cres Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan Helenus? no Yes, he'll fight indifferently well I marvel where Troilus is 'Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus?" Helenus is a priest

Cres What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes

Pan Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres Peace, for shame peace! 250

Pan Mark him, note him O brave Troilus! Look well upon him niece Look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty Go thy way Troilus go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess,

he should take his choice O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him, and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot 260

Cres Here come more

Forces pass

Pan Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus Ne'er look, ne'er look, the eagles are gone, crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece

Cres There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus 269

Pan Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel

Cres Well, well

Pan "Well, well!" Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres Ay, a minced man, and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out 281

Pan You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie

Cres Upon my back, to defend my belly, upon my wit, to defend my wiles, upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty, my mask, to defend my beauty, and you, to defend all these, and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches

Pan Say one of your watches 290

Cres Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching

Pan You are such another!

Enter TROILUS'S BOY

Boy Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you

Pan Where? 299

Boy At your own house, there he unarms him

Pan Good boy, tell him I come [Exit boy] I doubt he be hurt Fare ye well good niece

Cres Adieu, uncle

Pan I'll be with you niece, by and by

Cres To bring, uncle?

Pan Ay a token from Troilus

Cres By the same token you are a bawd

[Exit PANDARUS]

Words vows gifts tears, and love's full sacrifice

He offers in another s enterprise
 But more in Troilus thousand fold I see 310
 Than in the glass of Pandar s praise may be
 Yet hold I off Women are angels wooing
 Things won are done joy s soul lies in the doing
 That she beloved knows nought that knows not
 this

Men prize the thing ungain d more than it is
 That she was never yet that ever knew
 Love got so sweet ■ when desire did sue
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach
 Achievement is command ungain d beseech
 Then though my heart s content firm love doth
 bear 320
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear

[Exit]

SCENE III *The Grecian camp Before
 Agamemnon s tent*

*Somet Enter AGAMEMNON NESTOR ULYSSES
 MENELAUS and others*

Agam Princes

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below
 Fails in the promised largeness Checks and dis
 asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear d
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
 Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth 10
 Nor princes is it matter new to us
 That we come short of our suppose so far
 That after seven years siege yet Troy walls
 stand

Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart not answering the aim
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gave t surmised shape Why then you
 princes
 Do you with cheeks abash d behold our works
 And call them shames? which are indeed nought
 else

But the protractive trials of great Jove 20
 To find persistive constancy in men
 The fitness of which metal is not found
 In fortune s love for then the bold and coward
 The wise and fool the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft seem all affined and kin
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
 Puffing, at all winnows the light away
 And what hath mass or matter by itself
 Lies rich in virtue and unmingled 30

Nest With due observance of thy godlike seat

Great Agamemnon Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast making their way
 With those of nobler bulk!
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis and anon behold
 The strong ribb d bark through liquid mountains
 cut 40

Bounding between the two moist elements
 Like Perseus horse where s then the saucy boat
 Whose weak untimber d sides but even now
 Co-rivall d greatness? Either to harbour fled
 Or made a toast for Neptune Even so
 Doth valour s show and valour s worth divide
 In storms of fortune for in her ray and bright
 ness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
 Than by the tiger but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks 50
 And flies fled under shade why then the thing of
 courage

As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize
 And with an accent tuned in selfsame key
 Retorts to chiding fortune

Ulys Agamemnon
 Thou great commander nerve and bone of
 Greece

Heart of our numbers soul and only spirit
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up hear what Ulysses speaks
 Besides the applause and approbation
 The which [To AGAMEMNON] most mighty for
 thy place and sway 60

[To NESTOR] And thou most reverend for thy
 stretch d-out life

I give to both your speeches which were such
 As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
 Should hold up high in brass and such again
 As venerable Nestor hatch d in silver
 Should with a bond of air strong as the atle tree
 On which heaven rides knit all the Greekish
 ears

To his experienced tongue yet let it please both
 Thou great and wise to hear Ulysses speak
 Agam Speak Prince of Ithaca and be rolless
 expect 70

That matter needless of importless burden,
 Divide thy lips than we are confident
 When rank Thersites ope his mastic jaws
 We shall hear music wit and oracle

Ulys Troy yet upon his basis had been down,
 And the great Hector s sword had lack d a mas
 ter

But for these instances

The specialty of rule hath been neglected,
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
 Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions
 When that the general is not like the hive 87
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
 centre

Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order,
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered 90
 Amidst the other, whose medicinal eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad But when the
 planets
 In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
 What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
 Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, hor-
 rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states 100
 Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is
 shaken,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth
 Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing
 meets 110

In mere oppugnancy The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores
 And make a sop of all this solid globe
 Strength should be lord of imbecility
 And the rude son should strike his father dead
 Force should be right or rather, right and wrong,
 Between whose endless jar justice resides,
 Should lose their names and so should justice too
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite, 120
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey
 And last eat up himself Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking
 And this neglect of degree it is
 That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose

It hath to climb The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below, he by the next, 130
 That next by him beneath, so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation
 And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength
Nest Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power is sick

Agam The nature of the sickness found,
 Ulysses, 140

What is the remedy?
Ulyss The great Achilles, whom opinion
 crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs With him Patroclus
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests,
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,
 Which, slanderer, he imitation calls, 150
 He pageants us Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy topos deputation he puts on,
 And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To twixt the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Tis his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
 age—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in, and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a-mending, with terms un-
 squared,
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
 dropp'd, 160

Would seem hyperboles At this fusty stuff
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
 Cries "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just
 Now play me Nestor, hem, and stroke thy
 beard,

As he being drest to some oration "
 That's done as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels as like as Vulcan and his wife
 Yet god Achilles still cries "Excellent!
 'Tis Nestor right Now play him me, Patroclus,
 Arming to answer in a night alarm " 171
 And then forsooth the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth to cough and spit,
 And with a palsi-fumbling on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet And at this sport
 Sir Valour dies, cries "O, enough, Patroclus,
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen And in this fashion,

All our abilities gifts natures shapes
 Severals and generals of grace exact
 Achievements plots orders preventions
 Excitements in the field or speech for truce
 Success or loss what in or is not serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes
Nest And in the imitation of these twain—
 Who in Ulysses says opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice—many are infect
 Ajax is grown self will'd and bears his head
 In such a rein in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles keeps his tent like him
 Makes factious feasts rails on our state of
 war

Bold in an oracle and sets Thersites
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint
 To match us in comparisons with dirt
 To weaken and discredit our exposure
 How rank soever rounded in with danger
Ulyss They tax our policy and call it coward
 ice

Count wisdom as no member of the war
 For stall prescience and esteem no act
 But that of hand The still and mental parts
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 When fitness calls them on and know by meas-
 ure

Of their observant toil the enemies weight—
 Why this hath nor a finger's dignity
 They call this bed work mappery closet war
 So that the ram that batters down the wall
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise
 They place before his hand that made the engine
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution

Nest Let this be granted and Achilles horse
 Makes many Thetis sons

A tucket
Agam What trumpet? look Menelaus
Men From Troy

Enter ANEAS

Agam What would you fore our tent?
Ane Is this great Agamemnon's tent I pray
 you?
Agam Even this
Ane May one that is a herald and a prince
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam With surety stronger than Achilles
 arm
 Fore all the Greekish heads which with one
 voice

Call Agamemnon head and general
Ane Fair leave and large security How may
 A stranger in those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam How?
Ane Ay

I ask that I might waken reverence
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus
 Which is that god in office guiding men?
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?
Agam This Trojan scorns us or the men of
 Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers
Ane Courtiers as free as debonaire unarmed
 As bending angels that their fame in peace
 But when they would seem soldiers they have
 galls

Good arms, strong joints true swords and
 Jove's accord
 Nothing so full of heart But peace *Aneas*
 Peace Trojan lay thy finger on thy lips!
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth
 If that the praised himself bring the praise forth
 But what the repining enemy commends
 That breath fame blows that praise sole pure,
 transcends

Agam Sir you of Troy call you yourself
Aneas?

Ane Ay Greek that is my name
Agam What's your affair I pray you?

Ane Sir pardon tis for Agamemnon's ears
Agam He hears nought privately that comes
 from Troy

Ane Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
 him
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear
 To set his sense on the attentive bent
 And then to speak.

Agam Speak frankly as the wind
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour
 That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake
 He tells thee so himself

Ane Trumpet blow loud
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents
 And every Greek of mettle let him know
 What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud
Trumpet sounds

We have great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector—Priam in his father—
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce
 Is rusty grown He bade me take a trumpet
 And to this purpose speak kings princes lords!
 If there be one among the fair of Greece
 That holds his honour higher than his ease
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril
 That knows his valour and knows not his fear
 That loves his mistress more than in confession
 With truant vows to her own lips he loves

And dare avow her beauty and her worth
 In other arms than hers—to him this challenge
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love
 If any come, Hector shall honour him, 280
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
 The splinter of a lance Even so much
Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord

Aeneas,
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home But we are soldiers,
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be, 289
 That one meets Hector, if none else, I am he
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd He is old
 now,

But if there be not in our Grecian host
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire
 To answer for his love, tell him from me
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver
 And in my vantage put this wither'd brawn,
 And meeting him will tell him that my lady
 Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste
 As may be in the world His youth in flood, 300
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood
Aeneas. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
 youth!

Ulysses. Amen
Agam. Fair Lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your
 hand,
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go
 And find the welcome of a noble foe

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR*]

Ulysses. Nestor! 310
Nest. What says *Ulysses*?
Ulysses. I have a young conception in my brain,
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape
Nest. What is't?
Ulysses. This 'tis
 Blunt wedges rive hard knots The seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank *Achilles* must or now be cropp'd,
 Or, shedding breed a nursery of like evil,
 To overbulk us all
Nest. Well, and how? 320

Ulysses. This challenge that the gallant Hector
 sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
 Whose grossness little characters sum up
 And, in the publication, make no strain,
 But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
 As banks of *Libya*—though, *Apollo* knows,
 'Tis dry enough—will with great speed of judgement,
 Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330
 Pointing on him
Ulysses. And wake him to the answer, think
 you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet Whom may you else
 oppose,
 That can from Hector bring his honour off,
 If not *Achilles*? Though't be a sportful combat,
 Yet in the trial much opinion dwells,
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 With their finest palate, and trust to me, *Ulysses*,
 ses,

Our imputation shall be oddly poised
 In this wild action, for the success, 340
 Although particular, shall give a scantling
 Of good or bad unto the general,
 And in such indexes, although small pricks
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large It is supposed
 He that meets Hector issues from our choice,
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd 350
 Out of our virtues, who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence the conquering
 part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working than are swords and bows
 Directed by the limbs
Ulysses. Give pardon to my speech
 Therefore 'tis meet *Achilles* meet not Hector
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell, if not, 360
 The lustre of the better yet to show,
 Shall show the better Do not consent
 That ever Hector and *Achilles* meet,
 For both our honour and our shame in this
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes What
 are they?
Ulysses. What glory our *Achilles* shares from
 Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him
 But he already is too insolent
 And we were better parch in Afric sun 370
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes
 Should he scape Hector fair If he were foil'd
 Why then we did our main opinion err
 In taint of our best man No make a lottery
 And by device let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector Among ourselves
 Give him allowance for the better man
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon
 Who broils in loud applause and make him fall
 His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends 380
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off
 We'll dress him up in voices If he fail
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men But hit or miss
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes
 Nest Ulysses
 Now I begin to relish thy advice
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon Go we to him straight 390
 Two curs shall tame each other pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiffs on — were their bone

[Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I A part of the Grecian camp

Enter AJAX and THERSITES

Ajax Thersites!
 Ther Agamemnon how if he had boils full
 all over generally?
 Ajax Thersites!
 Ther And those boils did run? Say so did not
 the general run then? Were not that a botchy
 core?
 Ajax Dog!
 Ther Then would come some matter from
 him I see none now 40
 Ajax Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
 hear? [Beating him] Feel then
 Ther The plague of Greece upon thee thou
 mongrel beef-witted lord!
 Ajax Speak then, thou vined-edst leaven speak
 I will beat thee into handsomeness
 Ther I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-
 ness but I think thy horse will sooner con an
 oration than thou learn a prayer without book
 Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red murrain o
 thy jade's tricks! 41
 Ajax Toadstool learn me the proclamation
 Ther Dost thou think I have no sense thou
 strikest me thus?

Ajax The proclamation!
 Ther Thou art proclaimed a fool I think
 Ajax Do not porpentine do not my fingers
 itch
 Ther I would thou didst itch from head to foot
 and I had the scratchun_ of thee I would make
 thee the loathsomest scab in Greece When thou
 art forth in the incursions thou strikest as slow
 as another
 Ajax I say the proclamation!
 Ther Thou grumblest and railest every hour
 on Achilles and thou art as full of envy at his
 greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty,
 ay that thou barkest at him.
 Ajax Mistress Thersites!
 Ther Thou shouldst strike him 40
 Ajax Cobloaf!
 Ther He would pun thee into shivers with his
 fist as a sailor breaks a biscuit
 Ajax [Beating him] You whoreson cur!
 Ther Do do
 Ajax Thou stool for a witch!
 Ther Ay do do thou sodden witted lord!
 Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
 elbows an assinego may tutor thee Thou
 scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash
 Trojans and thou art bought and sold among
 those of any wit like a barbarian slave If thou
 use to beat me I will begin at thy heel and tell
 what thou art by inches thou thung of no bowels
 thou!
 Ajax You dog!
 Ther You scurvy lord!
 Ajax [Beating him] You cur!
 Ther Mars him idiot! do rudeness do camel
 do do 50
 Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS
 Achil Why how now Ajax! wherefore do
 you thus? How now Thersites! what's the
 matter man?
 Ther You see him there do you?
 Achil Ay what's the matter?
 Ther Nay look upon him
 Achil So I do What's the matter?
 Ther Nay but regard him well
 Achil Well! why I do so
 Ther But yet you look not well upon him
 for whosoever you take him to be he is Ajax 70
 Achil I know that fool
 Ther Ay but that fool knows not himself
 Ajax Therefore I beat thee
 Ther Lo lo lo, what modicums of wit
 utters! his evas ears thus long I
 bobbed his brain: he has beat my
 I will buy none a penny and ha

matter is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow
 Thus lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in
 his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you
 what I say of him

Achil What?

Ther I say, this Ajax—

AXES offers to beat him

Achil Nay, good Ajax

Ther Has not so much wit—

Achil Nay, I must hold you

Ther As will stop the eye of Helen's needle,
 for whom he comes to fight

Achil Peace, fool!

Ther I would have peace and quietness, but
 the fool will not He there, that he Look you
 there

Ajax O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther No, I warrant you, for a fool's will
 shame it

Patr Good words, Thersites

Achil What's the quarrel?

Ajax I bade the vile owl go learn me the
 tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me

Ther I serve thee not

Ajax Well, go to, go to

Ther I serve here voluntary

Achil Your last service was sufferance, 'twas
 not voluntary No man is beaten voluntary, Ajax
 was here the voluntary, and you as under an
 impress

Ther E'en so, a great deal of your wit, too,
 lies in your sinews, or else there be liars Hector
 shall have a great catch, if he knock out either
 of your brains A' were as good crack a fusty nut
 with no kernel

Achil What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose
 wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on
 their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen and make
 you plough up the wars

Achil What, what?

Ther Yes, good sooth To, Achilles' to, Ajax!

Ajax I shall cut out your tongue

Ther 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as
 thou afterwards

Patr No more words Thersites, peace!

Ther I will hold my peace when Achilles'
 breath bids me, shall it?

Idil There's for you Patroclus

Ther I will see you hanged like clotpoles,
 ere I come any more to your tents I will keep
 where there is wit stirring and leave the faction
 of fools

Patr A good riddance

Achil Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through
 all our host

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
 Will with a trumpeter 'twixt our tents and Troy
 To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
 That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
 Maintain—I know not what, 'tis trash Farewell
Ajax Farewell Who shall answer him?

Achil I know not 'Tis put to lottery, other-
 wise

He knew his man

Ajax O, meaning you I will go learn more of it
 [Exit]

SCENE II *Troy a room in Priam's palace*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and
 HELENUS

Pri After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
 Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks
 "Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
 As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
 Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is con-
 sumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war—

Shall be struck off" Hector, what say you to't?

Hect Though no man lesser fears the Greeks
 than I

As far as toucheth my particular,

Yet, dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
 More ready to cry out, "Who knows what fol-
 lows?"

Than Hector is The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure, but modest doubt is call'd
 The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
 To the bottom of the worst Let Helen go
 Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-
 tion,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 Hath been as dear as Helen, I mean, of ours

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten,
 What merit's in that reason which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Tro Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
 So great as our dread father in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The past proportion of his infinite?

And buckle in a waist most fathomless

With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? fie for godly shame!

Hcl No marvel, though you bite
 reasons,

You are so empty of them Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro You are for dreams and slumbers brother
priest

You sur your gloves with reason Here are your
reasons

You know an enemy intends you harm
You know a sword employ'd is perilous 40

And reason flies the object of all harm
Who marvels then when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay if we talk of reason

Let's shut our gates and sleep Manhood and
honour

Should have hare hearts would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason Reason and respect
Make livers pale and lusthood deject 50

Hect Brother she is not worth what she doth
cost

The holding
Tro What is aught but as 'tis valued?

Hect But value dwells not in particular will
It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer 'Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god
And the will dotes that is attributive

To what infectious itself affects
Without some image of the affected merit 60

Tro I take to-day a wife and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears
Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgement how may I avoid
Although my will distaste what it elected

The wife I chose there can be no evasion
To blench from this and to stand firm by honour

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soild them, nor the remainder 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks
Your breath of full consent belied his sails

The seas and winds old wranglers took a truce
And did him service he touch'd the ports desired

And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held cap-
tive

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt

Is she worth keeping? why she is a pearl 81
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—

As you must need, for you all cried Go go —
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—

As you must needs for you all clapp'd your
hands

And cried Inestimable! —why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate

And do a deed that fortune never did 90
Beggard the estimation which you prized

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n
That in their country did them that disgrace

We fear to warrant in our native place!
Car [Within] Cry Trojans cry!

Pr What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro 'Tis our mad sister I do know her voice

Car [Within] Cry Trojans!
Hect It is Cassandra 100

Enter CASSANDRA singing

Car Cry Trojans cry! lend me ten thousand
eyes

And I will fill them with prophetic tears
Hect Peace sister peace!

Car Virgins and boys mid age and wrinkled
eld

Soft infancy that nothing canst but cry
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come
Cry Trojans cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be nor goodly Ilium stand
Our firebrand brother Paris burns us all 110

Cry Trojans cry! a Helen and a woe
Cry cry! Troy burns or else let Helen go [Exit]

Hect Now youthful Troilus do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot that no discourse of reason
No fear of bad success in a bad cause

Can qualify the same?
Tro Why brother Hector

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it 120

Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad Her brain-sick rap-
tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged

To make it gracious For my private part
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons

And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels, 131
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties
And had as ample power as I have will, 140
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit

Pri Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights
You have the honey still, but these the gall,
So to be valiant is no praise at all
Par Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honourable keeping her
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, 150
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed
Where Helen is the subject then, I say, 160
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel

Hect Paris and Troilus, you have both said
well,
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially, not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination 170
Twixt right and wrong for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners Now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation 180

To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth, yet ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still,
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities
Tro Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us,
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue

Hect I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits 210
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept
This, I presume, will wake him [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *The Grecian camp before Achilles' tent*

Enter THERSITES, solus

Ther How now, Thersites! what, lost in the
labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him
O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise,
that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me
'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but
I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations
Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer! If Troy
be not taken till these two undermine it, the
walls will stand till they fall of themselves O
thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget
that thou art Jove, the king of gods and Mer-
cury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus,
if ye take not that little little less than little wit
from them that they have! which short armed
ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce it
will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a

spider without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web After this the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone ache! for that methinks is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen What ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS

Patr Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites come in and rail

Ther If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation But it is no matter thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind folly and ignorance be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse I'll be sworn and sworn upon it she never shrouded any but lazars Amen Where's Achilles?

Patr What art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther Ay The heavens hear me! 40

Enter ACHILLES

Achil Who's there?

Patr Thersites my lord

Achil Where, where? Art thou come? why my cheese my digestion why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come what's Agamemnon?

Ther Thy commander Achilles Then tell me Patroclus what's Achilles?

Patr Thy lord Thersites Then tell me I pray thee what's thyself? 50

Ther Thy knower Patroclus Then tell me Patroclus what art thou?

Patr Thou mayst tell that knowest

Achil Tell tell

Ther I'll decline the whole question Agamemnon commands Achilles Achilles is my lord I am Patroclus knower and Patroclus is a fool

Patr You rascal!

Ther Peace fool! I have not done 60

Achil He is a privileged man Proceed Thersites

Ther Agamemnon is a fool Achilles is a fool Thersites is a fool and as aforesaid Patroclus is a fool

Achil Derive this come

Ther Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon Thersites is a fool to

serve such a fool and Patroclus is a fool positive
Patr Why am I a fool? 71

Ther Make that demand of the prover It suffices me thou art Look you who comes here?

Achil Patroclus I'll speak with nobody Come in with me Thersites [Exit]

Ther Here is such patchery such jangling and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold and a whore a good quarrel so draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon Now the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [Exit]

*Enter AGAMEMNON ULYSSES NESTOR
DIOMEDES and AJAX*

Agam Where is Achilles?

Patr Within his tent but ill disposed my lord

Agam Let it be known to him that we are here

He sent our messengers and we lay by Our appertainments visiting of him Let him be told so lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place 89 Or know not what we are

Patr I shall say so to him [Exit]

Ulyss We saw him at the opening of his tent He is not sick

Ajax Yes lion sick sick of proud heart You may call it melancholy if you will favour the man but by my head his pride But why why? let him show us the cause A word my lord

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside]

Nest What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him 100

Nest Who Thersites?

Ulyss He

Nest Then will Ajax lack matter if he have lost his argument

Ulyss No you see he is his argument that has his argument Achilles

Nest All the better their fraction is more our wish than their faction But it was a strong composition a fool could disunite

Ulyss The anury that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie Here comes Patroclus 111

Re-enter PATROCLUS

Nest No Achilles with him

Ulyss The elephant hath joints but none for courtesy His legs are legs for necessity not for flexure

Patr Achilles bids me say he is much sorry If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him he hopes it is no other

But for your health and your digestion sake, 120
An after-dinner's breath

Agam Hear you, Patroclus
We are too well acquainted with these answers,
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his virtues,
Nor virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted Go and tell him 130
We come to speak with him, and you shall not
sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest, in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgement, and worthier than
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance, yea, watch
His pettish luncs, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this
action 140

Rode on his tide Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him, but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report
"Bring action hither, this cannot go to war"
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant Tell him so
Patr I shall, and bring his answer presently

[Exit

Agam In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him Ulysses, enter you
[Exit ULYSSES

Ajax What is he more than another? 151
Agam No more than what he thinks he is
Ajax Is he so much? Do you not think he
thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam No question

Ajax Will you subscribe his thought, and say
he is?

Agam No, noble Ajax, you are as strong, as
valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more
gentle and altogether more tractable 160

Ajax Why should a man be proud? How doth
pride grow? I know not what pride is

Agam Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and
your virtues the fairer He that is proud eats up
himself, pride is his own glass, his own trumpet
his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself
but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise

Ajax I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-
gendering of toads 170

Nest [Aside] Yet he loves himself Is't not
strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES

Ulysses Achilles will not to the field tomorrow
Agam What's his excuse?

Ulyss He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission
Agam Why will he not upon our fair re-
quest

Untent his person and share the air with us?

Ulyss Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only,

He makes important Possess'd he is with great-
ness, 180

And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath Imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens
of it

Cry "No recovery"

Agam Let Ajax go to him
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 190
At your request a little from himself

Ulyss O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles Shall the proud
lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, thus thrice worthy and right valiant lord 200
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired,
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles

That were to enlard his fat already pride
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion
Thus lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder "Achilles go to him"

Nest [Aside to DIOMEDES] O, this is well he
rubs the vein of him 210

Di [Aside to NESTOR] And how his silence
drinks up this applause!

Ajax If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face

Agam O, no, you shall not go

Ajax An a be proud with me I'll pheeze his pride

Let me go to him

Ulyss Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel

Ajax A paltry insolent fellow!

Nest [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

Ajax Can he not be sociable? 220

Ulyss [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness

Ajax I'll let his humours blood

Agam [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient

Ajax An all men were o' my mind—

Ulyss [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion

Ajax A should not bear it so a should eat swords first Shall pride carry it?

Nest [*Aside*] An would you'd carry half

Ulyss [*Aside*] A would have ten shares 230

Ajax I will knead him I'll make him supple

Nest [*Aside*] He's not yet through warm Force him with praises Pour in pour in his ambition is dry

Ulyss [*To AGAMEMNON*] My lord you feed too much on this dislike

Nest Our noble general do not do so

Dio You must prepare to fight without Achilles

Ulyss Why 'tis thus naming of him does him harm

Here is a man—but 'tis before his face 240
I will be silent

Nest Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous as Achilles is

Ulyss Know the whole world he is as valiant

Ajax A whoreson dog that shall palter thus with us!

Would he were a Trojan!

Nest What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss If he were proud—

Dio Or covetous of praise—

Ulyss As or surly borne—

Dio Or strange or self affected! 250

Ulyss Thank the heavens lord thou art of sweet composure

Praise him that got thee she that gave thee such

Famed be thy tutor and thy parts of nature

Thrice famed, beyond all erudition

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half and, for thy vigour

Bull bearing, Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore confines 260

Thy spacious and dilated parts Here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times

He must he is he cannot but be wise

But pardon, father Nestor were your days
As green as Ajax and your brain so temper'd
You should not have the eminence of him

But be as Ajax

Ajax Shall I call you father?

Nest Ay my good son

Dio Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax

Ulyss There is no tarrying here the hart
Achilles

Keeps thicket Please it our great general 270

To call together all his state of war

Fresh kings are come to Troy to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast

And here's a lord—come knights from east to west

And cull their flower Ajax shall cope the best

Agam Go we to council Let Achilles sleep

Light boats sail swift though greater hulks draw
doop | *Exeunt*

ACT III

SCENE I Troy Priam's palace

Enter a SERVANT and PANDARUS

Pan Friend you! pray you a word Do not
you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv Ay sir when he goes before me

Pan You depend upon him I mean?

Serv Sir I do depend upon the lord

Pan You depend upon a noble gentleman I
must needs praise him

Serv The lord be praised!

Pan You know me do you not?

Serv Faith sir superficially 10

Pan Friend know me better I am the Lord
Pandarus

Serv I hope I shall know your honour better

Pan I do desire it

Serv You are in the state of grace

Pan Grace! not so friend honour and lord
ship are my titles [*Alone within*] What music
is this?

Serv I do but partly know sir It is music in
parts 20

Pan Know you the musicians?

Serv Wholly sir

Pan Who play they to?

Serv To the hearers sir

Pan At whose pleasure friend?

Serv At mine sir and theirs that love music

Pan Command I mean, friend

Serv Who shall I command, sir?

Pan Friend we understand not one another
I am too courtly and thou art too cunning At
whose request do these men play? 30

Serv That's to it indeed, sir Marry sir at the

request of Paris my lord, who's there in person, with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul—

Pan Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv No, sir, Helen. Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus. I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended

Pan Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 49

Helen Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince here is good broken music.

Par You have broke it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again, you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan Truly, lady, no.

Helen O, sir—

Pan Rude, in sooth, in good sooth, very rude. 60

Par Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan I have business to my lord, dear queen.

My lord will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen Nay, this shall not hedge us out. We'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus my lord my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus— 70

Helen My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord—

Pan Go to, sweet queen, go to!—commends himself most affectionately to you—

Helen You shall not bob us o it of our melody. If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan Sweet queen sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen And to make a sweet lady sad is a 'our offence. 80

Par Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not, in truth. La. Nay. I care not for such words, no, no. And my lord he desires you that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen My Lord Pandarus—

Pan What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen?

Par What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night? 90

Helen Nay, but, my lord—

Pan What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan No, no, no such matter, you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick.

Par Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick. 101

Par I spy.

Pan You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen Why, this is kindly done.

Pan My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan He! no, she'll none of him, they two are twain. 111

Helen Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan Come, come, I'll hear no more of this, I'll sing you a song now.

Helen Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan Ay, you may, you may.

Helen Let thy song be love. This love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

Pan Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan In good troth, it begins so. [Sings] 'Love, love, nothing but love, still more!'

For O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore. 130

These lovers cry 'Oh! oh! they die!'

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh ho!

Helen In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

Par He eats nothing but doves' love, and that breeds hot blood, and his blood begets hot

thoughts and hot thoughts beget hot deeds and hot deeds = love

Pan Is this the generation of love? hot blood hot thoughts and hot deeds? Why they are vipers Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord who's a field-to-day?

Par Hector Deiphobus Helenus Antenor and all the gallantry of Troy I would fain have armed to-day but my Nell would not have it so How chance my brother Troilus went not? 151
Helen He hangs the lip at something You know all Lord Pandarus

Pan Not I honey sweet queen I long to hear how they sped to-day You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par To a hair

Pan Farewell sweet queen

Helen Commend me to your niece

Pan I will sweet queen [Exit 160

A retreat sounded

Par They're come from field Let us to Priam's hall

To greet the warriors Sweet Helen I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector His stubborn buckles With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews you shall do more Than all the island kings—disarm great Hector

Helen 'Twill make us proud to be his servant Paris

Yea what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have 170
Yea overshines ourself

Par Sweet above thought I love thee [Exeunt

SCENE II The same Pandarus orchard

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS BOY meeting

Pan How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy No sir he stays for you to conduct him thither

Pan O here he comes

Enter TROILUS

How now how now!

Tro Sirrah walk off [Exit BOY

Tro Have you seen my cousin?

Tro No Pandarus I stalk about her door Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 10

Staying for waftage O be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transporance to those fields

Where I may wallow in the livid beds

Proposed for the deserv'd O gentle Pandarus

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings

And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan Walk here: the orchard I'll bring her straight [Exit

Tro I am giddy expectation whirls me round

The imaginary relish = so sweet 20

That it enchants my sense What will it be

When that the watery palate tastes indeed

Love's thrice repured nectar? death I fear me

Swooning destruction or some joy too fine

Too subtle potent tuned too sharp in sweetness

For the capacity of my ruder powers

I fear it much and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my joys

As doth a battle when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying 30

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pan She's making her ready she'll come straight You must be witty now She does so blush and fetches her wind so short as if she were frayed with a sprite I'll fetch her It is the prettiest villain she fetches her breath as short as a new tax on sparrow [Exit

Tro Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse

And all my powers do their bestowing lose

Like vassalage at unawares encountering 40

The eye of majesty

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA

Pan Come come what need you blush? shame's a baby Here she is now swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me What are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways come your ways and you draw backward we'll put you in the fills Why do you not speak to her? Come draw this curtain and let's see your picture Alas the day how loath you are to offend daylight! and were dark you'd close sooner So so rub on, and kiss the mistress How now! a kiss in fee farm! build there carpenter the air is sweet Nay you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you The falcon at the tercel for all the ducks; the river Go to go to

Tro You have bereft me of all words lady

Pan Words pay no debts give her deeds but she'll bereave you of the deeds too if she call your activity in question What billing again? Here's In witness whereof the parties interchangeably — Come in, come in I'll go get a fire [Exit

Cres Will you walk in my lord?

Tro O Cressida how often have I wished me thus!

Cres Wished, my lord! The gods grant—
O my lord!

Tro What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes

Tro Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly

Cres Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear To fear the worst oft cures the worse

Tro O, let my lady apprehend no fear, in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster

Cres Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro Nothing, but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers, thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit

Cres They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro Are there such? such are not we Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove, our head shall go bare till merit crown it No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present, we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble Few words to fair faith Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus

Cres Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS

Pan What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet

Cres Wished, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you

Pan I thank you for that, if my lord get a boy of you you'll give him me Be true to my lord, if he flinch, chide me for it

Tro You know now your hostages, your uncle's word and my firm faith

Pan Nay I'll give my word for her too Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed they are constant being won They are ours I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown

Cres Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months

Tro Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres Hard to seem won, but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant

I love you now, but not, till now, so much

But I might master it In faith, I lie,

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well I woo'd you not,

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth

Tro And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence

Pan Pretty, I' faith

Cres My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me,

'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss

I am ashamed O heavens! what have I done?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord

Tro Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cres Pray you, content you

Tro What offends you, lady?

Cres Sir, mine own company

Tro You cannot shun

Yourself

Cres Let me go and try

I have a kind of self resides with you,

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

To be another's fool I would be gone

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak

Tro Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely

Cres Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To angle for your thoughts But you are wise,

Or else you love not for to be wise and love

Exceeds man's might, that dwells with gods above.

Tro O that I thought it could be in a woman—

As, if it can I will presume in you—

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love,

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decay's! 170
 Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love
 How were I then uplifted! but alas!
 I am as true as truth's simplicity
 And simpler than the infancy of truth

Cres In that I'll war with you

Tro O virtuous fight

When right with right wars who shall be most
 right! 179

True swains in love shall in the world to come
 Approve their truths by Troilus When their
 rhymes

Full of protest of oath and big compare,
 Want similes truth tired with iteration,
 As true as steel as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day as turtle to her mate
 As iron to adamant as earth to the centre
 Yet after all comparisons of truth
 As truth's authentic author to be cited

As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers

Cres Prophet may you be! 190

If I be false or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing yet let memory
 From false to false among false maids in love
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said as
 false

As air as water wind or sandy earth
 As fox to lamb as wolf to heifer's calf 200

Pard to the hound, or stepdame to her son,
 Yea, let them say to stick the heart of false
 hood,

As false as Cressid

Ian Go to a bargain made Seal it seal it I'll
 be the witness Here I hold your hand here
 my cousin's If ever you prove false one to an
 other since I have taken such pains to bring you
 together let all piteous goers-between be called to
 the world's end after my name call them all
 Pandars let all constant men be Troiluses all
 false women Cressids and all brokers-between
 Pandars' say amen

Tro Amen

Cres Amen

Pan Amen Whereupon I will show you a
 chamber with a bed which bed because it shall
 not speak of your pretty encounters press it to
 death Away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
 Bed-chamber Pandar! provide this gear! 220
[Exeunt]

SCENE III *The Grecian camp before Achilles' tent*
Enter AGAMEMNON ULYSSES DIOMEDES NESTOR
AJAX MENELAUS and CALCHAS

Cal Now princes for the service I have done
 you

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To call for recompense Appear it to your mind
 That through the sight I bear in things to love
 I have abandon'd Troy left my possession
 Incurr'd a traitor's name expos'd myself
 From certain and possess'd conveniences
 To doubtful fortunes sequestering from me all
 That time acquaintance custom and condition
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature 10
 And here to do you service am become
 As new into the world strange unacquainted
 I do beseech you as in way of taste
 To give me now a little benefit

Out of those many register'd in promiss

Which you say live to come in my behalf
Agam What wouldst thou of us Trojan?

Cal You have a Trojan prisoner call'd Antenor

Yesterday took Troy holds him very dear
 Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
 Desired my Cressid in right great exchange 21
 Whom Troy hath still denied But this Antenor
 I know is such a wrest in their affairs
 That their negotiations all must slack
 Wanting his manage and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood a son of Priam
 In change of him Let him be sent great princes
 And he shall buy my daughter and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done
 In most accepted pain

Agam Let Diomedes bear him, 30
 And bring us Cressid hither Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us Good Diomed
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange
 Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge Ajax is ready
Dio Thus shall I undertake and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear

[Exeunt DIOMEDES and CALCHAS]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS *before their tent*

Ulyss Achilles stands at the entrance of his
 tent

Please it our general pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot and princes all 40
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him

I will come last 'Tis like he'll question me
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him
 If so, I have derision medicinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink
 It may do good, pride hath no other glass
 To show itself but pride, for supple knees
 Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees

Agam We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along, 51

So do each lord, and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
 Than if not look'd on I will lead the way

Achil What, comes the general to speak with
 me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
 Troy

Agam What says Achilles? would he aught
 with us?

Nest Would you, my lord, aught with the
 general?

Achil No
Nest Nothing, my lord 60

Agam The better
 [*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR*]

Achil Good day, good day
Men How do you? how do you? [*Exit*]

Achil What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax How now, Patroclus?

Achil Good morrow, Ajax
Ajax Ha?

Achil Good morrow
Ajax Ay, and good next day too [*Exit*]

Achil What mean these fellows? Know they
 not Achilles? 70

Patr They pass by strangely They were used
 to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
 To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars
Achil What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with for-
 tune,

Must fall out with men too What the declined is
 He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

As feel in his own fall, for men, like butterflies,
 Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,

And not a man for being simply man, 80
 Hath any honour, but honour for those honours

That are without him as place riches, favour,
 Prizes of accident as oft as merit,

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
 The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another and together
 Die in the fall But 'tis not so with me

Fortune and I are friends I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,
 Save these men's looks, who do, methinks, find
 out 90

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
 As they have often given Here is Ulysses,

I'll interrupt his reading
 How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil What are you reading?

Ulyss A strange fellow here
 Writes me "That man, how dearly ever parted,

How much in having, or without or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection,
 As when his virtues shining upon others 100

Hear them and they retort that hear again
 To the first giver"

Achil This is not strange, Ulysses
 The beauty that is borne here in the face

The bearer knows not, but commends itself
 To other's eyes, nor doth the eye itself,

That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
 Not going from itself, but eye to eye opposed

Salutes each other with each other's form,
 For speculation turns not to itself,

Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there 110
 Where it may see itself This is not strange at all

Ulyss I do not strain at the position—
 It is familiar—but at the author's drift,

Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves
 That no man is the lord of anything,

Though in and of him there be much consisting,
 Till he communicate his parts to others,

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they're extended, who, like an arch,
 reverberates 120

The voice again or, like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat I was much rapt in this,
 And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax
 Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse,

That has he knows not what Nature, what things
 there are

Most abject in regard and dear in use!
 What things again most dear in the esteem

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-mor-
 row — 130

An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
 Ajax renown'd O heavens, what some men do,

While some men leave to do!
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,

While others play the idiots in her eyes!
 How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast 140
And great Troy shrieking

Achil I do believe it for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars: nether gave to me
Good word nor look: What are my deeds for
got?

Ulyss Time hath my lord a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion
A great sized monster of infinite rancour
Those scraps are good deeds past which are de-
your'd

As fast as they are made forgot as soon
As done Perseverance dear my lord 150

Keeps honour bright to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery: Take the instant way
For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast: Keep then the path
For Emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: If you give way
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost 160

Or like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
present

Though less than yours in past must o'er-top
yours

For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand

And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly
Grasps in the corner: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing: O let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was 170

For beauty wit
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds
Though they are made and moulded of things
past

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt or dust'd
The present eye praises the present object 180
Then marvel not thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs: The cry went once on thee,
And still it might and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive

And case thy reputation in thy tent
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
Made emulous missions amongst the gods them
selves

And drive great Mars in faction
Achil Of this my privacy 190

I have strong reasons
Ulyss But gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical
Tis known Achilles that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters

Achil Ha! known!
Ulyss Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps
Keeps place with thought and almost like the
gods

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles 200
There is a mystery—with whom relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours: my lord
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing 210

Great Hector's sister did Achilles win
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him
Farewell my lord: I as your lover speak
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break
[Exit

Patr To this effect Achilles have I moved
you

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this
They think my little stomach to the war 220
And your great love to me restrains you thus
Sweet rouse yourself and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air

Achil Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr Ay and perhaps receive much honour by
him

Achil I see my reputation is at stake
My fame is shrewdly gored

Patr O then beware
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger,
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun
Achil Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patro-
 clus
 I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
 To see us here unarm'd I have a woman's long-
 ing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
 To talk with him and to behold his visage, 240
 Even to my full of view

Enter THERSITES

A labour sav'd!

Ther A wonder!
Achil What?
Ther Ajax goes up and down the field, asking
 for himself
Achil How so?
Ther He must fight singly to-morrow with
 Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroi-
 cal cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing
Achil How can that be? 250
Ther Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-
 cock—a stride and a stand, ruminates like an
 hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to
 set down her reckoning, bites his lip with a poli-
 tic regard, as who should say, "There were wit
 in this head, an 'twould out", and so there is but
 it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will
 not show without knocking The man's undone
 for ever, for if Hector break not his neck i' the
 combat, he'll break 't himself in vain-glory He
 knows not me I said, "Good morrow, Ajax",
 and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon ' What
 think you of this man that takes me for the
 general? He's grown a very land fish language-
 less a monster A plague of opinion! a man may
 wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin
Idil Thou must be my ambassador to him,
 Thersites
Ther Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody, he
 professes not answering Speaking is for beggars,
 he wears his tongue in s arms I will put on his
 presence, let Patroclus make demands to me, you
 shall see the pageant of Ajax
Idil To him, Patroclus Tell him I humbly
 desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valor-
 ous Hector to come unarmed to my tent and to
 procure safe-conduct for his person of the mag-
 nanimous and most illustrious six-or seven times-
 honoured captain-general of the Grecian army
 Agamemnon et cetera Do this 280
Idil Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther Hum!
Patr I come from the worthy Achilles—
Ther Ha!
Patr Who most humbly desires you to invite
 Hector to his tent—
Ther Hum!
Patr And to procure safe-conduct from Aga-
 memnon
Ther Agamemnon! 290
Patr Ay, my lord
Ther Ha!
Patr What say you to't?
Ther God b' wi' you, with all my heart
Patr Your answer, sir
Ther If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
 o'clock it will go one way or other How soever,
 he shall pay for me ere he has me
Patr Your answer, sir
Ther Fare you well, with all my heart 300
Achil Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?
Ther No, but he's out o' tune thus What
 music will be in him when Hector has knocked
 out his brains, I know not, but, I am sure, none,
 unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make
 catlings on
Achil Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him
 straight
Ther Let me bear another to his horse, for
 that's the more capable creature 310
Achil My mind is troubled, like a fountain
 stir'd,
 And I myself see not the bottom of it

[*Exeunt* *ACHILLES* and *PATROCLUS*]

Ther Would the fountain of your mind were
 clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had
 rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant
 ignorance [Exit]

ACT IV

SCENE I *Troy, a street*

*Enter, from one side, AENEAS and Servant with a
 torch, from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTE-
 NOR DIOMBES, and others, with torches*
Par See, ho! who is that there?
Des It is the Lord Aeneas
Ane Is the prince there in person?
 Had I so good occasion to lie long
 As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busi-
 ness
 Should rob my bed mate of my company
Dio That s my mind too Good morrow, Lord
 Aeneas
Par A valiant Greek Aeneas—take his hand—
 Witness the process of your speech wherein
 You told how Diomed, a whole week by days

Did haunt you in the field

Aene Health to you valiant sir 10

During all question of the gentle truce

But when I meet you arm'd as black defiance

As heart can think or courage execute

Dio The one and other Diomed embraces

Our bloods are now in calm and so long health'

But when contention and occasion meet

By Jove I'll play the hunter for thy life

With all my force pursuit and policy

Aene And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly

With his face backward In humane gentleness

Welcome to Troy! now by Anchises' life 21

Welcome indeed! By Venus' hand I swear

No man alive can love in such a sort

The thing he means to kill more excellently

Dio We sympathise Jove let Æneas live

If to my sword his fate be not the glory

A thousand complete courses of the sun'

But in mine emulous honour let him die

With every joint a wound and that to-morrow!

Aene We know each other well 30

Dio We do and long to know each other worse

Par This is the most despitiful gentle greeting

The noblest hateful love, that ever I heard of

What business lord so early?

Aene I was sent for to the king but why I know not

Par His purpose meets you 'Twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas' house and there to render him

For the enfranchis'd Antenor the fair Cressid

Let a have your company or if you please

Haste there before us I constantly do think— 40

Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge—

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night

Rouse him and give him note of our approach

With the whole quality wherefore I fear

We shall be much unwelcome

Aene That I assure you

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece

Than Cressid borne from Troy

Par There is no help

The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so On lord we'll follow you

Aene Good morrow all [*Exit with Servant*]

Par And tell me noble Diomed, faith tell me true 51

I've in the soul of sound good fellowship

Who, in your thoughts merits fair Helen best

Myself or Menelaus?

Dio Both alike

He merits well to have her that doth seek her

Not making any scruple of her solure

With such a hell of pain and world of charge

And you as well to keep her that defend her

Not palating the taste of her dishonour

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends 60

He like a puling cuckold would drink up

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece

You like a lecher out of whorish joins

Are pleased to breed out your inheritors

Both merits poised each weighs not less nor more

But he as he the heavier for a whore

Par You are too bitter to your country woman

Dio She's bitter to her country I hear me Paris

For every false drop in her bawdy veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk for every scruple 70

Of her contaminated carrion weight

A Trojan hath been slain Since she could speak

She hath not given so many good words' breath

As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death

Par Fair Diomed you do as chapmen do

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy

But we in silence hold this virtue well

We'll but commend what we intend to sell

Here lies our way [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II The same court of Pandarus' house

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA

Tro Dear trouble not yourself The morn is cold

Cres Then, sweet my lord I'll call mine uncle down

He shall unbolt the gates

Tro Trouble him not

To bed to bed Sleep kill those pretty eyes

And give as soft attachment to thy senses

As infants empty of all thought!

Cres Good morrow then

Tro I prithee now to bed

Cres Are you a weary of me?

Tro O Cressida! but that the busy day

Waked by the lark hath roused the ribald crows

And dreamt, night will hide our joys no longer

I would not from thee

Cres Night hath been too brief

Tro Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays

As tediously as hell but flies the grasps of love

With wings more momentary swift than thought

You will catch cold and curse me

Cres Prithee tarry

You men will never tarry

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off

And then you would have carried I hark! there's

out up

Par [*Within*] What's all the doors open here?

Tro It is your uncle 20

Cres A pestilence on him! now will he be
mocking
I shall have such a life!

Enter PANDARUS

Pan How now, how now! how go maiden-
heads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cres-
sid?

Cres Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too

Pan To do what? to do what? let her say what
What have I brought you to do?

Cres Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good, 30
Nor suffer others

Pan Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor *capoc-
chius!* hast not slept to-night? would he not, a
naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres Did not I tell you? Would he were
knock'd i' the head!

Knocking within

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see
My lord, come you again into my chamber
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily

Tro Ha, ha! 39

Cres Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing

Knocking within

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in
I would not for half Troy have you seen here

[Exit TROILUS and CRESSIDA]

Pan Who's there? what's the matter? will you
beat down the door? How now! what's the
matter?

Enter ÆNEAS

Æne Good morrow, lord good morrow

Pan Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my
troth

I knew you not What news with you so early?

Æne Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan Here! what should he do here? 50

Æne Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny
him

It doth import him much to speak with me

Pan Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know
I'll be sworn For my own part, I came in late
What should he do here?

Æne Who?—nay, then Come, come, you'll do
him wrong ere you're ware You'll be so true to
him, to be false to him Do not you know of him,
but yet go fetch him hither, go

Re-enter TROILUS

Tro How now! what's the matter? 60

Æne My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute
you,

My matter is so rash There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith,
Lre the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida

Tro Is it so concluded?

Æne By Priam and the general state of Troy
They are at hand and ready to effect it 70

Tro How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them And, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance, you did not find me here

Æne Good, good, my lord, the secrets of na-
ture

Have not more gift in taciturnity

[Exit TROILUS and ÆNEAS]

Pan Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The
devil take Antenor! the young prince will go
mad A plague upon Antenor! I would they had
broke 's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA

Cres How now! what's the matter? who was
here? 81

Pan Ah, ah!

Cres Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the
matter?

Pan Would I were as deep under the earth as I
am above!

Cres O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan Prithee, get thee in Would thou hadst
ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his
death O, poor gentleman! A plague upon An-
tenor!

Cres Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I
beseech you what's the matter?

Pan Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be
gone thou art changed for Antenor, thou must
to thy father and be gone from Troilus 'Twill
be his death, 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it

Cres O you immortal gods! I will not go

Pan Thou must 101

Cres I will not, uncle I have forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinity

No kin, no love no blood no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of false-
hood

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force and
death

Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it I'll go in and weep—

Par Do do

Cres Tear my bright hair and scratch my
praised cheeks

Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my
heart

With sounding Troilus I will not go from Troy
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *The same street before Pandarus
house*

*Enter PARIS TROILUS ENEAS DEIPHOBUS
ANTENOR and DIOMEDES*

Par It is great morning and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery, to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon Good my brother Troilus
Tell you the lady what she is to do
And haste her to the purpose

Tro Walk into her house
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently
And to his hand when I deliver her
Think it an altar and thy brother Troilus
A priest there offering to it his own heart

[*Exit*]

Par I know what 'tis to love
And would as I shall pity I could help!
Please you walk in my lords

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *The same Pandarus house*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA

Par Be moderate be moderate

Cres Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full perfect that I taste
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,

Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief
My love admits no qualifying dross
No more my grief in such a precious loss

Par Here, here here he comes

Enter TROILUS

Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him*]

Par What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me
embrace too O heart as the goodly saying is
—O heart heavy heart

Why sighst thou without breaking?
where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart 20
By friendship nor by speaking

There was never a truer rhyme Let us cast
away nothing for we may live to have need of

such a verse We see it we see it How now
lambs?

Tro Cressid I love thee in so strain'd a purity
That the bless'd gods as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities take thee from
me

Cres Have the gods envy?

Par Ay ay ay ay 'tis too plain a case

Cres And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro A hateful truth

Cres What and from Troilus too?

Tro From Troy and Troilus

Cres Is it possible?

Tro And suddenly where injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking justles roughly by

All time of pause rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embrasures strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath 40

We two that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one

Injurious time now with a robber's haste

Crams his rich thievery up he knows not how

As many farewells as be stars in heaven

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
them

He fumbles up into a loose adieu

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss

Distasted with the salt of broken tears 50

Ene [To him] My lord is the lady ready?

Tro Hark! you are call'd Some say the Genius
so

Cries come to him that instantly must die

Bid them have patience she shall come anon

Par Where are my tears? rain to lay this wind
or my heart will be blown up by the roor

[*Exit*]

Cres I must then to the Grecians?

Tro No remedy

Cres A woful Cressid amongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro Hear me my love Be thou but true of
heart—

Cres I true! how now! what wicked deed is
this?

Tro Nay we must use expostulation kindly
For it is parting from us

I speak not be thou true as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself

That there's no maculation in thy heart

But be thou true say I to fashion in

My sequent protestation be thou true

And I will see thee

Cres O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers 70
 As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true
Tro And I'll grow friend with danger Wear this sleeve
Cres And you this glove When shall I see you?
Tro I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
 To give thee nightly visitation
 But yet be true
Cres O heavens! "be true" again!
Tro Hear why I speak it, love
 The Grecian youths are full of quality,
 They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
 Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise 80
 How novelty may move, and parts with person,
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
 Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
 Mal us me afear'd
Cres O heavens! you love me not
Tro Die I a villain, then!
 In this I do not call your faith in question
 So mainly as my merit I cannot sing,
 Nor heel the high lay olt, nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games, fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant 90
 But I can tell that in each grace of these
 There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
 That tempts most cunningly But be not tempted
Cres Do you think I will?
Tro No
 But something may be done that we will not
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
 Presuming on their changeful potency
Aene [Within] Nay, good my lord—
Tro Come, kiss, and let us part 100
Par [Within] Brother Troilus!
Tro Good brother, come you hither,
 And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you
Cres My lord, will you be true?
Tro Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault
 Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare
 Fear not my truth the moral of my wit
 Is "plain and true", there's all the reach of it 110
Enter AENEAS, PARIS, ANTEHOR, DELPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES
 Welcome Sir Diomed! here is the lady
 Which for Antenor we deliver you

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
 And by the way possess thee what she is
 Entreat her fair, and, by my soul, fair Greek,
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
 As Priam is in Ilion
Do Fair Lady Cressid,
 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects
 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, 120
 Pleads your fair usage, and to Diomed
 You shall be mistress and command him wholly
Tro Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
 In praising her I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant
 I charge thee use her well, even for my charge,
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, 130
 I'll cut thy throat
Do O, be not moved, Prince Troilus
 Let me be privileged by my place and message,
 To be a speaker free When I am hence,
 I'll answer to my lust, and know you, lord,
 I'll nothing do on charge To her own worth
 She shall be prized, but that you say "be't so,"
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "no"
Tro Come, to the port I'll tell thee, Diomed,
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head
 Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk, 140
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk
 [Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES]
Trumpet within
Par Hark! Hector's trumpet
Aene How have we spent this morning!
 The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
 That swore to ride before him to the field
Par 'Tis Troilus' fault Come, come, to field
 with him
Des Let us make ready straight
Aene Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie 149
 On his fair worth and single chivalry [Exeunt]

SCENE V The Grecian camp Lists set out

Enter AJAX, armed, AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others
Agm Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
 Anticipating time with starting courage
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither

Ajax Thou trumpet there's my purse
Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe
Blow villain till thy spher'd bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon
Come stretch thy chest and let thy eyes spout
blood 10

Thou blow st for Hector

Trumpet sounds

Ulyss No trumpet answers

Achil 'Tis but early days

Agam Is not yond Diomed with Calchas
daughter?

Ulyss 'Tis he I ken the manner of his gait
He rises on the toe That spirit of hus
In aspiration lifts him from the earth

Enter DIOVIEDES with CRESSIDA

Agam Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio Even she

Agam Most dearly welcome to the Greeks
sweet lady

Nest Our general doth salute you with a kiss

Ulys Yet is the kindness but particular 20

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general

Nest And very courtly counsel I'll begin

So much for Nestor

Achil I'll take that winter from your lips fair
lady

Achilles bids you welcome

Men I had good argument for kissing once

Patr But that's no argument for kissing now

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment

And parted thus you and your argument

Ulyss O deadly gall and theme of all our
scorns! 30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns

Patr The first was Menelaus kiss this mune

Patroclus kisses you

Men O this is trim!

Patr Paris and I kiss evermore for him

Men I'll have my kiss sir Lady by your
leave

Cres In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr Both take and give

Cres I'll make my match to live

The kiss you take is better than you give

Therefore no kiss

Men I'll give you boot I'll give you three for
one 40

Cres You're an odd man give even, or give
none

Men An odd man, lady! every man is odd

Cres No Paris is not for you know tis true

That you are odd and he is even with you

Men You fillip me o' the head

Cres No I'll be sworn

Ulyss It were no match your nail against his
horn

May I sweet lady beg a kiss of you?

Cres You may

Ulyss I do desire it

Cres Why beg then

Ulyss Why then for Venus sake give me a
kiss

When Helen is a maid again and his 50

Cres I am your debtor claim it when tis due

Ulyss Never's my day and then a kiss of you

Dio Lady a word I'll bring you to your
father [Exit with CRESSIDA]

Nest A woman of quick sense

Ulyss Fie fie upon her!

There's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip
Nay her foot speaks her wanton spirits look
out

At every joint and motive of her body
O these encounterers so glib of tongue
That give a' accosting welcome ere it comes

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts 60
To every ticklish reader! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game

Trumpet within

All The Trojans trumpet

Agam Yonder comes the troop

*Enter HECTOR armed ENEAS TROILUS and other
TROJANS with Attendants*

Ene Hail all you state of Greece! what shall
be done

To him that victory commands? or do you pur
pose

A victor shall be known? will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field? 70

Hector bids ask

Agam Which way would Hector have it?

Ene He cares not he'll obey conditions

Achil 'Tis done like Hector but securely
done

A little proudly and great deal misprizing

The knight opposed

Ene If not Achilles sir

What is your name?

Achil If not Achilles nothing

Ene Therefore Achilles But where'er know
this

In the extremity of great and little

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector

The one almost as infinite as all 80

The other blank as nothing Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home,
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek
Achil A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive
you

Re-enter DIOMEDES

Agam Here is Sir Diomed Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax As you and Lord Aeneas
Consent upon the order of their fight, 90
So be it, either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath The combatants being kin
Half stunts their strife before their strokes begin

AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists

Ulyss They are opposed already

Agam What Trojan is that same that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss The youngest son of Priam, a true
knight,

Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon
calm'd,

His heart and hand both open and both free, 100

For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows,

Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath,

Mainly as Hector, but more dangerous,

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes

To tender objects, but he in heat of action

Is more indicative than jealous love

They call him Troilus, and on him erect

A second hope as fairly built as Hector

Thus says Aeneas, one that knows the youth 110

Even to his inches, and with private soul

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me

Alarm HECTOR and AJAX fight

Agam They are in action

Nest Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Fro Hector, thou sleep'st,

Awake thee!

Agam His blows are well disposed There,

Ajax

Dis You must no more

Trumpet's cease

Alex Princes, enough so please you

Ajax I am not weary yet, let us fight again

Dis As Hector pleases

Hec Why then will I no more

Thou art great lord my father's sister's son, 120

A cousin german to great Priam's seed,

The obligation of our blood forbids

A glory emulation 'twixt us twain

Were thy communion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan, the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy, my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's", by Jove omnipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish
member 130

Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud, but the just gods gainsay
Thay any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms,
Hector would have them fall upon him thus
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax I thank thee, Hector
Thou art too gentle and too free a man

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 140

A great addition earned in thy death

Hec Not Neoptolemus so mirable,

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st

Oyes

Cries "This is he," could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector

Aene There is expectance here from both the

sides,

What further you will do

Hec We'll answer it,

The issue is embracement Ajax, farewell

Ajax If I might in entreaties find success—

As seld I have the chance—I would desire 150

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents

Dis 'Tis Agamemnon's wish and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector

Hec Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part,

Desire them home Give me thy hand, my

cousin 130

I will go eat with thee and see your knights

Ajax Great Agamemnon comes to meet us

here

Hec The worthiest of them tell me name by

name 160

But for Achilles mine own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size

Agam Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy,

But that's no welcome Understand more clear,

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with

hunks

And formless ruin of oblivion

But in this extant moment faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart great Hector welcome
Hect I thank thee most imperious Agamemnon

Agam [To *TROILUS*] My well famed lord of Troy no less in you

Men Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting

You brace of warlike brothers welcome hither

Hect Who must we answer?

Ene The noble Menelaus

Hect O you my lord? by Mars his gauntlet thanks!

Mock not that I affect the untraded oath

Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove

She's well but bade me not commend her to you

Men Name her not now sir she's a deadly theme 181

Hect O pardon I offend

Nest I have thou gallant Trojan seen thee oft

Labouring for destiny make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth and I have seen thee

As hot as Perseus spur thy Phrygian steed

Despising many forfeits and subduements

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in the air

Not letting it decline on the declined

That I have said to some my standers by 190

Lo Jupiter is yonder dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in

Like an Olympian wrestling This have I seen

But this thy countenance still lock'd in steel

I never saw till now I knew thy grandsire

And once fought with him He was a soldier good

But by great Mars the captain of us all

Never like thee Let an old man embrace thee

And worthy warrior welcome to our tents 200

Ane 'Tis the old Nestor

Hect Let me embrace thee good old chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time

Most reverend Nestor I am glad to clasp thee

Nest I would my arms could march thee in contention,

As thou contend with thee in courtesy

Hect I would they could

Nest Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow 209

Well welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time

Ulyss I wonder now how yonder city stands

When we have here her base and pillar by us

Hect I know your favour Lord Ulysses well

Ah, sir there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In lion on your Greekish embassy

Ulyss Sir I foretold you then what would ensue

My prophecy is but half his journey yet

For yonder walls that pertainly front your town,

Yonder towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds 220

Must kiss their own feet

Hect I must not believe you

There they stand yet and modestly I think

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost

A drop of Grecian blood The end crowns all

And that old common arbitrator Time

Will one day end it

Ulyss So to him we leave it

Most gentle and most valiant Hector welcome

After the general I beseech you next

To feast with me and see me at my tent

Achil I shall forestall thee Lord Ulysses thou! 230

Now Hector I have fed mine eyes on thee

I have with exact view perused thee Hector

And quoted joint by joint

Hect Is this Achilles?

Achil I am Achilles

Hect Stand fair I pray thee Let me look on thee

Achil Behold thy fill

Hect Nay I have done already

Achil Thou art too brief I will the second time

As I would buy thee view thee limb by limb

Hect O like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er 239

But there's more in me than thou understand'st

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil Tell me you heavens in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there or there or there?

That I may give the local wound a name

And make distinct the very breach whereout

Hector's great spirit flew Answer me heavens!

Hect It would discredit the blest gods' proud man

To answer such a question Stand again

Think it thou to catch my life so pleasantly

As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil I tell thee y=

Hect Wert thou an oracle to tell me so

I'd not believe thee Henceforth guard thee well

For I'll not kill thee there nor there nor there

But by the forge that studded Mars his helm

I'll kill thee every where y= or and o'er

You wisest Grecians pardon me this brag

His insolence draws folly from my lips

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax Do not chafe thee, cousin 260

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach, the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him

Hec I pray you, let us see you in the field
We have had pelting wars, since you refused
The Grecian's cause

Achil Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death,
To-night all friends

Hec Thy hand upon that match 270
Agam First, all you peers of Greece, go to my
tent,

There in the full convive we Afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets
blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know
[Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES]

Tro My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss At Menelaus' tent, most princely
Troilus

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night, 280
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid

Tro Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss You shall command me, sir
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro O, sir, to such as boasting show their
scars 290

A mock is due Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved she loved, she is, and doth
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth

[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I *The Grecian camp before Achilles' tent*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

Achil I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine
to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow
Patroclus let us feast him to the height

Pat Here comes Thersites

Enter THERSITES

Achil How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for
thee

Achil From whence, fragment?

Ther Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy

Pat Who keeps the tent now? 11

Ther The surgeon's box, or the patient's
wound

Pat Well said, adversity! and what need these
tricks?

Ther Prithce, be silent, boy, I profit not by
thy talk Thou art thought to be Achilles' male
varlet

Pat Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther Why, his masculine whore Now, the
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,
ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back,
lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten
livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impost-
hume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable
bone-ache, and the rivelled fec-simple of the
tetter, take and take again such preposterous
discoveries!

Pat Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou,
what meanest thou to curse thus? 30

Ther Do I curse thee?

Pat Why, no, you ruminous butt, you whore-
son indistinguishable cur, no

Ther No! why art thou then exasperate, thou
idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk, thou green
saracenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a
prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world
is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of
nature!

Pat Out, gall! 40

Ther Finch egg!

Achil My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted
quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba

A token from her daughter, my fair love,

Both taxing me and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn I will not break it

All Greeks, fail fame, honour or go or stay,

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent 50

This night in banquetting must all be spent

Away, Patroclus!

[Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS]

Ther With too much blood and too little brain
these two may run mad but, if with too much,
brain and too little blood they do I'll be a

of madmen Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails but he has not so much brain as ear wax and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his brother the bull—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds a thrifty shoeing horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg—to what form but that he is should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass were nothing he is both ass and ox to an ox, were nothing he is both ox and ass To be a dog a mule a cat a fitchew a toad a lizard an owl a parrot, or a herring without a roe I would not care but to be Menelaus' I would conspire against destiny Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites for I care not to be the louse of a lazarus so I were not Menelaus Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR TROILUS AJAX AGAMEMNON
ULYSSES NESTOR MENELAUS and DIOMEDES
with lights

Agam We go wrong we go wrong
Ajax No yonder tis
There where we see the lights
Hect I trouble you
Ajax No not a whit
Ulyss Here comes himself to guide you

Re-enter ACHILLES

Achil Welcome brave Hector welcome
princes all
Agam So now fair Prince of Troy I bid good
night
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you
Hect Thanks and good night to the Greeks
general so
Men Good night my lord
Hect Good night sweet Lord Menelaus
Ther Sweet draught! Sweet quoth a! Sweet
sink sweet sewer
Achil Good night and welcome both at once
to those
That go or tarry
Agam Good night
[Exit AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS]
Achil Old Nestor tames and you too
Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two
Dio I cannot lord I have important business
The tide whereof is now Good night great
Hector 90
Hect Give me your hand
Ulyss [Aside to TROILUS] Follow his torch he
goes to Calchas tent
I'll keep you company

Tro Sweet sir you honour me
Hect And so good night
[Exit DIOMEDES ULYSSES and
TROILUS following]

Achil Come come enter my tent
[Exit ACHILLES HECTOR AJAX and NESTOR]
Ther That same Diomed's a false hearted
rogue a most unjust knave I will no more trust
him when he leers than I will a serpent when he
hisses He will spend his mouth and promise
like Brabliar the hound but when he performs
astronomers foretell it it is prodigious there
will come some change the sun borrows of the
moon when Diomed keeps his word I will
rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him
They say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the
traitor Calchas tent I'll after Nothing but
lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit]

SCENE II The same before Calchas tent

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio What are you up here ho? speak
Cal [Within] Who calls?
Dio Diomed Calchas I think Where's your
daughter?
Cal [Within] She comes to you
Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES at a distance after
them THERSITES
Ulyss Stand where the torch may not discover
us

Enter CRESSIDA

Tro Cressid comes forth to him
Dio How now my charge!
Cres Now my sweet guardian! Hark a word
with you [In whispers]
Tro Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss She will sing any man at first sight
Ther And any man may sing her if he can
take her cliff she's noted 11
Dio Will you remember?
Cres Remember! yes
Dio Nay but do then
And let your mind be coupled with your words
Tro What should she remember?
Ulyss Last
Cres Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to
folly
Ther Roguery!
Tro Nay then— 20
Cres I'll tell you what—
Dio Foh foh! come, tell a pin You are for
sworn
Cres In faith I cannot What would you have
me do?
Ther A juggling trick—to be secretly open.

Dio What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek

Dio Good night

Tro Hold, patience!

Ulyss How now, Trojan? 30

Cres Diomed—

Dio No, no, good night I'll be your fool no more

Tro Thy better must

Cres Ha! one word in your ear

Tro O plague and madness!

Ulyss You are moved, prince, let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms This place is dangerous,

The time right deadly, I beseech you, go

Tro Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss Nay, good my lord, go off
You flow to great distraction, come, my lord 41

Tro I pray thee, stay

Ulyss You have not patience, come

Tro I pray, stay, by hell and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word!

Dio And so, good night

Cres Nay, but you part in anger

Tro Doth that grieve thee?

O wether'd truth!

Ulyss Why, how now, lord?

Tro By Jove,

I will be patient

Cres Guardian!—why, Greek!

Tro Foh, foh! adieu, you palter

Cres In faith, I do not Come hither once again

Ulyss You shake, my lord, at something Will
you go? 50

You will break out

Tro She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss Come, Come

Tro Nay, stay, by Jove, I will not speak a word

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience Stay a little while

Tro How the devil Luxury, with his fat rump
and potato-finger, tickles these together!

I cry, lechers, cry!

Dio But will you then?

Cres In faith I will, la, never trust me else

Dio Give me some token for the surety of it 60

Cres I'll fetch you one [Exit

Ulyss You have sworn patience

Tro I fear me not sweet lord,

I will not be myself nor have cognition

Of what I feel I am all patience

Re-enter CRESSIDA

Tro Now the pledge, now, now, now!

Cres Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve

Tro O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss My lord—

Tro I will be patient, outwardly I will

Cres You look upon that sleeve, behold it well

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again

Dio Whose was't? 71

Cres It is no matter, now I have't again

I will not meet with you to-morrow night

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more

Tro Now she sharpens Well said, whetstone!

Dio I shall have it

Cres What, this?

Dio Ay, that

Cres O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80

As I kiss thee Nay, do not snatch it from me,

He that takes that doth take my heart withal

Dio I had your heart before, this follows it

Tro I did swear patience

Cres You shall not have it, Diomed, faith, you shall not,

I'll give you something else

Dio I will have this Whose was it?

Cres It is no matter

Dio Come, tell me whose it was

Cres 'Twas one's that loved me better than
you will

But, now you have it, take it

Dio Whose was it? 90

Cres By all Diana's waiting-women yond,

And by herself, I will not tell you whose

Dio To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it

Tro Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn,

It should be challenged

Cres Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past And yet
it is not,

I will not keep my word

Dio Why, then, farewell,

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again

Cres You shall not go One cannot speak a
word, 100

But it straight starts you

Dio I do not like this fooling

Tro Nor I, by Pluto But that that likes not
you pleases me best

Dio What shall I come? the hour?

Cres Ay come—O Jove!—do come—I shall be plagued

Dio Farewell till then

Cres Good night I prithee come
[*Exit DIOMEDES*]

Troilus farewell! one eye yet looks on thee
But with my heart the other eye doth see
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find
The error of our eye directs our mind 110
What error leads must err O then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude [*Exit*
Ther A proof of strength she could not publish
more

Unless she said My mind is now turn'd where
Ulyss All's done my lord

Tro It is
Ulyss Why stay we then?

Tro To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke
But if I tell how these two did co-act
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth? 120
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears
As if those organs had deceptious functions
Created only to calumniate
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss I cannot conjure Trojan

Tro She was not sure

Ulyss Most sure she was

Tro Why my negation hath no taste of madness

Ulyss Nor mine my lord Cressid was here
but now

Tro Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think we had mothers do not give advantage
To stubborn critics apt without a theme 131

For depravation to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule rather think this not Cressid

Ulyss What hath she done, Prince that can
soil our mothers?

Tro Nothing at all unless that this were she

Ther Will he swagger himself out on a own
eyes?

Tro This she? no this is Diomed's Cressida
If beauty have a soul this is not she
If souls guide vows if vows be sanctimonies
If sanctimony be the gods' delight 140
If there be rule in truth itself

This is not she O madness of discourse
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt this is and is not Cressid
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth
And yet the spacious breadth of this division 150
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariadne's broken woof to enter
Instance O instance! strong as Pluto's gates
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven
Instance O instance! strong as heaven itself
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd dissolved and
loosed

And with another knot five finger tied
The fractions of her faith orts of her love
The fragments scraps the bits and greasy relics
Of her or eaten faith are bound to Diomed 160
Ulyss May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro Ay Greek and that shall be divulged
well

In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus Never did young man
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul
Hark Greek as much as I do Cressid love
So much by weight hate I her Diomed
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill 170
My sword should bite it not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed

Ther He'll tickle it for his concupy

Tro O Cressid! O false Cressid! false false
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name
And they'll seem glorious

Ulyss O contain yourself 180
Your passion draws ears hither

Enter AENEAS

Aeneas I have been seeking you this hour my
lord

Hector by this is arming him in Troy
Ajax your guard, stays to conduct you home

Tro Have with you, Prince My courteous
lord, adieu

Farewell revolted fair! and Diomed
Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss I'll bring you to the gates

Tro Accept distracted thanks

[*Exeunt TROIUS AENEAS and ULYSSES*]

Ther Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!
I would croak like a raven I would bode I
would bode Patroclus will give me anything for
the intelligence of this whore The parrot will
not do more for an almond than he for a common-

dious drab Lechery, lechery, still, wars and
lechery, nothing else holds fashion A burning
devil take them! *[Exit]*

SCENE III *Troy before Priam's palace**Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE*

And When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day

Hect You train me to offend you, get you in

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

And My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to
the day

Hect No more, I say

Enter CASSANDRA

Cas Where is my brother Hector?

And Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent

Consort with me in loud and dear petition

Pursue we him on knees, for I have dream'd 10

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter

Cas O, 'tis true

Hect Ho! bid my trumpet sound

Cas No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother

Hect Be gone, I say The gods have heard me
swear

Cas The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice

And O, be persuaded! do not count it holy

To hurt by being just It is as lawful, 20

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity

Cas It is the purpose that makes strong the
vow,

But vows to every purpose must not hold

Unarm, sweet Hector

Hect Hold you still, I say,

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate

Life every man holds dear, but the brave man

Holds honour far more precious-dear than life

Enter TROILUS

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-
day?

And Cassandra, call my father to persuade 30

[Exit CASSANDRA]

Hect No, faith, young Troilus, doff thy har-
ness youth

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war

Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy

Tro Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man

Hect What vice is that, good Troilus? chide
me for it

Tro When many times the captive Grecian
falls, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,

You bid them rise, and live

Hect O, 'tis fair play

Tro Fool's play, by heaven, Hector

Hect How now! how now!

Tro For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,

And when we have our armours buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth

Hect Fie, savage, fie!

Tro Hector, then 'tis wars

Hect Troilus, I would not have you fight to-
day 50

Tro Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars

Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire,

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears,

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,

Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM

Cas Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast

He is thy crutch, now if thou lose thy stay, 60

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together

Pri Come, Hector, come, go back

Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had
visions,

Cassandra doth foresee, and I my self

Am like a prophet suddenly enrap't

To tell thee that this day is ominous

Therefore, come back

Hect Aeneas is a field,

And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,

Even in the faith of valour, to appear

This morning to them

Pri Ay, but thou shalt not go

Hect I must not break my faith 71

You know me dutiful therefore, dear sir

Let me not shame respect, but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forb'd me royal Priam

Cas O Priam yield not to him!

And Do not, dear father

Hec Andromache, I am offended with you
Upon the love you bear me, get you in

[*Exit ANDROMACHE*]

Tro This foolish, dreaming superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements

Car O farewell dear Hector!
Look how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns
pale!

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrilla her dolours forth!
Behold distraction frenzy and amazement
Like witless antics one another meet
And all cry Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro Away! away!
Car Farewell yet soft! Hector I take my
leave

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive [*Exit*
Hec You are amazed my liege at her ex-
claim

Go in and cheer the town We'll forth and fight
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at
night

Pri Farewell! the gods with safety stand about
thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR Alarums*]

Tro They are at it hark! Proud Diomed be
lieve,

I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve

[*Enter PANDARUS*]

Pan Do you hear my lord? do you hear?

Tro What now?

Pan Here's a letter come from yond poor girl

Tro Let me read

Pan A whoreson tisk a whoreson rascally
tisk so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of
this girl and what one thing what another that
I shall leave you one o' these days And I have a
rheum in mine eye too and such an ache in my
bones that unless a man were cursed I cannot
tell what to think on! What says she there?

Tro Words words mere words no matter
from the heart

The effect doth operate another way

[*Terrors the letter*]

Go wind to wind there turn and change to-
gether

My love with words and errors still she feeds

But edifies another with her deeds

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE IV Plains between Troy and the Grecian
camp

[*Alarums excursions Enter TITRITES*]

Ther Now they are clapper-clawing one an

other I'll go look on That dissembling abomin-
able varlet Diomed has got that same scurvy
doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy
there in his helm I would fain see them meet
that that same young Trojan ass that loves the
whore there might send that Greekish whore-
masterly villain with the sleeve back to the dis-
sembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand
O the t'other side the policy of those crafty
swearing rascals that stale old mouse-eaten dry
cheese Nestor and that same dog fox Ulysses
is not proved worth a blackberry They set me
up in policy that mongrel cur Ajax against that
dog of as bad a kind Achilles And now is the cur
Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles and will not
arm to-day whereupon the Grecians begin to
proclaim barbarism and policy grows into an ill
opinion Soft! here comes sleeve and t'other

[*Enter DIOMEDES TROILUS following*]

Tro Fly not for shouldst thou take the river
Styx

I would swim after

Di Thou dost miscall retire

I do not fly but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude

Have at thee!

Ther Hold thy whore Grecian!—now for thy
whore Trojan!—now the sleeve now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES fighting*]

[*Enter HECTOR*]

Hec What art thou Greek? art thou for
Hector's march?

Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther No no I am a rascal a scurvy railing
knave a very filthy rogue

Hec I do believe thee Live

Ther God a mercy that thou wilt believe me
but a plague break thy neck for fighting me!
What a become of the wenching rogues? I think
they have swallowed one another I would laugh
at that miracle Yet in a sort lechery eats itself
I'll seek them

SCENE V Another part of the plains

[*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant*]

Di Go go my servant take thou Troilus
horse

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid
Fellow commend my service to her beauty
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof

Ser I go my lord [*Exit*]

[*Enter AGAMEMNON*]

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon, bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings 10
Epistrophus and *Cedrus*, *Polyxenes* is slain,
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt,
Patroclus ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised The dreadful *Sagittary*
Appals our numbers Haste we, *Diomed*,
To reinforcement, or we perish all

Enter NESTOR

Nest. Go, bear *Patroclus*' body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-paced *Ajax* arm for shame
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field
Now here he fights on *Galathea* his horse, 20
And there lacks work, anon he's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled skulls
Before the belching whale, then in he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and
takes,

Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility

Enter ULYSSES

Ulys. O, courage, courage, Princes' great
Achilles 30
Is arming weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*
That noseless, handless, hack'd, and chipp'd,
come to him,
Crying on *Hector* *Ajax* hath lost a friend
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself
With such a careless force and forceless care 40
As if that luck in very spite of cunning
Bade him win all

Enter AJAX

Ajax. *Troilus*' thou coward *Troilus*' [Exit
Diomed 15 there, there
Nest. So so we draw together

Enter Achilles

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come come, thou boy-queller show thy face
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* arm'd
Hector where is *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*
[Exit]

SCENE VI Another part of the plains

Enter AJAX

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, show thy
head!

Enter DIOMEDES

Diomed. *Troilus*, I say ' where is *Troilus*?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Diomed. I would correct him

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
my office

Ere that correction *Troilus*, I say ' what, *Troilus*!

Enter TROILUS

Troilus. O traitor *Diomed*! turn thy false face, thou
traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

Diomed. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone Stand, *Diomed*

Diomed. He is my prize, I will not look upon 10

Troilus. Come, both you coggling Greeks, have at
you both! [Exeunt, fighting]

Enter HECTOR

Hector. Yea, *Troilus*? O, well fought, my young-
est brother!

Enter ACHILLES

Achilles. Now do I see thee, ha! have at thee,
Hector!

Hector. Pause, if thou wilt

Achilles. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud
Trojan

Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again,

Till when, go seek thy fortune [Exit]

Hector. Fare thee well

I would have been much more a fresher man, 20
Had I expected thee How now my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS

Troilus. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Aeneas* Shall it be?
No by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him, I'll be ta'en too
Or bring him off Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day [Exit]

Enter more in sumptuous armour

Hector. Stand stand, thou Greek, thou art a good-
ly mark

No wilt thou not? I like thy armour well
I'll crush it and unlock the rivers all!

But I'll be master of it Wilt thou not bear,
abide?

Why then fly on I'll hunt thee for thy hide 31
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII *Another part of the plains*

Enter ACHILLES with MYRMIDONS

Achil Come here about me you my Myrmidons

Mark what I say Attend me where I wheel
Strike not a stroke but keep yourselves in
breath

And when I have the bloody Hector found
Empale him with your weapons round about
In fellest manner execute your aims
Follow me sirs and my proceeding's eye
It is decreed Hector the great must die [Exeunt]

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS fighting, then
THYRSITES*

Ther The cuckold and the cuckold maker are
at it Now bull! now dog! Loo Paris loo! now
my double henned sparrow! loo Paris loo! The
bull has the game ware horns ho!

[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS]

Enter MARGARELON

Mar Turn, slave and fight

Ther What are thou?

Mar A bastard son of Priam's

Ther I am a bastard too I love bastards I am
a bastard begor bastard instructed bastard in
mind bastard in valour in everything illegiti-
mate One bear will not bite another and where-
fore should one bastard? Take heed the quarrel's
most ominous to us If the son of a whore fight
for a whore he tempts judgement Farewell bas-
tard [Exit]

Mar The devil take thee coward! [Exit]

SCENE VIII *Another part of the plains*

Enter HECTOR

Hect Most putrefied core so fair without
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life
Now is my day's work done I'll take good
breath

Rest sword thou hast thy fill of blood and death
*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind
him*

Enter ACHILLES and MYRMIDONS

Achil Look Hector how the sun begins to set
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels
Even with the sail and darkening of the sun
To close the day up Hector's life is done

Hect I am unarm'd fore, o thus advantage Greek

Achil Strike fellows strike this is the man I
seek [HECTOR falls 10

So Ilion fall thou next! now Troy sink down!
Here lies thy heart thy sinews and thy bone
On Myrmidons and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain
A retreat sounded

Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part

Myr The Trojan trumpets sound the like my
lord

Achil The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
the earth

And stickler like the armies separates
My half sup'd sword that frankly would have
fed

Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed 20
Sheathes his sword

Come tie his body in my horse's tail
Along the field I will che Trojan trail [Exeunt]

SCENE IX *Another part of the plains*

*Enter AGAMEMNON AJAX MENELAUS NESTOR
DIOMEDES and others marching Shouts within*

Agam Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest Peace drums!

[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain!
Achilles!

Dio The brute is Hector's slain and by Achil-
les

Ajax If it be so yet bragless let it be

Great Hector was a man as good as he

Agam March patiently along Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent

If in his death the gods have us befriended 9

Great Troy is ours and our sharp wars are
ended [Exeunt marching]

SCENE X *Another part of the plains*

Enter AENEAS and Trojans

Aene Stand ho! yet are we masters of the field
Never go home here starve we out the night

Enter TROILUS

Tro Hector is slain

All Hector! the gods forbid!

Tro He's dead and at the murderer's horse's
tail

In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful
field

Frown on you heavens effect your rage with
speed!

Sit gods upon your thrones and smile at Troy!

I say at once let your brief plagues be mercy
And linger not our sure destructions on! 9

Aene My lord you do discomfort all the host

Tro You understand me not that tell me so

I do not speak of flight of fear of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in Hector is gone
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?²
 Let him that will a screech-owl ay e be call'd,
 Go in to Troy, and say there, "Hector's dead!"
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
 Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word, 20
 Scare Troy out of itself But, march away
 Hector is dead, there is no more to say
 Stay yet You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare
 I'll through and through you! and, thou great-
 sized coward,
 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts
 Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go, 30
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe

[*Exeunt AENEAS and Trojans*]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
 side, PANDARUS*

Pan But hear you, hear you!
Tro Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
 Pursue thy life, and live ay e with thy name! [*Exit*]

Pan A goodly medicine for my aching bones!
 O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
 despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly
 are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why
 should our endeavour be so loved and the per-
 formance so loathed? what verse for it? what
 instance for it? Let me see 41

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting,
 And being once subdued in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail "

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
 cloths

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall,
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, 50
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be
 made

It should be now, but that my fear is this,
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss
 Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,
 And at that time bequeathe you my diseases [*Exit*]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF FLORENCE
BERTRAM *Count of Roussillon*
LAFEU *an old lord*
PAROLLES *a follower of Bertram*
TWO FRENCH LORDS *in the Florentine service*
RINALDO *steward to the Countess*
A CLOWN *servant to the Countess*
THREE FRENCH LORDS *attending on the King*
A GENTLEMAN *a stranger*
TWO SOLDIERS
A MESSENGER

COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON *mother to Bertram*
HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess*
A WIDOW *of Florence*
DIANA *daughter to the Widow*
MARIANA *neighbour and friend to the Widow*
NON-SPEAKING LORDS *Officers Soldiers French and Florentine*
Violents *neighbour and friend to the Widow*
Attendants

SCENE *Roussillon Paris Florence Marcellus*

ACT I

SCENE I *Roussillon the Count's palace*

*Enter BERTRAM the COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON
HELENA and LAFEU all in black*

Count In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband

Ber And I in going madam weep over my father's death anew but I must attend his Majesty's command to whom I am now in ward evermore in subjection

Laf You shall find of the King a husband madam you, sir a father He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance

Count What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf He hath abandoned his physicians madam under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time

Count This young gentlewoman had a father—O that had 'how sad a passage tis'—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty had it stretched so far would have made nature immortal and death should have play for lack of work Would for the King's sake he were living I think it would be the death of the King's disease

Laf How called you the man you speak of madam?

Count He was famous sir in his profession and it was his great right to be so Gerard de Narbon

Laf He was excellent indeed madam The King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly He was skilful enough to have lived still if knowledge could be set up against mortality

Ber What is it my good lord the King languishes of?

Laf A fistula my lord

Ber I heard not of it before

Laf I would it were not notorious Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count His sole child my lord and bequeathed to my overlooking I have those hopes of her good that her education promises her dispositions she inherits which makes fair gifts fairer for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities there commendations go with pity they are virtues and traitors too In her they are the better for their simpleness she deriveth her honesty and achieves her goodness

Laf Your commendations madam get from her tears

Count 'Tis the best brace a maiden can season her praise in The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek No more of this Helena go to no more lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it

Hel I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too

Laf Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living

Count If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal

Ber Madam, I desire your holy wishes

Laf How understand we that?

Count Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father 70

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none Be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech What heaven more
will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck
down,

Fall on thy head! Farewell, my lord,
'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord, 80
Advise him

Laf He cannot want the best

That shall attend his love

Count Heaven bless him! Farewell, Bertram [Exit

Ber [To HELENA] The best wishes that can be
forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be
comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and
make much of her

Laf Farewell, pretty lady You must hold the
credit of your father

[Exit BERTRAM and LAFEU
Hel O, were that all! I think not on my
father, 90

And these great tears grace his remembrance
more

Than those I shed for him What was he like?

I have forgot him My imagination

Carries no favour in it but Bertram's

I am undone, there is no living, none

If Bertram be away 'Twere all one

That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it, he is so above me

In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted, not in his sphere 100

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour to sit and draw

His arch'd brows his hawking eye his curls,

In our heart's table heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour

But now he is gone and my idolatrous fancy

Makes sanctify his reliques Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES

[Aside] One that goes with him I love him for
his sake, 110

And yet I know him is notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely a coward,

Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,

That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak i' the cold wind Wirhal, full oft we
see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly

Par Save you, fair queen!

Hel And you, monarch!

Par No

Hel And no 120

Par Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel Ay You have some stain of soldier in
you, let me ask you a question Man is enemy to
virginity, how may we barricado it against
him?

Par Keep him out

Hel But he assails, and our virginity, though
valiant, in the defence yet is weak Unfold to us
some warlike resistance

Par There is none Man, sitting down before
you, will undermine you and blow you up 130

Hel Bless our poor virginity from underminers
and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how
virgins might blow up men?

Par Virginity being blown down, man will
quicker be blown up Marry, in blowing him
down again, with the breach yourselves made,
you lose your city It is not politic in the com-
monwealth of nature to preserve virginity Loss
of virginity is rational increase and there was
never virgin got till virginity was first lost That
you were made of is metal to make virgins
Virginity by being once lost may be ten times
found, by being ever kept, it is ever lost 'Tis
too cold a companion away with't!

Hel I will stand for't a little, though therefore
I die a virgin

Par There's little can be said in't, 'tis against
the rule of nature To speak on the part of vir-
ginity, is to accuse your mothers, which is mo-
st infallible disobedience He that hangs himself is
a virgin Virginity murders itself, and should be
buried in highway out of all sanctified limit as a
desperate offendress against nature Virginity
breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself
to the very paring and so dies with feeding his
own stomach Besides virginity is peevish
proud idle made of self love which is the most
inhibited sin in the canon Keep it not you can-
not choose but lose by't Out with't within
ten year it will make itself ten, which is a

goodly increase and the principal itself not much the worse Away with it!

Hel How might one do sur to lose it to her own liking?

Pir Let me see Marry ill to like him that ne'er it likes 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying the longer kept the less worth Of with a while tis vendible answer the time of request Virginity like an old courtier wears her cap out of fashion richly suited but unsuitable just like the brooch and the tooth pick which wear not now Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek And your virginity your old virginity is like one of our French withered pears it looks ill it eats drily marry tis a withered pear it was formerly better marry yet tis a withered pear Will you anything with it?

Hel Not my virginity yet
There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother and a mistress and a friend 181
A phoenix captain, and an enemy
A guide a goddess and a sovereign
A counsellor a traitress and a dear
His humble ambition proud humility
His jarring concord and his discord dulcet,
His faith his sweet disaster with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms
That blinking Cupid gossips Now shall he—
I know not what he shall God send him well!
The court is a learning place and he is one— 191

Par What one faith?
Hel That I wish well 'Tis pity—
Par What's pity?
Hel That wishing well had not a body in it,
Which might be felt that we the poorer born
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes
Might with effects of them follow our friends
And show what we alone must think which never
Returns us thanks 200

Enter PAGE

Page Monsieur Parolles my lord calls for you
[Exit]

Par Little Helen farewell If I can remember thee I will think of thee at court

Hel Monsieur Parolles you were born under a charitable star

Par Under Mars I

Hel I especially think under Mars

Par Why under Mars?

Hel The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars 210

Par When he was predominant

Hel When he was retrograde I think rather

Par Why think you so?

Hel You go so much backward when you fight.

Par That's for advantage

Hel So is running away when fear proposes the safety But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing and I like the wear well 19

Par I am so full of business I cannot answer thee acutely I will return perfect courtier in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee else thou drest in thine unthankfulness and thine ignorance makes thee away Farewell When thou hast leisure say thy prayers when thou hast none remember thy friends Get thee a good husband and use him as he uses thee So farewell [Exit] 230

Hel Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to heaven The fared sky
Gives us free scope only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like limbs and kiss like native things
Impossible be strange attempts to those 239
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose
What hath been cannot be Who ever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love?
The King's disease—my project may deceive me

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me
[Exit]

SCENE II Paris the King's palace

Flourish of cornets Enter the KING OF FRANCE,
with letters LORDS and divers Attendants

King The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears

Have fought with equal fortune and continue
A braving war

1st Lord So tis reported sir

King Nay tis most credible we here receive it
A certainty vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business and would seem
To have us make denial

1st Lord His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your Majesty may plead 20
For ample credence

King He hath arm'd our answer,
And I loyally denied before he comes
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service freely have they leave
To stand on either part

2nd Lord It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry who are sick

For breathing and exploit

King What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES

1st Lord It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,

Young Bertram

King Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face,
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20
Hath well composed thee Thy father's moral parts

May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris

Ber My thanks and duty are your Majesty's

King I would I had that corporal soundness now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship

First tried our soldiership! He did look far

Into the service of the time and was

Discipled of the bravest He lasted long,

But on us both did haggish age steal on

And wore us out of act It much repairs me 30

To talk of your good father In his youth

He had the wit which I can well observe

To-day in our young lords, but they may jest

Till their own scorn return to them unnoted

Ere they can hide their levity in honour

So like a courtier Contempt nor bitterness

Were in his pride or sharpness, if they were,

His equal had awaked them, and his honour,

Clock to itself knew the true minute when

Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40

His tongue obey'd his hand Who were below him

He used as creatures of another place

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,

Making them proud of his humility,

In their poor praise he humbled Such a man

Might be a copy to these younger times,

Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them

now

But goes backward

Ber His good remembrance, sir,

Is richer in your thoughts than on his tomb,

So in approof lives not his epitaph 50

As in your royal speech

King Would I were with him! He would

always say—

methinks I hear him now, his plausible words

He scatter'd not in ears but grafted them

To grow there and to bear—"Let me not live"—

This is good melancholy oft began

On the catastrophe and heel of pastime

When it was out—"Let me not live" quoth he,

'After my flame lacks oil to be the snuff

Of softer spirits whose apprehensive senses 60

All but new things disdain, whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments, whose con-

Expire before their fashions" This he wish'd

I after him do after him wish too,

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved from my hive,

To give some labourers room

2nd Lord

You are loved, sir,

They that least lend it you shall lack you first

King I fill a place, I know't How long is't,

Count,

Since the physician at your father's died? 70

He was much famed

Ber

Some six months since, my lord

King If he were living, I would try him yet

Lend me an arm, the rest have worn me out

With several applications Nature and sickness

Debate it at their leisure Welcome, Count,

My son's no dearer

Ber

Thank your Majesty

[*Exeunt Flourish*]

SCENE III Rousillon The Count's palace

Enter COUNTLESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN

Count I will now hear, what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours, for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them

Count What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe 'Tis my slowness that I do not, for I know you lack not folly to commit them and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours

Clo 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow

Count Well sir

Clo No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned, but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may 21

Count Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo I do beg your good will in this case

Count In what case?

Clo In Isabel's case and mine own Service is no heritage and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue of my body, for they say barnes are blessings

Count Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry

Clo My poor body madam requires it I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives

Count Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo I am madam I have other holy reasons, such as they are

Count May the world know them?

Clo I have been madam a wicked creature as you and all flesh and blood are and indeed I do marry that I may repent

Count Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness 41

Clo I am out o' friends madam and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake

Count Such friends are thine enemies knave

Clo You're shallow madam in great friends for the knaves come to do that for me which I am aware of He that eases my land spurs my team and gives me leave to in the crop if I be his cuckold he's my drudge He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend ergo he that kisses my wife is my friend If men could be contented to be what they are there were no fear in marriage for young Charbon the puritan and old Poy-sam the papist how some of their hearts are severed in religion their heads are both one they may jowl horns together like any deer in the herd

Count Wilt thou ever be a foul mouthed and calumnious knave? 61

Clo A prophet I madam and I speak the truth the next way

For I the ballad will repeat

Which men full true shall find

Your marriage comes by destiny

Your cuckoo sings by kind

Count Get you gone sir I'll talk with you more anon

Ser. May it please you madam that he bid Helen come to you O her I am to speak 71

Count Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her Helen I mean

Clo [Sings]

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done done fond

Was this hin, Priam's joy?

With that she sighed as she stood

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then 80

Among nine bad if one be good

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten

Count What one good in ten? you corrupt the song sirrah

Clo One good woman in ten madam which is a purifying in the song Would God would serve the world so all the year we'd find no fault with the true woman, if I were the parson One in ten, quoth a? An we might have a good

woman born but one every blazing star or at an earthquake twould mend the lottery well a man may draw his heart out ere a pluck one

Count You'll be gone sir knave, and do as I command you

Clo That man should be at woman's command and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan yet it will do no hurt it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart I am going forsooth The business is for Helen to come hither [Exit 101]

Count Well now

Ser. I know madam you love your gentle woman entirely

Count Faith I do Her father bequeathed her to me and she herself without other advantage may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds There is more owing her than is paid and more shall be paid her than she'll demand

Ser. Madam I was very late more near her than I think she wished me Alone she was and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears she thought I dare vow for her they touched not any stranger sense Her matter was she loved your son Fortune she said was no goddess that had put such difference betwixt their two estates Love no god that would not extend his might only where qualities were level Dian no queen of virgins that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue in the first assault or ransom afterward This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it

Count You have discharged this honestly keep it to yourself Many likelihoods informed me of this before which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt Pray you leave me Still this in your bosom and I thank you for your honest care I will speak with you further anon

[Exit STEWARD]

Enter HELENA

Even so it was with me when I was young

If ever we are nature's these are ours this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong

Our blood to us this to our blood is born

It is the show and seal of nature's truth

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth

P' our remembrances of days foregone 149

Such were our faults, or then we thought them none

Her eye is sick on't, I observe her now

Hel What is your pleasure, madam?

Count You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you

Hel Mine honourable mistress

Count Nay, a mother

Why not a mother? When I said "a mother,"

Methought you saw a serpent what's in "mother,"

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine 'Tis often seen 150

Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan

Yet I express to you a mother's care

God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood

To say I am thy mother? What's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel That I am not

Count I say, I am your mother

Hel Pardon, madam, 160

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother

I am from humble, he from honour'd name,

No note upon my parents, his all noble

My master, my dear lord he is, and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die

He must not be my brother

Count Nor I your mother?

Hel You are my mother, madam, would you were—

So that my lord your son were not my brother—

Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for than I do for heaven, 170

So I were not his sister Can't no other,

But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter—in law

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse What pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness, and find

Your salt tears' head Now to all sense 'tis gross

You love my son invention is adamed

Against the proclamation of this passion, 180

To say thou dost not therefore tell me true,

But tell me then, 'tis so for look thy cheeks

Confess it th' ore to th' other and thine eyes

Seem to growish down in thy behaviours

Thy mother kind they speak it Only art

And flourish ob tuncy tie thy tongue

Thy truth should be suspected Speak, is it so?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew,
If it be not, forswear 't How'e'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 190
To tell me truly

Hel Good madam, pardon me!

Count Do you love my son?

Hel Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count Love you my son?

Hel Do not you love him, madam?

Count Go not about, my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note Come, come,
disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd

Hel Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son 200

My friends were poor, but honest, so's my love

Be not offended, for it hurts not him

That he is lov'd of me I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit,

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,

Yet never know how that desert should be

I know I love in vain, strive against hope,

Yet in this captious and intenable sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love

And lack not to lose still Thus, Indian like, 210

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love

For loving where you do but if yourself,

Whose aged honour cures a virtuous youth,

Did ever in so true a flame of lil ing

Wish chastely and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love, O, then give pity

To her, whose state is such that cannot choose

But lend and give where she is sure to lose, 221

That seek not to find that her search implies,

But riddle like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count Had you not lately an intent—speak truly—

To go to Paris?

Hel Madam, I had

Count Wherefore? tell true

Hel I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear

You know my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and prov'd effects such as his reading

And manifest experience had collected

For general sovereignty, and that he will d me

In heedfull reservation to beow them 231

As notes whose faculties inclusive were

More than they were in me Amongst the rest

There is a remedy, approved yet dovn

To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The King is render'd lost

Count This was your motive

For Paris was it? speak

Hel My lord your son made me to think of this

Else Paris and the medicine and the King
I had from the conversation of my thoughts 240

Haply been absent then

Count But think you Helen

If you should tender your supposed aid

He would receive it? he and his physicians

Are of a mind he that they cannot help him

They that they cannot help How shall they credit

A poor unlearned virgin when the schools

Embowell'd of their doctrine have left off

The danger to itself?

Hel There's something in't

More than my father's skill which was the greatest

Of his profession that his good receipt 250

Shall for my legacy be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven and would your honour

But give me leave to try success I'd venture

The well lost life of mine on his Grace's cure

By such a day and hour

Count Dost thou believe it?

Hel Ay madam knowingly

Count Why Helen thou shalt have my leave and love

Means and attendants and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court I'll stay at home

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt 260

Be gone to-morrow and be sure of this

What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I Paris the King's palace

Flourish of cornets Enter the King attended with
divers young Lords taking leave for the Floren-
tine war BERTRAM and PAROLLES

King Farewell young lords these warlike principles

Do not throw from you and you my lords fare-
well!

Share the advice betwixt you if both gain, all

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received

And is enough for both

1st Lord 'Tis our hope sir

After well enter'd soldiers to return

And find your Grace in health

King No no it cannot be and yet my heart

Will not confess he owes the malady

That doth my life besiege Farewell young
lords 10

Whether I live or die be you the sons

Of worthy Frenchmen let higher Italy—

Those bared that inherit but the fall

Of the last monarchy—see that you come

Not to woo honour but to wed it when

The bravest questant shrinks find what you seek

That fame may cry you loud I say farewell

2nd Lord Health at your bidding serve your
majesty!

King Those girls of Italy take heed of them

They say our French lack language to deny 20

If they demand Beware of being captives

Before you serve

Both Our hearts receive your warnings

King Farewell Come hither to me

[*Exit attended*]

1st Lord O my sweet lord that you will stay
behind us!

Par 'Tis not his fault the spark

2nd Lord O 'tis brave wars!

Par Most admirable I have seen those wars!

Ber I am commanded here and kept a coil
with

Too young and the next year and 'tis too
early

Par An thy mind stand to't boy steal away
bravely

Ber I shall stay here the forchorse to a smock

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry 3

Till honour be bought up and no sword worn

But one to dance with! By heaven I'll steal
away

1st Lord There's honour in the theft

Par Commit it Count

2nd Lord I am your accessory and so fare-
well

Ber I grow to you and our parting is a tor-
tured body

1st Lord Farewell captain

2nd Lord Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

Par Noble heroes my sword and yours are
kin Good sparks and let trouts a word, good
metals you shall find in the regiment of the
Spurio one Captain Spurio with his cleatrice an
emblem of war here on his sinister cheek it
was this very sword entrenched it Sav to him I
live and observe his reports for me

1st Lord We shall noble captain

[*Exeunt Lords*]

Par Mars dote on you for his novices! what
willye do?

Ber Stay The King!

50

Re-enter KING BERTRAM and PAROLLES retire

Par [To BERTRAM] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords, you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them, for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most recent star, and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber And I will do so 60

Par Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword men

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES*]

Enter LAFEU

Laf [Kneeling] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings

King I'll see thee to stand up

Laf Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up

King I would I had, so I had broke thy pate, And ask'd thee mercy for't

Laf Good faith, across. But, my good lord, tis thus, 70

Will you be cured of your infirmity?

King No

Laf O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if

My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,

With spritely fire and motion, whose simple touch

Is powerful to arise King Pepin nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand 80

And write to her a love-line

King What "her" is this?

Laf Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one arrived,

If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,

Wisdom and constancy, hath amazed me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,

For that is her demand and know her business?

Th. done, laugh well at me

King Now, good Lafeu, 90

Pring in the admiration that we with thee

May spend or wonder too or take off thine

By wondering how thou took'st it

Laf

And not be all day neither

King Thus he his special nothing ever prologues

Nay, I'll fit you,

[*Exit*]

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA

Laf Nay, come your ways

King This haste hath wings indeed

Laf Nay, come your ways,

This is his majesty, say your mind to him

A traitor you do look like, but such traitors

His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,

That dare leave two together, fare you well 101

[*Exit*]

King Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel Ay, my good lord

Gerard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did profess, well found

King

I knew him

Hel The rather will I spare my praises towards him,

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,

Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling, 110

He bade me store up, as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two, more dear, I have so,

And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it and my appliance

With all bound humbleness

King

We thank you, maiden,

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us and

The congregated college have concluded 120

That labouring art can never ransom nature

From her inaidible estate, I say we must not

So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics, or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit to esteem

A senseless help when help past sense we deem

Hel My duty then shall pay me for my pains

I will no more enforce mine office on you,

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts 130

A modest one, to bear me back again

King I cannot give thee less, to be call'd

grateful

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I

give

As one near death to those that wish him live

But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,

I knowing all my peril thou no art

Hel What I can do can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest gainst remedy
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister 140
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown
When judges have been babes great floods have
flown

From simple sources and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied
Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits
King I must not hear thee fare thee well
kind maid

Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward 150

Hel Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd
It is not so with Him that all things knows
As tis with us that square our guess by shows
But most it is presumption in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men
Dear sir to my endeavours give consent
Of heaven not me make an experiment
I am not an impostor that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim
But know I think and think I know most sure 160
My art is not past power nor you past cure

King Art thou so confident? within what space
Honest thou my cure?

Hel The great st grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring
Ere twice in muck and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly 170
Health shall live free and sickness freely die

King Upon thy certainty and confidence
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness a divulged shame
Traduced by odious ballads my maiden's name
Scar'd otherwise nay worse—if worse—et
tended

With vilest torture let my life be ended

King Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak

His powerful sound within an organ weak
And what impossibility would slay 180
In common sense sense saves another way
Thy life is dear for all that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate
Youth beauty wisdom courage all
That happiness and prime can happen call
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate
Still infinite or monstrous desperate

Sweet practiser thy physic I will try
That ministers thine own death if I die
Hel If I break time or sinch in property 190
Of what I spoke unpitied let me die
And well deserved Nor helping death's my fee
But if I help what do you promise me?

King Make thy demand

Hel But will you make it even?

King Ay by my sceptre and my hopes of
heaven

Hel Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly
hand

What husband in thy power I will command
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France
My low and humble name to propagate 200
With any branch or image of thy state
But such a one thy vassal whom I know
Is free for me to ask thee to bestow

King Here is my hand the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served
So make the choice of thy own time for I
Thy resolved patient on thee still rely
More should I question thee and more I must
Though more to know could not be more to
trust

From whence thou camest how tended on but
rest 210

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted bliss
Give me some help here ho! If thou proceed
As high as word my deed shall march thy meed
[Flourish. *Exeunt*]

SCENE II Rousillon the Count's palace

Enter Countess and Clown

Count Come on sir I shall now put you to
the height of your breeding

Clo I will show myself highly fed and lowly
taught I know my business is but to the court

Count To the court? why what place make you
special when you put off that with such con-
tempt? But to the court!

Clo Truly madam, if God have lent a man any
manners he may easily put it off at court He
that cannot make a leg put off's cap kiss his
hand and say nothing has neither leg hands bp.
nor cap and indeed such a fellow to say pre-
cisely were not for the court but for me I have
an answer will serve all men

Count Marry that's a bountiful answer that
fits all questions

Clo It is like a barber's chair that fits all but
rocks the pin-buttock the quatch buttock the
brawn buttock, or any buttock

Count Well your answer serves fit to all ques-
tions? 21

Clo As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin

Count Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 31

Clo From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question

Count It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands

Clo But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it Here it is, and all that belongs to't Ask me if I am a courtier it shall do you no harm to learn 39

Count To be young again, if we could, I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off More, more, a hundred of them

Count Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you

Clo O Lord, sir! Thick, thick, spare not me

Count I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat

Clo O Lord, sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you 51

Count You were lately whipped, sir, as I think

Clo O Lord, sir! spare not me

Count Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "spare not me"? Indeed your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping, you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't

Clo I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever 61

Count I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain't so merrily with a fool

Clo O Lord, sir! why, there's serves well again

Count An end, sir, to your business Give Helen this

And urge her to a present answer back

Com' not alone to my kinsmen and my son This is not much

Clo No much commendation to them 70

Count Not much employment for you You will't to a'd me?

Clo Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs

Count Have you a? a n [Lafew's servant's]

SCENE III Paris the King's palace

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES

Laf They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear

Par Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times

Ber And so 'tis

Laf To be relinquished of the artists— 10

Par So I say

Laf Both of Galen and Paracelsus

Par So I say

Laf Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

Par Right, so I say

Laf That gave him out incurable—

Par Why, there 'tis, so say I too

Laf Not to be helped—

Par Right, as 'twere, a man assured of a—

Laf Uncertain life, and sure death 20

Par Just, you say well, so would I have said

Laf I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world

Par It is, indeed, if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor

Par That's it, I would have said the very same

Laf Why, your dolphin is not lustier 'Fore me, I speak in respect— 31

Par Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf Very hand of heaven

Par Ay, so I say

Laf In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence, which should indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[*pausing*] generally thankful

Par I would have said it, you say well Here comes the king

Enter KING, HELENA, and I Al'ter limits

LAFEU and PAROLLES retire

Laf Listening, as the Dutchman says I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a too h in my head Why he's able to lead her a coranto

Par Fort du courage! is not this Helen? 50

Laf Fort God I think so

King Go call before me all the lords in court Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side,

And with this healthful hand whose banish'd
sense

Thou hast repeal'd a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift
Which but attends thy naming

Enter three or four LORDS

Fair maid send forth thine eye This youthful
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing
Or whom both sovereign power and father's
voice 60

I have to use thy frank election make
Thou hast power to choose and they none to for
sake

Hel To each of you one fair and virtuous mis-
tress

Fall when Love please marry to each but one!

Laf I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken than these boys
And writ an little beard

King Peruse them well
Not one of those but had a noble father

Hel Gentlemen
Heaven hath through me restored the King to
health 70

All We understand it and thank heaven for
you

Hel I am a simple maid and therein wealthiest
That I protest I simply am a maid
Please it your Majesty I have done already
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me
"We blush that thou shouldst choose but be re-
fused

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever
We'll ne'er come there again

King Make choice and see
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me

Hel Now Dian, from thy altar do I fly 80
And to imperial Love that god most high
Do my sighs stream Sir will you hear my suit?

1st Lord And grant it

Hel Thanks sir all the
rest is mute

Laf I had rather be in this choice than throw
ames ace for my life

Hel The honour sir that flames in your fair
eyes

Before I speak too threateningly replies
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

2nd Lord No better if you please

Hel My wish receive 90
Which great Love grant and so I take my leave

Laf Do all they deny her? An they were sons of
mine I'd have them whipped or I would send

them to the Turk to make eunuchs of

Hel Be not afraid that I your hand should take
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune if you ever wed!

Laf These boys are boys of ice, they'll none
have her Sure they are bastards to the English
the French ne'er got em 101

Hel You are too young too happy and too
good

To make yourself a son out of my blood

4th Lord Fair one I think not so

Laf There's one grape yet I am sure thy father
drunk wine But if thou be'st not an ass I am a
youth of fourteen I have I nown thee already

Hel [To BERTRAM] I dare not say I take you
but I give

Me and my service ever whilst I live 110
Into your guiding power This is the man

King Why then young Bertram take her
she's thy wife

Ber My wife my liege! I shall beseech your
Highness

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes

King Know'st thou not Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber Yes my good lord
But never hope to know why I should marry her
King Thou know'st she has raised me from my
sickly bed

Ber But follows it my lord to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well
She had her breeding at my father's charge 121
A poor physician's daughter my wife! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her the
which

I can build up Strange is it that our bloods
Of colour weight and heat pour'd all together
Would quite confound distinction yet stand off
In differences so mighty If she be

All that is virtuous save what thou dislik'st
A poor physician's daughter thou dislik'st 130

Of virtue for the name But do not so
From low estate when virtuous things proceed

The place is dignified by the doer's deed
Where great additions swell and virtue none

Is a drop'st honour Good alone
Is good without a name Vileness is so

The property by what it is should go
Not by the title She is young wise fair

In these to nature she's immediate heir
And these breed honour That is honour's birth 141

Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sure Honours thrive

When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our foregoers The mere word's a slave
 Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed What should be
 said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
 I can create the rest Virtue and she 150

Is her own dower, honour and wealth from me
Ber I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't

King Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst
 strive to choose

Hel That you are well restored, my lord, I'm
 glad

Let the rest go

King My honour's at the stake, which to de-
 feat,

I must produce my power Here, take her hand,
 Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love and her desert, that canst not dream,
 We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 161
 Shall weigh thee to the beam, that wilt not know,
 It is in us to plant thine honour where
 We please to have it grow Check thy contempt
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good
 Believe not thy disdain, but presently
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy duty owes and our power claims,
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers and the careless lapse 170
 Of youth and ignorance, both my revenge and
 hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
 Without all terms of pity Speak, thine answer

Ber Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
 My fancy to your eyes When I consider
 What great creation and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
 Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
 The praised of the king, who, so ennobled,
 Is as 'twere born so

King Take her by the hand 180
 And tell her she is thine, to whom I promise
 A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
 A balance more replete

Ber I take her hand
King Good fortune and the favour of the king
 Smile upon this contract, whose ceremony
 Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
 And be perform'd to-night The solemn feast
 Shall move a rest upon the coming space
 I receive absent friends As thou lovest her
 Thy love to me religion, else does err 190

[*Exit all but LAKEU and PAROLLES*]

Laf [*Advancing*] Do you hear, monsieur? a
 word with you

Par Your pleasure, sir?

Laf Your lord and master did well to make his
 recantation

Par Recantation! My lord! my master!

Laf Ay, is it not a language I speak?

Par A most harsh one, and not to be understood
 without bloody succeeding My master!

Laf Are you companion to the Count Rousil-
 lon? 201

Par To any count, to all counts, to what is man

Laf To what is count's man Count's master is
 of another style

Par You are too old, sir, let it satisfy you, you
 are too old

Laf I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man, to
 which title age cannot bring thee 209

Par What I dare too well do, I dare not do

Laf I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a
 pretty wise fellow, thou didst make tolerable
 vent of thy travel, it might pass Yet the scarfs
 and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dis-
 suade me from believing thee a vessel of too great
 a burthen I have now found thee, when I lose
 thee again, I care not Yet art thou good for noth-
 ing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth

Par Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
 upon thee— 221

Laf Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
 thou hasten thy trial, which if—Lord have mercy
 on thee for a lien! So, my good window of lattice,
 fare thee well Thy casement I need not open,
 for I look through thee Give me thy hand

Par My lord, you give me most egregious in-
 dignity

Laf Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy
 of it 231

Par I have not, my lord, deserved it

Laf Yes, good faith, every dram of it, and I will
 not bate thee a scruple

Par Well I shall be wiser

Laf Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast
 to pull at a smack o' the contrary If ever thou
 be so bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt
 find what it is to be proud of thy bondage I have
 a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or
 rather my knowledge that I may say in the de-
 fault, 'He is a man I know'

Par My lord you do me most insupportable
 vexation

Laf I would it were hell pains for thy sake,
 and my poor doing eternal for doing I am part,
 as I will be thee in what motion age will give
 me leave [*Exit.*]

Par Well, thou hast a son shall take this

grace off me scurvy old filthy scurvy lord!
Well I must be patient there is no fettering of
authority I'll beat him by my life if I can meet
him with any convenience an he were double
and double a lord I'll have no more pity of his
age than I would have of—I'll beat him an if I
could but meet him again

Re-enter LAFEU

Laf Sirrah your lord and master's married
there's news for you You have a new mistress

Par I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship
to make some reservation of your wrongs He is
my good lord Whom I serve above is my master

Laf Who? God?

Par Ay sir

Laf The devil it is that's thy master Why dost
thou garter up thy arms in this fashion? dost
make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so?
Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy
nose stands By mine honour if I were but two
hours younger I'd beat thee Methinks thou art
a general offence and every man should beat
thee I think thou wert created for men to breathe
themselves upon thee

Par This is hard and undeserved measure my
lord

Laf Go to sir you were beaten in Italy for
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate you are a
vagabond and no true traveller you are more
saucy with lords and honourable personages than
the commission of your birth and virtue gives
you heraldry You are not worth another word
else I'd call you knave I leave you - *[Exit 281*

Par Good very good it is so then Good very
good let it be concealed awhile

Re-enter BERTRAM

Ber Undone and forfeited to cares forever!

Par What's the matter sweetheart?

Ber Although before the solemn priest I have
sworn,

I will not bed her

Par What what sweetheart?

Ber O my Parolles they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars and never bed her 290

Par France is a dog hole and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot To the wars!

Ber There's letters from my mother What the
import is I know not yet

Par Ay that would be known To the wars
my boy to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen

That hugs his licky wicky here at home

Spending his manly marrow in her arms

Which should sustain the bound and high curve

Of Mars's fiery steed To other regions 300
France is a stable we that dwell in t'jades'
Therefore to the war!

Ber It shall be so I'll send her to my house
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her
And wherefore I am fled write to the king
That which I durst not speak his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellows strike War is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife

Par Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

Ber Go with me to my chamber and advise me

I'll send her straight away To morrow 311

I'll to the wars she to her single sorrow

Par Why these balls bound there's noise in it

Tis hard!

A young man married is a man that's marr'd

Therefore away and leave her bravely go

The king has done you wrong but hush tis so

[Exit]

SCENE IV Paris the King's palace

Enter HELENA and CLOWN

Hel My mother greets me kindly Is she well?

Clo She is not well but yet she has her health
She's very merry but yet she is not well, but
thanks be given she's very well and wants noth-
ing in the world but yet she is not well

Hel If she be very well what does she ail
that she's not very well?

Clo Truly she's very well indeed but for two
things

Hel What two things?

Clo One that she's not in heaven whither God
send her quickly! the other that she's in earth
from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES

Par Bless you my fortunate lady!

Hel I hope sir I have your good will to have
mine own good fortunes

Par You had my prayers to lead them on and
to keep them on have them still O my knave
how does my old lady?

Clo So that you had her wrinkles and I her
money I would she did as you say 21

Par Why I say nothing

Clo Marry you are the wiser man for many a
man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing
To say nothing to do nothing to know nothing
and to have nothing is to be a great part of your
title which is within a very little of nothing

Par Away! thou'rt a knave

Clo You should have said sir before a knave
thou'rt a knave that's before me thou'rt a
knave this had been truth sir 31

Par Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee

Clo Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter

Par A good knave, I' faith, and well fed
Madam, my lord will go away to-night, 40

A very serious business calls on him
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge,

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint,
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy
And pleasure drown the brim

Hel What's his will else?

Par That you take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding, 50

Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need

Hel What more commands he?

Par That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure

Hel In everything I wait upon his will

Par I shall report it so

Hel I pray you [Exit PAROLLES]
Come, sirrah [Exeunt]

SCENE V Paris the King's palace

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM

Laf But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier

Ber Yes, my lord, and of very valiant proof

Laf You have it from his own deliverance

Ber And by other warranted testimony

Laf Then my dial goes not true I took this lark for a bunting

Ber I do assure you, my lord he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant

Laf I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour, and my state this way is dangerous since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent Here he comes, I pray you, make us friends, I will pursue the amity

Enter PAROLLES

Par [To BERTRAM] These things shall be done,

Laf Pray you sir who's his tailor?

Par Sir

Laf O, I know him well, I, sir, he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor

Ber [Aside to PAROLLES] Is she gone to the King?

Par She is

Ber Will she away to-night?

Par As you'll have her

Ber I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

Given order for our horses, and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,

End ere I do begin 29

Laf A good traveller in something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten God save you, captain

Ber Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure

Laf You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard, and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence

Ber It may be you have mistaken him, my lord

Laf And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut, the soul of this man is his clothes Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence, I have kept of them tame, and know their natures Farewell, monsieur I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil [Exit]

Par An idle lord, I swear

Ber I think so

Par Why, do you not know him?

Ber Yes I do know him well, and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass Here comes my clog

Enter HELENA

Hel I have, sir as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king and have procured his leave For present parting, only he desires 61
Some private speech with you

Ber I shall obey his will
You must not marvel Helen, at my course
Which holds no colour with the time, nor does
The humiliation and required office
On my particular Prepared I was not
For such a business therefore am I found
So much unsettled This drives me to entreat you
That present by you take your way for home
And rather hear me than ask why I entreat you,

For my respects are better than they seem
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself at the first view
To you that know them not This to my mother

Giving a letter

Twill be two days ere I shall see you so
I leave you to your wisdom

Hel Sir I can nothing say
But that I am your most obedient servant

Ber Come, come, no more of that

Hel And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune

Ber Let that go 81
My hate is very great Farewell his home

Hel Pray sir your pardon

Ber Well what would you say?

Hel I am not worthy of the wealth I owe
Nor dare I say tis mine and yet it is
But like a timorous thief most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own

Ber What would you have?
Hel Something and scarce so much nothing
indeed

I would not tell you what I would my lord
Faith yes 90

Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss

Ber I pray you stay not but in haste to horse

Hel I shall not break your bidding good my
lord

Ber Where are my other men, monsieur? Fare
well *[Exit HELENA]*

Go thou toward home where I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum
Away and for our flight

Par Bravely *coragio!*
[Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I Florence the Duke's palace

Flourish Enter the DUKE of FLORENCE, attended
the two French LORDS with a troop of soldiers

Duke So that from point to point now have you
heard

The fundamental reasons of this war
Whose great decision hath much blood let
forth

And more thirsts after

1st Lord Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part black and fearful
On the opposer

Duke Therefore we marvel much our cousin
France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom

Against our borrowing prayers

2nd Lord Good my lord
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man
That the great figure of a council frames
By self unable motion therefore dare not
Say what I think of it since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds misfail
As often as I guess d

Duke Be it his pleasure
1st Lord But I am sure the younger of our na-
ture

That surfeit on their ease will day by day
Come here for physic

Duke Welcome shall they be
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle You know your places well
When better fall for your avails they fell
To-morrow to the field *[Flourish Exeunt]*

SCENE II Roussillon the Count's palace

Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN

Count It hath happened all as I would have had
it save that he comes not along with her

Clo By my troth I take my young lord to be a
very melancholy man

Count By what observance I pray you?

Clo Why he will look upon his boot and sing
mend the ruff and sing ask questions and sing
pick his teeth and sing I know a man that had
this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for
a song 10

Count Let me see what he writes and when he
means to come *[Opening a letter]*

Clo I have no mind to Isabel since I was at court
Our old ling and our Isbels o the country are
nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o the
court The brains of my Cupid's knocked out
and I begin to love as an old man loves money
with no stomach

Count What have we here?

Clo Can that you have there *[Exit 20]*

Count *[Reads]* I have sent you a daughter un-
law She hath recovered the king and undone
me I have wedded her not bedded her and
sworn to make the not eternal You shall hear
I am run away know it before the report come
If there be breadth enough in the world I will
hold a long distance My duty to you

Your unfortunate son,
Bertram

This is not well rash and unbridled boy 30
To fly the favours of so good a king
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprising of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire

Re-enter CLOWN

Clo O madam, yonder is heavy news within
between two soldiers and my young lady¹

Count What is the matter?

Clo Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort, your son will not be killed so soon
as I thought he would 40

Count Why should he be killed?

Clo So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does The danger is in standing to't, that's the
loss of men, though it be the getting of children
Here they come will tell you more, for my part,
I only hear your son was run away [Exit

Enter HELENA and TWO FRENCH LORDS

1st Lord Save you, good madam

Hel Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone

2nd Lord Do not say so

Count Think upon patience Pray you, gentle-
men, 50

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't Where is my son, I pray
you?

2nd Lord Madam, he's gone to serve the duke
of Florence

We met him thitherward, for thence we
came,

And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again

Hel Look on his letter, madam, here's my
passport

[Reads] "When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger which never shall come off, and show me
a child begotten of thy body that I am father to,
then call me husband, but in such a 'then' I write
a 'never' "

This is a dreadful sentence

Count Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1st Lord Ay, madam,
And for the contents sake are sorry for our
pains

Count I prithee lady, have a better cheer,
If thou engrosses all the griefs are thine
Thou robbst me of a moiety He was my son,
Be I do wash his name out of my blood 70
And thou art all my child Towards Florence is
he?

2nd Lord Ay, madam

Count And to be a soldier?

1st Lord Such is his noble purpose and be-
lieve I

The Duke will lay upon him all the hono-
r

The good convenience claims

Count Return you thither?

1st Lord Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of
speed

Hel [Reads] "Till I have no wife, I have noth-
ing in France "

'Tis bitter

Count Find you that there?

Hel Ay, madam

1st Lord 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, hap-
py, which his heart was not consenting to 80

Count Nothing in France, until he have no wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him

But only she, and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon

And call her hourly mistress Who was with
him?

1st Lord A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have sometime known

Count Parolles, was it not?

1st Lord Ay, my good lady, he

Count A very tainted fellow, and full of wick-
edness

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement

1st Lord Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that too much,

Which holds him much to have

Count You're welcome, gentlemen

I will entreat you, when you see my son,

To tell him that his sword can never win

The honour that he loses More I'll entreat you

Written to bear along

2nd Lord We serve you, madam,

In that and all your worthiest affairs

Count Not so, but as we change our cour-
tesies 100

Will you draw near?

[Exit COUNTESS and the TWO LORDS]

Hel "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
France "

Nothing in France until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none Rousillon, none in France,

Then hast thou all again Poor lord! is it

That chase thee from thy country and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the non-sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes to be the mark 110

Of smoky muskers? O you leaden messengers,

That rule upon the violent speed of fire

I fly with false aim move the still peering air,

That sings with piercing do not touch my lord

Whoever shoots at him I set him there,

Whoever charges on his forehead breast

I am the cautiff that do hold him to't,

And, though I kill him not I am the cause

His death was so effected Better twere
 I met the raven when he roar'd 120
 With sharp constraint of hunger better twere
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once No come thou home Rou-
 sillon
 Whence honour but of danger was a scar
 As oft it loves all I will be gone
 My being here it is that holds thee hence
 Shall I stay here to do it? no no although
 The air of paradise did fan the house
 And angels offic'd all I will be gone
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight 130
 To console thine ear Come night end day
 For with the dark poor thief I'll steal away
 [Exit]

SCENE III Florence before the Duke's palace

Flourish Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM
 PAROLLES, Soldiers Drum and Trumpets

Duke The general of our horse thou art and
 we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune
 Ber Sir it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
 We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake
 To the extreme edge of hazard
 Duke Then go thou forth
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
 As thy auspicious mistress!
 Ber This very day
 Great Mars I put myself into thy file
 Make me but like my thoughts and I shall prove
 A lover of thy drum hater of love [Exeunt] 11

SCENE IV Rousillon the Count's palace

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD

Count Alas! and would you take the letter of
 her?
 Might you not know she would do as she has
 done
 By sending me a letter? Read it again
 Ste. [Reads]
 I am Saint Jacques pilgrim, thither gone
 Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
 That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended
 Write write, that from the bloody course of
 war
 My dearest master your dear son, may live
 Bless him at home in peace whilst I from far 10
 His name with zealous service sanctify
 His taken labours bid him me forgive
 I his despicable Juno sent him forth
 From courtly friends with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dogs the heels of
 worth
 He is too good and fair for Death and me
 Whom I myself embrace to set him free
 Count Ah what sharp stings are in her mildest
 words!
 Rinaldo you did never lack advice so much,
 As letting her pass so Had I spoke with her 20
 I could have well diverted her intents
 Which thus she hath prevented
 Ste. Pardon me, madam
 If I had given you this at over night
 She might have been content and yet she
 writes
 Pursuit would be but vain
 Count What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers whom heaven delights to
 hear
 And loves to grant relieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice Write, write, Rinaldo
 To this unworthy husband of his wife 30
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth
 That he does weigh too light My greatest grief
 Though little he do feel it set down sharply
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone
 He will return and hope I may that she
 Hearing so much will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love Which of them both
 Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction Provide this messenger 40
 My heart is heavy and mine age is weak
 Grief would have tears and sorrow bids me
 speak [Exit]

SCENE V Florence without the walls a
 tucket afar off

Enter an old widow of Florence DIANA VIOLENTA
 and MARIANA with other Citizens

What say come for if they do approach the
 city we shall lose all the sight
 Du They say the French Count has done most
 honourable service
 It is reported that he has taken their great-
 est commander and that with his own hand he
 slew the Duke's brother [Tucket] We have lost
 our labour they are gone a contrary way Mark!
 you may know by their trumpets
 Mar Come let's return again, and suffice our-
 selves with the report of it Well Diana take
 heed of this French earl The honour of a maid is
 her name and no legacy so rich as honesty
 It I have told my neighbour how you have
 been solicited by a gentleman his companion
 Mar I know that knave hang him! one Parol-

les, a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl Beware of them, Diana, their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under Many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost 30

Dia You shall not need to fear me

Wid I hope so

Enter HELENA, disguised like a Pilgrim

Look, here comes a pilgrim I know she will lie at my house, thither they send one another I'll question her God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel To Saint Jacques le Grand

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid At the Saint Francis here beside the port

Hel Is this the way?

Wid Ay, marry, is't

A march afar

Hark you! they come this way

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,

But till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged,

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as my self

Hel Is it yourself?

Wid If you shall please so, pilgrim

Hel I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure

Wid You came, I think, from France?

Hel I did so

Wid Here you shall see a countryman of yours

That has done worthy service 51

Hel His name, I pray you

Dia The Count Rousillon know you such a one?

Hel But in the ear, that hears most nobly of him

His face I know not

Dia Whatsome'er he is,

He's bravely taken here He stole from France

As 'tis reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking Think you it is so?

Hel Ay, surely, mere the truth I know his

Dia There is a gentleman that serves the Count

Peppers but cowardly of her

Hel What's his name? 60

Dia Monsieur Parolles

Hel O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth

Of the great Count himself, she is too mean

To have her name repeated All her deserving

Is a reserved honesty, and that

I have not heard examined

Dia Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife

Of a detesting lord

Wid I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly This young maid might do her 70

A shrewd turn, if she pleased

Hel How do you mean?

May be the amorous Count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose

Wid He does indeed,

And brokes with all that can in such a suit

Corrupt the tender honour of a maid

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard

In honestest defence

Mar The gods forbid else!

Wid So, now they come

Drum and Colours

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole army

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son,

That, Escalus

Hel Which is the Frenchman?

Dia He, 80

That with the plume 'Tis a most gallant fellow

I would he loved his wife If he were honest

He were much goodlier Is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel I like him well

Dia 'Tis pity he is not honest Yond's that same knave

That leads him to these places Were I his lady,

I would poison that vile rascal

Hel Which is he?

Dia That jack-an-apes with scarfs Why is he melancholy?

Hel Perchance he's hurt i' the battle 90

Par Lose our drum! well

Mar He's shrewdly vexed at something Look, he has spied us

Wid Marry, hang you!

Mar And your courtship, for a ring-carrier!

[Exit BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and army]

Wid The troop is past Come, pilgrim I will

bring you

Where you shall lose Of enjond penitence

There's so it or five to great Saint Jacques bound,

Already at my house

Hd I humbly thank you
Please it this matron and this gentle maid 100
To eat with us to-night the charge and thanking
Shall be for me and to requite you further
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note

Both We'll take your offer kindly
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI *Camp before Florence*

Enter BERTRAM and the TWO FRENCH LORDS

2nd Lord Nay good my lord put him to t let him have his way

1st Lord If your lordship find him not a hilding hold me no more in your respect

nd Lord On my life my lord a bubble

Ber Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

nd Lord Believe it my lord in mine own direct knowledge without any malice but to speak of him as my kinsman he's a most notable coward an infinite and endless liar an hourly promise breaker the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment

1st Lord It were fit you knew him lest reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you

Ber I would I knew in what particular action to try him 19

1st Lord None better than to let him fetch off his drum which you hear him so confidently undertake to do

nd Lord I with a troop of Florentines will suddenly surprise him such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy We will bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries when we bring him to our own tents Be but your lordship present at his examination If he do not for the promise of his life and in the highest compulsion of base fear offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you and that with the divine fork of his soul upon oath never trust my judgement in anything

1st Lord O for the love of laughter let him fetch his drum he says he has a stratagem for t When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in t and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted if you give him not John Drum's entertainment your inclining cannot be removed Here he comes

Enter PAROLLES

nd Lord [*Aside to BERTRAM*] O for the love of laughter hinder not the honour of his design Let

him fetch off his drum in any hand

Ber How now monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition

1st Lord A pox on t let it go tis but a drum 49

Par But a drum 'tis t but a drum 2 A drum so lost! There was excellent command—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings and to rend our own soldiers!

1st Lord That was not to be blamed in the command of the service It was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command

Ber Well we cannot greatly condemn our success Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum but it is not to be recovered 60

Par It might have been recovered

Ber It might but it is not now

Par It is to be recovered but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer I would have that drum or another or *his feet*

Ber Why if you have a stomach to t monsieur if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit If you speed well in it the Duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness

Par By the hand of a soldier I will undertake it

Ber But you must not now slumber in it

Par I'll about it this evening and I will presently pen down my dilemmas encourage myself in my certainty put myself into my mortal preparation and by midnight look to hear further from me

Ber May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par I know not what the success will be my lord but the attempt I vow

Ber I know thou art valiant and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee Farewell

Par I lose not many words [*Exit*]

nd Lord No more than a fish loves water Is not this a strange fellow my lord that so confidently seems to undertake this business which he knows is not to be done damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do it?

1st Lord You do not know him my lord as we do Certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries but when you find him out you have him ever after 101

Ber Why do you think he will make no deed

at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2nd Lord None in the world, but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him, you shall see his fall to night, for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. *109*

1st Lord We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we ease him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

2nd Lord I must go look my twigs. He shall be caught.

Ber Your brother he shall go along with me.

2nd Lord As't please your lordship I'll leave you. *[Exit]*

Ber Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

1st Lord But you say she's honest.

Ber That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once. *120*

And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send,

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature.

Will you go see her?

1st Lord With all my heart, my lord.

[Exeunt]

SCENE VII Florence the Widow's house

Enter HELENA and WIDOW

Hel If you misdoubt me that I am not she,

I know not how I shall assure you further,

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid Though my estate be fallen, I was well born,

Nothing acquainted with these businesses,

And would not put my reputation now

In any staining act.

Hel Nor would I wish you

First give me trust, the Count he is my husband.

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken

Is so free word to word and then you cannot,

By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, *11*

I'll bestowing it

Wid I should believe you

For you have shew'd me that which well approves

My re'great in fortune.

Hel Take this purse of gold,

And let me buy your friendly help thus far.

Which I will ever pay and pay again.

When I have found it. The Count he wooes your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,

Resolved to carry her. Let her in fine consent,

As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. *20*

Now his important blood will nought deny

That she'll demand. A ring the County wears,

That downward hath succeeded in his house

From son to son, some four or five descents

Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds

In most rich choice, y^e in his idle fire,

To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,

Howe'er repented after.

Wid

Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

29

Hel You see it lawful, then. It is no more,

But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,

Desires this ring, appoints him an encounter,

In fine, delivers me to fill the time,

Herself most chaste absent. After this,

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns

To what is past already.

Wid

I have yielded

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,

That time and place with this deceit so lawful

May prove coherent. Every night he comes

With musics of all sorts and songs composed. *40*

To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us

To chide him from our eaves, for he persists

As if his life lay on't.

Hel

Why then to-night

Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,

Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed

And lawful meaning in a lawful act,

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.

But let's about it. *[Exeunt]*

ACT IV

SCENE I Without the Florentine camp

Enter SECOND FRENCH LORD, with five or six other SOLDIERS in armour

2nd Lord He can come no other way but by

this hedge-corner. When you rally upon him

speak what terrible language you will. Though

you understand it not yourselves, no matter for

we must not seem to understand him unless some

one among us whom we must produce for an inter-

preter.

1st Sold Good captain let me be the inter-

preter.

2nd Lord Art not acquainted with him? knows

he not thy voice? *11*

1st Sold No sir I warrant you.

2nd Lord But what in ev' woolsey hath thou to

speak to us a, a, a?

1st Sold E'en such as you speak to me

nd Lord He must think us some band of strangers: the adversary is entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy: not to know what we speak one to another so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: choughs language gabble enough and good enough. As for you interpreter you must seem very politic. But couch: ho! here he comes to beguile two hours in a sleep: and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES

Par Ten o'clock within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me: and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy: but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it and of his creatures: not daring the reports of my tongue.

2nd Lord [*Aside in ambush*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum being not ignorant of the impossibility: and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say 'Came you off with so little?' and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore what's the instance? Tongue! I must put you into a butter woman's mouth and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule: if you prattle me into these perils.

nd Lord Is it possible he should know what he is and be that he is? 49

Par I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn: or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

nd Lord We cannot afford you so.

Par Or the baring of my beard: and to say it was in stratagem.

nd Lord 'I would not do.

Par Or to drown my clothes: and say I was stripped.

nd Lord Hardly serve.

Par Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel— 61

nd Lord How deep?

Par Thirty fathom.

nd Lord Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

rd Lord You shall hear one anon.
Par A drum now of the enemy's—

[*Alarm within*]

2nd Lord *Throa morousus cargo cargo cargo 71*
All Cargo cargo cargo *alluntis par corbo cargo*

Par O ransom ransom! do not hide mine eyes—

They seize on I blindfold him

1st Sold *Boskos thronul to boskos*

Par I know you are the Maskos regiment. And I shall lose my life for want of language. If there be here German or Dane, low Dutch, Italian or French, let him speak to me. I'll discover that which shall undo the Florentine. 80
1st Sold *Boskos curia to* I understand thee and can speak thy tongue. *Herlybonto sir* betake thee to thy faith: for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par O!

1st Sold O pray pray pray! *Manka re-mia dulche*

nd Lord *Oscorbudichas volivoro*

1st Sold The general is content to spare thee yet.

And hoodwink'd as thou art will lead thee on go. To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform something to save thy life.

Par O let me live!

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show. Their force their purposes nay I'll speak that Which you will wonder at.

1st Sold But wilt thou faithfully?

Par If I do not damn me.

1st Sold *Acordo linta*

Come on: thou art granted space.

[*Exit with PAROLLES guarded. A short alarm within*]

2nd Lord Go tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother.

We have caught the woodcock and will keep him muffled. 100

Till we do hear from them.

nd Sold Captain I will.

nd Lord A will betray us all unto ourselves. Inform on that.

2nd Sold So I will sir.

2nd Lord Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II Florence the Widow's house

Enter HERTRAM and DIANA

Her They told me that your name was Fortinbell.

Dia No my good lord, Diana.

Her Titled goddess.

And worth it with addition! But fair soul

In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet self was got

Du She then was honest

Be So should you be

Du No

My mother did but duty, such, my lord,

As you owe to your wife

Be No more o'that,

I prithee, do not strive against my vows

I was compell'd to her, but I love thee

By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service

Du Ay, so you serve us

Till we serve you, but when you have our roses,

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves

And mock us with our bareness

Be How have I sworn! 20

Du 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the
truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the High'st to witness Then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by God's great attributes,

I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths,

When I did love you ill? This has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him, therefore your
oaths

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd, 30

At least in my opinion

Be Change it, change it,

Be not so holy-cruel Love is holy,

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover Say thou art mine, and ever

My love as it begins shall so persevere

Du I see that men make ropes in such a scarce

That we'll forsake ourselves Give me that ring

Be I'll lend it thee my dear, but have no
power 40

To give it from me

Du Will you not, my lord?

Be It is an honour bringing to our house,

Perpetual down from many ancestors

Which were the greatest obloquy the world

has to lose

Du Mine honour's such a ring

My dear's as the jewel of our house,

Perpetual down from many ancestors,

Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion Honour on my part, 50
Against your vain assault

Be Here, take my ring

My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,

And I'll be bid by thee

Du When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber-window

I'll order take my mother shall not hear

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me

My reasons are most strong, and you shall
know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd, 60

And on your finger in the night I'll put

Another ring, that what in time proceeds

May token to the future our past deeds

Adieu, till then, then, fail not You have won

A wife of me though there my hope be done

Be A heaven on earth I have won by wooing
thee [Exit

Du For which live long to thank both heaven
and me!

You may so in the end

My mother told me just how he would woo,

As if she sat in's heart, she says all men 70

Have the like oaths He had sworn to marry me

When his wife's dead, therefore I'll lie with him

When I am buried Since Frenchmen are so braid,

Marry that will, I live and die a maid

Only in this disguise I think't no sin

To cozen him that would unjustly win [Exit

SCENE III The Florentine camp

Enter the TWO FRENCH LORDS and some two or three
SOLDIERS

1st Lord You have not given him his mother's
letter?

2nd Lord I have delivered it an hour since
There is something in't that stings his nature, for
on the reading it he changed almost into another
man

1st Lord He has much worthy blame laid upon
him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet
a lady 9

2nd Lord Especially he hath incurred the ex-
lasting displeasure of the King, who had even
tuned his bow to sing happiness to him I will
tell you a thing but you shall let it dwell darkly
with you

1st Lord When you have spoken us dead,
and I am the grave of it

2nd Lord He hath perverted a young gentle-
woman here in Florence, of a most chaste re-

noun and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour. He hath given her his monumental ring and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1st Lord Now God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves what things are we!

2nd Lord Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorred ends so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 30

1st Lord Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2nd Lord Not till after midnight for he is dieted to his hour.

1st Lord That approaches apace I would gladly have him see his company anatomized that he might take a measure of his own judgments wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeiter. 40

2nd Lord We will not meddle with him till he come for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1st Lord In the mean time what hear you of these wars?

2nd Lord I hear there is an overture of peace.

1st Lord Nay I assure you a peace concluded.

2nd Lord What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher or return again into France? 52

1st Lord I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

2nd Lord Let it be forbid, sir so should I be a great deal of his act.

1st Lord Sir his wife some two months since fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le Grand which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished and there residing the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief in fine made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven. 60

2nd Lord How is this justified?

1st Lord The stronger part of it by her own letters which makes her story true even to the point of her death. Her death itself which could not be her office to say is come was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place. 69

2nd Lord Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1st Lord Ay and the particular confirmations point from point to the full arriving of the verity.

2nd Lord I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1st Lord How mightily sometimes we make

us comforts of our losses!

2nd Lord And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1st Lord The web of our life is of a mingled yarn good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a MESSENGER

How now! where's your master?

Mess He met the Duke in the street sir of whom he hath taken a solemn leave. His lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

2nd Lord They shall be no more than needful there if they were more than they can commend.

1st Lord They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

Enter BERTRAM

How now my lord! is it not after midnight?

Ber I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses a month's length a piece by an abstract of success. I have congied with the Duke done my adieu with his nearest buried a wife mourned for her writ to my lady mother I am returning entertained my convoy and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs. The last was the greatest but that I have not ended yet.

2nd Lord If the business be of any difficulty and this morning your departure hence it requires haste of your lordship. 109

Ber I mean the business is not ended as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come bring forth this counterfeiter module has deceived me like a double meaning prophetess.

2nd Lord Bring him forth. Has sat the stocks all night poor gallant knave.

Ber No matter his heels have deserved it in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 110

2nd Lord I have told your lordship already the stocks carry him. But to answer you you would be understood he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Mortan, whom he supposes to be a friar from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting in the stocks and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber Nothing of me has a?

2nd Lord His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face If your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it

Enter PAROLLES guarded, and FIRST SOLDIER

Ber A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me Hush, hush!

1st Lord Hoodman comes! *Portotartarosa*

1st Sold He calls for the tortures What will you say without 'em?

Par I will confess what I know without constraint If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more 141

1st Sold *Bosko chimmureho*

1st Lord *Boblibindo chcurmureco*

1st Sold You are a merciful general Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note

Par And truly, as I hope to live

1st Sold *[Reads]* "First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong" What say you to that? 150

Par Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live

1st Sold Shall I set down your answer so?

Par Do I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will

Ber All's one to him What a past saving slave is this! 159

1st Lord You're deceived, my lord, this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger

2nd Lord I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly

1st Sold Well that's set down 169

Par Five or six thousand horse I said—I will say true—or thereabouts, set down for I'll speak truth

1st Lord He's very near the truth in this

Ber But I can him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it

1st Poor rogues I pray you say

1st Sold Well that's set down

Par Humbly thank you sir A truth's a truth the rogues are marvellous poor 179

1st Sold *[Reads]* Demand of him of what

1st Lord He's a fool What say you to that?

Par By my troth sir if I were to live this year I will tell true Let me see *[Sings]* *There's a good boy, Selva 127 so many, Cora n*

bus, so many, Jaques, so many, Guitian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Grati, two hundred and fifty each, mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentu, two hundred and fifty each so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll, half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces

Ber What shall be done to him?

1st Lord Nothing, but let him have thanks Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke

1st Sold Well, that's set down *[Reads]* "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman, what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars, or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt" What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the inter'gatories Demand them singly

1st Sold Do you know this Captain Dumain? 210

Par I know him A' was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay

FIRST LORD raises his hand as if to strike him

Ber Nay, by your leave, hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls

1st Sold Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? 219

Par Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy

1st Lord Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your lordship anon

1st Sold What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band I think I have his letter in my pocket

1st Sold Marry, well search 229

Par In good sadness I do not know, either it is there or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent

1st Sold Here 'tis, here's a paper shall I read it to you?

Par I do not know if it be it or no

Ber Our interpreter does it well

1st Lord Excellently

1st Sold *[Reads]* "Dian the Court's a fool and full of gold"

Par That is not the Duke's letter, sir that is an interment to a proper maid in I do once one Diana to take heed of the allurement of one Court Romillon, a foolish idle boy, let for all

that very ruttish I pray you sir put it up again
1st Sold Nay I'll read it first by your favour

Par My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalf of the maid for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy who is a whale to virginity and devours up all the fry it finds 250

Ber Damnable both sides rogue!

1st Sold [Reads] When he swears oaths bid him drop gold and take it

After he score he never pays the score
Half won a match well made march and well make it

He ne'er pays after-debts take it before
And say a soldier Dian told thee thus
Men are to sell with boys are not to kiss
For count of this the Count's a fool I know it
Who pays before but not when he does it we it
Thine as he vowed to thee in thine ear 260

Parolles

Ber He shall be whipped through the army with this rhyme in in's torchhead

2nd Lord This is your devoted friend sir the manifold linguist and the armipotent soldier

Ber I could endure anything before but a cat and now he's a cat to me

1st Sold I perceive sir by the general's looks we shall be fain to hang you 269

Par My life sir in any case Not that I am afraid to die but that my offences being many I would repent out the remainder of nature Let me live sir in a dungeon in the stocks or any where so I may live

1st Sold Well see what may be done so you confess freely therefore once more to this Captain Dumain You have answered to his reputation with the Duke and to his valour What is his honesty? 279

Par He will steal sir an egg out of a cloister for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus he professes not keeping of oaths in breaking em he is stronger than Hercules he will lie sir with such volubility that you would think truth were a fool drunkenness is his best virtue for he will be swine-drunk and in his sleep he does little harm save to his bed-clothes about him but they know his conditions and lay him in straw I have but little more to say sir of his honesty He has everything that an honest man should not have what an honest man should have he has nothing

1st Lord I begin to love him for this

Ber For this description of thine honesty?

A pox upon him for me he's more and more a cat

1st Sold What say you to his expertness in war?

Par Faith sir has led the drum before the English tragedians as belie him I will not and more of his soldiery I know not except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end to instruct sir the doubling of files I would do the man what honour I can but of this I am not certain

1st Lord He hath out villain'd villainy so far that the rarity redeems him

Ber A pox on him he's a cat still

1st Sold His qualities being at this poor price I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt 310

Par Sir for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee simple of his salvation the inheritance of it and cut the entail from all remainders and a perpetual succession for it perpetually

1st Sold What's his brother the other Captain Dumain?

2nd Lord Why does he ask him of me?

1st Sold What's he?

Par Even a crow of the same nest not altogether so great as the first in goodness but greater a great deal in evil He excels his brother for a coward yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is, in a retreat he outruns any lackey marry in coming on he has the cramp

1st Sold If your life be saved will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par Ay and the captain of his horse Count Rousillon

1st Sold I'll whisper with the general and know his pleasure 330

Par [Aside] I'll no more drumming a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count have I run into this danger yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

1st Sold There is no remedy sir but you must die The general says you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held can serve the world for no honest use therefore you must die Come headsman off with his head!

Par O Lord sir let me live or let me see my death!

1st Sold That shall you and take your leave of all your friends [Unblinding him]
So look about you know you are here?

Ber Good-morrow noble captain 349

2nd Lord God bless you Captain Parolles

1st Lord God save you noble captain

2nd Lord Captain what greeting will you to my Lord Lafew? I am for France

1st Lord Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you but fare you well

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM and LORDS

1st Sold You are undone, captain, all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet 359

Par Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1st Sold If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation Fare ye well, sir, I am for France too We shall speak of you there

[*Exit with* SOLDIERS

Par Yet am I thankful If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this Captain I'll be no more, But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall Simply the thing I am Shall make me live Who knows himself a braggart, 370

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive I'll after them [*Exit*

SCENE IV Florence the Widow's house

[*Enter* HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA

Hel That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety, 'fore whose throne 'tis needful

Let I can perfect mine intents, to kneel Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life, which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks I duly am inform'd His Grace is at Marcellus, to which place We have convenient convey You must know I am supposed dead The army breaking, 11 My husband hies him home, where, heaven aiding

And by the leave of me, good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome

Hel Gentle madam You never had a servant to whose trust

You business was more welcome

Hel Nor you mistress Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labo'r In recompense your love Doubt not but heaven Has brought me up to be your daughter's dowry, And to his other to be my motive 20 And to his hand But, O strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night So lust doth play With what it loathes for that which is away But more of this hereafter You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf

Dia Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer

Hel Yet, I pray you 30 But with the word the time will bring on summer

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp We must away, Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us All's well that ends well Still the fine's the crown,

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V Rousillon the Count's palace

[*Enter* COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN

Laf No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red tailed humble-bee I speak of

Count I would I had not known him, it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love

Laf 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady, we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb

Clo Indeed sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad or rather the herb of grace

Laf They are not herbs, you knave, they are nose herbs 20

Clo I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass

Laf Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave or a fool

Clo A fool sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's

Laf Your distinction?

Clo I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service

Laf So you were a knave at his service indeed! 31

Clo And I would give his wife my bundle, sir, and do her service.

Laf I will subscribe for thee thou art both knave and fool

Clo At your service

Laf No no no

Clo Why sir if I cannot serve you I can serve as great a prince as you are

Laf Who is that? a Frenchman? 40

Clo Faith sir, a has an English name but his fisonomy is more hotter in France than there

Laf What prince is that?

Clo The Black Prince sir alias the Prince of Darkness alias the devil

Laf Hold thee there's my purse I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of serve him still

Clo I am a woodland fellow sir that always loved a great fire and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire But sure he is the prince of the world let his nobility remain in's court I am for the house with the narrow gate which I take to be too little for pomp to enter Some that humble themselves may but the many will be too chill and tender and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire

Laf Go thy ways I begin to be awary of thee and I tell thee so before because I would not fall out with thee Go thy ways Let my horses be well looked to without any tricks

Clo If I put any tricks upon em sir they shall be jades tricks which are their own right by the law of nature [Exit]

Laf A shrewd knave and an unhappy

Count So he is My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him By his authority he remains here which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness and indeed he has no pace but runs where he will 71

Laf I like him well tis not amiss And I was about to tell you since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty out of a self-gracious remembrance did first propose His Highness hath promised me to do it and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter How does your ladyship like it?

Count With very much content my lord and I wish it happily effected

Laf His Highness comes post from Marseilles of as able body as when he numbered thirty He will be here to-morrow or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed

Count It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see

him ere I die I have letters that my son will be here to-night I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together

Laf Madam I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted

Count You need but plead your honourable privilege

Laf Lady of that I have made a bold charter but I thank my God it holds yet

Re-enter CLOWN

Clo O madam yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face Whether there be a scar under t or no the velvet knows but tis a goodly patch of velvet His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare

Laf A scar nobly got or a noble scar is a good livery of honour so belike is that

Clo But it is your carbonadoed face

Laf Let us go see your son I pray you I long to talk with the young noble soldier 109

Clo Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod in every man [Exit]

ACT V

SCENE I Marseilles a street

Enter HELENA WIDOW and DIANA with two Attendants

Hel But this exceeding posting day and night Must wear your spirits low we cannot help it But since you have made the days and nights as one

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs Be bold you do so grow in my requital As nothing can unroot you In happy time

Enter a GENTLEMAN A STRANGER

This man may help me in his Majesty's ear If he would spend his power God save you sir
Gent And you

Hel Sir I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent I have been sometimes there 11

Hel I do presume sir that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions Which lay nice manners by I put you to The use of your own virtues for the which I shall continue thankful

Gent What's your will?

Hel That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king And aid me with that store of power you have 20 To come into his presence

Gent The king's not here

Hel Not here, sir!
Gent Not, indeed
 He hence remov'd last night and with more haste
 Than is his use

Wid Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel All's well that ends well yet,
 Though time seem so adverse and means unfit
 I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,
 Whither I am going

Hel I do beseech you, sir,
 Since you are like to see the King before me, 30
 Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
 Which I presume shall render you no blame
 But rather make you thank your pains for it
 I will come after you with what good speed
 Our means will make us means

Gent This I'll do for you
Hel And you shall find yourself to be well
 thank'd,

Whate'er falls more We must to horse again
 Go, go, provide [Exeunt

SCENE II *Rousillon before the Count's palace*

Enter CLOWN, and PAROLLES, following

Par Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord
 Lafew this letter I have ere now, sir, been better
 known to you, when I have held familiarity with
 fresher clothes, but I am now, sir, muddled in
 fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of
 her strong displeasure

Clo Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish,
 if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of I will
 henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering
 Prithce, allow the wind

Par Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir,
 I spake but by a metaphor

Clo Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stunk, I will
 stop my nose, or against any man's metaphor
 Prithce get thee further

Par Pray you sir, deliver me this paper
Clo Ioh! prithce stand away A paper from
 fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman!
 Look, here he comes himself 19

Enter LAFEW

Here is a purr of fortune's sir, or of fortune's cat
 —but not a much — that has fallen into the
 unclear fish-pond of her displeasure and as he
 says is muddled withal Pray you sir use the
 cap as you may, for he looks like a poor, de-
 ceiv'd ingenious foolish, rascally brave I do
 pity his distress in my smiles of comfort and
 laugh at your lordship [Exit

Par My lord I am a man whom fortune hath
 cruelly scratched 29

Laf And what would you have me to do? 'Tis
 too late to pare her nails now Wherein have
 you play'd the knave with fortune, that she
 would scratch you, who of herself is a good lady
 and would not have knaves thrive long under
 her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you Let the
 justices make you and fortune friends I am for
 other business

Par I beseech your honour to hear me one
 single word

Laf You beg a single penny more Come, you
 shall ha't, save your word 40

Par My name, my good Lord, is Parolles

Laf You beg more than "word," then Cox
 my passion! give me your hand How does your
 drum?

Par O my good lord, you were the first that
 found me!

Laf Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that
 lost thee

Par It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in
 some grace, for you did bring me out 50

Laf Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon
 me at once both the office of God and the devil?
 One brings thee in grace and the other brings
 thee out [Trumpets sound] The King's coming,
 I know by his trumpets Sirrah inquire further
 after me, I had talk of you last night Though
 you are a fool and a knave you shall eat, go to,
 follow

Par I praise God for you [Exeunt

SCENE III *Rousillon the Count's palace*

*Flourish Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEW, the TWO
 FRENCH LORDS, with Attendants*

King We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
 Was made much poorer by it, but your son,
 As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
 Her estimation home

Court 'Tis past, my liege,
 And I beseech your Majesty to make it
 Natural rebellion done: the blaze of youth,
 When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
 O'erbears it and burns on

King My honour'd lady,
 I have forgiven and forgotten all,
 Though my revenges were high bent upon him
 And watch'd the time to show

Laf Thus I must say 11
 But first I beg my pardon the young lord
 Did to his Majesty his mother and his lady
 Offence of mighty note but to himself
 The greatest wrong of all He to a wife
 Who e'er brags did as on this the survey
 Of richer eyes who e'er words all ears took captive
 true

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to
serve
Humbly call'd mistress
King Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear Well call him
hither 20
We are reconciled and the first view shall kill
All repetition Let him not ask our pardon
The nature of his great offence is dead
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it Let him approach
A stranger no offender and inform him
So tis our will he should

1st Lord I shall my liege [*Exit*
King What says he to your daughter? have
you spoke?

Laf All that he is hath reference to your high
ness

King Then shall we have a match I have
letters sent me 30

That set him high in fame

Enter BERTRAM

Laf He looks well on't

King I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way so stand thou forth
The time is fair again

Ber My high repented blames
Dear sovereign pardon to me

King All is whole
Not one word more of the consumed time
Let's take the instant by the forward top
For we are old and on our quick set decrees 40
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber Admiringly my liege at first
I stuck my choice upon her ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue
Where the impression of mine eye infixing
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me
Which warp'd the line of every other favour
Scorn'd a fair colour or express'd it stolen 50
Extended or contracted all proportions

To a most hideous object thence it came
That she whom all men praised and whom my
self

Since I have lost have loved, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it

King Well excus'd
That thou didst love her strikes some scores
away
From the great contempt but love that comes too
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried
To the great sender turns a sour offence
Crying That's good that's gone Our rash
faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have
Not knowing them until we know their grave
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust
Our own love waking cries to see what's done
While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon
Be this sweet Helen's knell and now forget her
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin
The main consents are had and here we'll stay
To see our widow's second marriage day 70

Count Which better than the first O dear
heaven bless!

Or ere they meet in me, O nature cease!

Laf Come on my son in whom my house's
name

Must be digested give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter
That she may quickly come [*BERTRAM gives a
ring*] By my old beard

And every hair that's on't Helen that's dead
Was a sweet creature Such a ring as this
The last that e'er I took her leave at court
I saw upon her finger

Ber Hers it was not 80

King Now pray you let me see it for mine
eye

While I was speaking oft was fasten'd to't
This ring was mine and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitated to help that by this token
I would relieve her Had you that craft to reave
her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber My gracious sovereign
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so
The ring was never hers

Count Son on my life
I have seen her wear it and she reckon'd it 90
At her life's rate

Laf I am sure I saw her wear it

Ber You are deceiv'd, my lord she never saw
it

In Florence was it from a casket thrown me
Wrapp'd in a paper which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it Noble she was and thought
I stood engag'd but when I had subscribed
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture she ceased
In heavy satisfaction and would never
Receive the ring again 100

King Plutus himself

That knows the tinct and multiply ing medicine,
Hath not in nature's my stery more science
Than I have in this ring 'Twas mine, 'twas
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-
ment

You got it from her She call'd the saints to
surety

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 110
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster

Her She never saw it

King Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
honour,

And makest conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so—
And yet I know not Thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my self, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring Take him away 120

Guards seize BERTRAM

My fore past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little Away with him!
We'll sift this matter further

Her If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was [*Exit, guarded*]
King I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings

FRIET & GENTLEMAN

Gen Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not
Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant who by this I know
Is here attending Her business looks in her
With an importing visage and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highness with herself

King [*Reads*] "Upon his many protestations to
marry me when his wife was dead I blush to say
he won me Now is the Count Roussillon a
witness His vows are forfeited to me, and my
honour paid to him He stole from Florence,
taking me leave and I follow him to his country
for justice Grant it me, O king! in you it best
his behaviour a seducer flourisheth and a poor
modest one." Diana Capilet

Las I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll for this I'll none of him

King The heavens have thought well on thee,
Lafeu, 150

To bring forth this discovery Seek these suitors
Go speedily and bring again the Count
I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd

Count Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded

King I wonder, sir, sith wives are monsters to
you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lord-
ship,
Yet you desire to marry

Enter WIDOW and DIANA

What woman's that?

Dia I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet
My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160
And therefore know how far I may be pitied
Wid I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy
King Come hither, Count, do you know these
women?

Her My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them Do they charge me fur-
ther?

Dia Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Her She's none of mine, my lord

Dia If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine, 170
You give away heavens vows, and those are
mine,

You give away my self, which is known mine,
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both or none

Las Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter, you are no husband for her

Her My lord this is a fond and desperate crea-
ture

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with Let your
Highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 180
Than for to think that I would sink it here

King Sir for my thought, you have them ill to
friend

Till your deeds pain them, fairer prove your
honour

Than my thought lies

Du Good my lord
Ask him upon his oath if he does think
He had not my virginity

King What say'st thou to her?

Ber She's impudent my lord
And was a common gamester to the camp

Du He does me wrong my lord if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price
Do not believe him O behold this ring
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp
If I be one

Court He blushes and tis it
Of six preceding ancestors that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue
Hath it been owed and worn This is his wife
That ring's a thousand proofs

King Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it 200

Du I did my lord but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument His name's Parolles

Laf I saw the man to-day if man he be

King Find him and bring him hither

[Exit an Attendant]

Ber What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots in the world tax'd and de-
bosh'd

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter
That will speak anything?

King She hath that ring of yours

Ber I think she has Certain it is I liked her
And boarded her in the wanton way of youth 211
She knew her distance and did angle for me
Madding my eagerness with her restraint
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy and in fine
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace
Subdued me to her rate She got the ring
And I had that which any inferior might
At market price have bought

Du I must be patient
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife 20
May justly diet me I pray you yet
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband
Send for your ring I will return it home,
And give me mine again

Ber I have it not

King What ring was yours I pray you?

Du Sir much like
The same upon your finger

King Know you this ring? this ring was his of
late

Du And thus was it I gave him, being abed

King The story then goes false, you threw it
him

Out of a casement

Du I have spoke the truth. 230

Enter PAROLLES

Ber My lord I do confess the ring was hers

King You boggle shrewdly every feather
starts you

Is this the man you speak of?

Du Ay my lord

King Tell me sirrah but tell me true, I charge
you

Not fearing the displeasure of your master
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par So please your Majesty my master hath
been an honourable gentleman Tricks he hath
had in him which gentlemen have 240

King Come come to the purpose Did he love
this woman?

Laf Faith sir he did love her but how?

King How I pray you?

Par He did love her sir as a gentleman loves a
woman

King How is that?

Par He loved her sir and lov'd her not

King As thou art a knave and no knave What
an equivocal companion is this? 250

Par I am a poor man and at your Majesty's
command

Laf He's a good drum my lord but a naughty
orator

Du Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par Faith I know more than I'll speak

King But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par Yes so please your Majesty I did go be-
tween them as I said but more than that he
lov'd her for indeed he was mad for her and
talk'd of Saran and of Lambo and of Furies and I
know not what yet I was in that credit with
them at that time that I knew of their going to
bed and of other motions as promising her mar-
riage and things which would derive me ill will
to speak of therefore I will not speak what I
know

King Thou hast spoken all already unless thou
canst say they are married but thou art too fine
in thy evidence therefore stand aside 70

This ring you say was yours?

Du Ay my good lord

King Where did you buy it? or who gave it
you?

Du It was not given me nor I did not buy it

King Who lent it you?

Du It was not lent me neither

King Where did you find it, then?
Du I found it not
King If it were yours by none of all these ways,
 How could you give it him?

Du I never gave it him
Laf This woman's an easy glove, my lord, she goes off and on at pleasure

King This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife 280

Du It might be yours or hers, for aught I know
King Take her away, I do not like her now,
 To prison with her, and away with him
 Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
 Thou diest within this hour

Du I'll never tell you

King Take her away

Du I'll put in bail, my liege

King I think thee now some common customer

Du By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you

King Wherefore hast thou accused him all this while? 289

Du Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty,
 He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't,
 I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life,
 I am either maid, or else this old man's wife

King She does abuse our ears To prison with her

Du Good mother, fetch my bail Stay, royal sir [Exit widow]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
 And he shall surety me But for this lord,
 Who hath abused me, as he knows himself,
 Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him
 He knows himself my bed he hath defiled, 301
 And at that time he got his wife with child
 Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick
 So there's my riddle one that's dead is quick
 And now behold the meaning

Re-enter widow, with IIIIENA

King Is there no exorcist
 To purge the trust office of mine eyes?
 Is't real that I see?

Id No my good lord

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,

The name and not the thing

Ber Both, both O, pardon!

Hel O my good lord, when I was like this maid, 310

I found you wondrous kind There is your ring,

And look you, here's your letter, this it says

"When from my finger you can get this ring

And are by me with child," &c This is done

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly

Hel If it appear not plain and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O my dear mother, do I see you living? 320

Laf Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon

[To PAROLLES] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher So,

I thank thee, wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee

Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones

King Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow

[To DIANA] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower,

For I can guess that by thy honest aid

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thy self a maid 330

Of that and all the progress, more and less,

Resolutely more leisure shall express

All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,

The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet

[Flourish]

EPH OGUR

King The king's a beggar, now the play is done

All is well ended if this suit be won,

That you express content, which we will pay,

With strife to please you day exceeding day

Ours be your patience then and yours our parts,

Your gentle hands lend us and take our hearts

[Exeunt] 340

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO *the Duke*
 ANGELO *the Deputy*
 ESCALUS *an ancient Lord*
 CLAUDIO *a young gentleman*
 LUCIO *a fantastic*
 TWO GENTLEMEN
 PROVOST
 THOMAS | *two friars*
 PETER |
 A JUSTICE
 VARRILS
 ELBOW *a simple constable*
 FROTH *a foolish gentleman*
 POMPEY *servant to Mistress Overdone*
 ABHORSON *an executioner*

BARNARDINE *a dissolute prisoner*
 A BOY
 A MESSENGER
 A SERVANT to Angelo

ISABELLA *sister to Claudio*
 MARIANA *betrothed to Angelo*
 JULIET *belov'd of Claudio*
 FRANCISCA *a nun*
 MISTRESS OVERDONE *a bawd*

NON-SPEAKING *Lords Officers Citizens and Attendants*

SCENE *Vienna*

ACT I

SCENE I *An apartment in the Duke's palace*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS *Lords and Attendants*

Duke Escalus

Escal My lord

Duke Of government the properties to unfold
 Would seem in me to affect speech and dis-
 course

Since I am put to know that your own science
 Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
 My strength can give you Then no more re-
 mains

But that to your sufficiency

as your worth is able,

And let them work The nature of our people,
 Our city's institutions and the terms

For common justice you're as pregnant in

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember There is our commission,
 From which we would not have you warp Call
 hither

I say bid come before us Angelo

[Exit an Attendant]

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply

Lent him our terror dress'd him with our love

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power What think you of it?

Escal If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour

It is Lord Angelo

Duke Look where he comes

Enter ANGELO

Ang Always obedient to your Grace I will
 I come to know your pleasure

Duke Angelo

There is a kind of character in thy life
 That to the observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold Thy self and thy belongings 30
 Are not thine own so proper as to waste
 Thyself upon thy virtues they on thee
 Heaven doth with us as we with torches do
 Not light them for themselves for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us were all alike
 As if we had them not Spirits are not finely
 touch'd

But to fine issues nor Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence

But like a thrifty goddess she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor 40

Both thanks and use But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise

Hold therefore Angelo

In our remove be thou at full yourself,

Mortality and mercy in Vienna

Live in thy tongue and heart Old Escalus

Though first in question is thy secondary

Take thy commission

Ang Now good my lord

Let there be some more test made of my metal

Before so noble and in great a figure 50

Be stamp'd upon it

Duke No more evasion

We have with a leav'd and prepared choice

Proceeded to you therefore take your honours

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here So, fare you well
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60
Of your commissions

Arg Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way
Duke My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple, your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good Give me your hand,
I'll privily away I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70
Their loud applause and Aves vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it Once more fare you well

Ang The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Frial Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke I thank you Fare you well [*Exit*]

Frial I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you, and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed 81

Ang 'Tis so with me Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point

Frial I'll wait upon your honour [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II A street

Enter LUCIO and TWO GENTLEMEN

Lucio If the Duke with the other dukes come
not to composition with the King of Hungary,
why then all the dukes fall upon the King

1st Gent Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
King of Hungary's!

2nd Gent Amen

Lucio Thou concludest like the sanctimonious
friar that went to sea with the Ten Command-
ments he scraped one out of the table

1st Gent Thou shalt not steal 10
Lucio Ay that he razed

1st Gent Why was a court handman to com-
mend the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions they put forth to steal There's no soldier
of us all that, in the thanks, wants to be
made do rely on the petition well that prays for
him

2nd Gent I never heard any soldier'd like it

Lucio I believe thee, for I think thou never
wast where grace was said 20

2nd Gent No? a dozen times at least

1st Gent What, in metre?

Lucio In any proportion or in any language

1st Gent I think, or in any religion

Lucio Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of
all controversy, as, for example, thou thyself art
a wicked villain, despite of all grace

1st Gent Well, there went but a pair of shears
between us

Lucio I grant, as there may between the lists
and the velvet Thou art the list 31

1st Gent And thou the velvet Thou art good
velvet, thou'rt a three-piled piece, I warrant
thee I had as lief be a list of an English kersey
as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet
Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio I think thou dost, and, indeed, with most
painful feeling of thy speech I will, out of thine
own confession, learn to begin thy health, but,
whilst I live, forget to drink after thee 40

1st Gent I think I have done myself wrong, have
I not?

2nd Gent Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art
rainted or free

Lucio Behold behold, where Madam Mitiga-
tion comes! I have purchased as many diseases
under her roof as come to—

2nd Gent To what, I pray?

Lucio Judge

2nd Gent To three thousand dolours a year

1st Gent Ay, and more 51

Lucio A French crown more

1st Gent Thou art always figuring diseases in
me, but thou art full of error, I am sound

Lucio Nay, not as one would say healthy, but
so sound as things that are hollow Thy bones
are hollow, impiety has made a feast of thee

Enter MISTRESS OVERDO

1st Gent How now! which of your hips has the
most profound sciatica?

Mrs O Well, well there's one yonder arrest-
ed and carried to prison was worth five thousand
of you all

2nd Gent Who's that I pray thee?

Mrs O Marry, sir, that's Claudio Signior
Claudio

1st Gent Claudio to prison? is not so

Mrs O Nay, but I know tis so I saw him
arrested saw him carried away and a hich is
more within three three days his head to be
chopped off 70

Lucio But after all this sorrow I would not
have it so Arthur's costliest

Mrs Ov I am too sure of it and it is for getting
Madam Julietta with child

Lucio Believe me this may be He promised to
meet me two hours since, and he was ever pre-
cise in promise keeping

And Gent Besides you know it draws some
thing near to the speech we had to such a purpose

1st Gent But most of all agreeing with the
proclamation 82

Lucio Away! let's go learn the truth of it

[*Exeunt LUCIO and 1 GENTLEMEN*]

Mrs O Thus what with the war what with
the sweat what with the gallows and what with
poverty I am custom shrunk

Enter POMPEY

How now! what's the news with you?

1om Yonder man is carried to prison

Mrs O Well what has he done?

Pom A woman

Mrs O But what's his offence? 90

1om Groping for trouts in a peculiar river

Mrs O What is there a maid with child by
him?

1om No but there's a woman with maid by
him You have not heard of the proclamation
have you?

Mrs O What proclamation man?

1om All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must
be plucked down

Mrs O And what shall become of those in the
city? 101

Pom They shall stand for seed They had gone
down too but that a wise burgher put in for
them

Mrs O But shall all our houses of resort in the
suburbs be pulled down?

Pom To the ground mistress

Mrs O Why here's a change indeed in the
commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pom Come fear not you good counsellors lack
no clients Though you change your place you
need not change your trade I'll be your rapster
still Courage! there will be pity taken on you
you that have worn your eyes almost out in the
service you will be considered

Mrs O What's to do here Thomas rapster?
let's withdraw

Pom Here comes Signior Claudio led by the
provost to prison and there's Madam Juliet

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter PROVOST CLAUDIO JULIET and 1
Officers*

Claud Fellow why dost thou show me thus to
the world? 120

Bear me in prison where I am committed

Prov I do it not in evil disposition

But from Lord Angelo by special charge

Claud Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight
The words of heaven on whom it will it will
On whom it will not so yet still tis just

Re-enter LUCIO and TWO GENTLEMEN

Lucio Why how now Claudio! whence comes
this restraint?

Claud From too much liberty my Lucio, lib-
erty

As surfeit is the father of much fast 130

So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint Our natures do pursue

Like rats that run down their proper bane

A thirsti evil and when we drink we die

Lucio If I could speak so wisely under an ar-
rest I would send for certain of my creditors
And yet to say the truth I had as lief have the
foppery of freedom as the morality of imprison-
ment What's thy offence Claudio?

Claud What but to speak of would offend
again 140

1st Gent What is it murder?

Claud No

Lucio Lechery?

Claud Call it so

Prov Away sir! you must go

Claud One word, good friend Lucio a word
with you

Lucio A hundred if they'll do you any good
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud Thus stands it with me Upon a true
contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed 150

You know the lady she is fast my wife

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order This we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us But it chanceth

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment

With character too gross is writ on Juliet

Lucio With child perhaps?

Claud Unhappily even so 160

And the new deputy now for the Duke—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride

Who newly in the seat that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up

I stagger in but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the
wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn, and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
I freshly on me 'Tis surely for a name

Lucio I warrant it is, and thy head stands so
rickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be
in love, may sigh it off Send after the Duke and
appeal to him

Claud I have done so, but he's not to be
found 180

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy, bid herself assay him,
I have great hope in that, for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men, beside, she hath prosperous
art

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade 191

Lucio I pray she may, as well for the encour-
agement of the like, which else would stand
under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of
thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus
foolishly lost at a game of tick-tick I'll to her

Claud I thank you, good friend Lucio

Lucio Within two hours

Claud Come officer, away!
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Anon's entry*

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas

Duke No holy father, throw away that
thought
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of madding youth

Friar May your Grace speak of it

Duke My holy sir none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed
And he'd in idle peace to haunt assemblies
Where youth and ease and wile chancers
keep

Had I been doted on Lord Angelo
And of his nature and firm abstinence
My absolute power and place here in Vienna
And he'd, poorer, have travel'd to Poland
For to have seen a few days in the exchequer,

And so it is received Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Friar T Gladly, my lord

Duke We have strict statutes and most biting
laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip, 21
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd, so our de-
crees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose,
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart 30
Goes all decorum

Friar T It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased,
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo

Duke I do fear, too dreadful
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment Therefore indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo imposed the office, 40
Who may, in the ambush of my name strike
home

And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in slander And to behold his sway,
I will as twere a brother of your order
Visit both prince and people therefore I prithee,
Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar Moe reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you,
Only this one Lord Angelo is precise, 50
Stands at a guard with envy scarce confesses
That his blood flows or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone hence shall we see,
If power change purpose what our seemers be

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *Angelo's entry*

Isabella and Francisco

Isa And have you runs no farther privileges?

Franc Are not these far enough?

Isa Yes truly I speak not as desiring more
But rather with a more strict request
Upon the mercy and the votaries of Saint Clare

Franc [*Whispering*] Ho! Peace be with thy peace!

Isa Who's that which calls?—

From It is a man's voice Gentle Isabella
 Turn you the key and know his business of him
 You may I may not you are yet unsworn
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
 men 10
 But in the presence of the prioress
 Then if you speak you must not show your face
 Or if you show your face you must not speak
 He calls again I pray you answer him *[Exit*
Isab Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio Hail virgin if you be, as those cheek
 roses
 Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
 As bring me in the sight of Isabella
 A novice of this place and the fair sister
 To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20
Isab Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
 The rather for I now must make you know
 I am that Isabella and his sister
Lucio Gentle and fair your brother kindly
 greets you
 Not to be weary with you he's in prison
Isab Woe me! for what?
Lucio For that which if my self might be his
 judge
 He should receive his punishment in thanks
 He hath got his friend with child
Isab Sir make me not your story
Lucio Sir make me not your story It is true 30
 I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
 With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest
 Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so
 I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted
 By your renouncement an immortal spirit
 And to be talk'd with in sincerity
 As with a saint
Isab You do blaspheme the good in mocking
 me
Lucio Do not believe it Fewness and truth 'tis
 thus
 Your brother and his lover have embraced 40
 As those that feed grow full as blossoming time
 That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
 To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry
Isab 'S me one with child by him? My cousin
 Juliet?
Lucio Is she your cousin?
Isab Adoptedly as school maids change their
 names
 By vain though apt affection
Lucio She it is
Isab O let him marry her
Lucio This is the point

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence 50
 Bore many gentlemen my self being one
 In hand and hope of action but we do learn
 By those that know the very nerves of state
 His givings-out were of an infinite distance
 From his true meant design Upon his place
 And with full line of his authority
 Governs Lord Angelo a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60
 With profits of the mind study and fast
 He—to give fear to use and liberty
 Which have for long run by the hideous law
 As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit he arrests him on it
 And follows close the rigour of the statute
 To make him an example All hope is gone
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo And that's my pith of business
 Twice you and your poor brother 70
Isab Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio Has been used him
 Already and as I hear the Provost hath
 A warrant for his execution
Isab Alas! what poor ability 's in me
 To do him good?
Lucio Assay the power you have
Isab My power? Alas I doubt—
Lucio Our doubts are traitors
 And make us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt Go to Lord Angelo
 And let him learn to know when maidens sue 80
 Men give like gods but when they weep and
 kneel
 All their petitions are as freely theirs
 As they themselves would owe them
Isab I'll see what I can do
Lucio But speedily
Isab I will about it straight
 No longer staying but to give the Mother
 Notice of my affair I humbly thank you
 Commend me to my brother Soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success
Lucio I take my leave of you
Isab Good sir adieu 90
[Exit]

ACT II

SCENE I A hall in Angelo's house

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS and a JUSTICE, PROVOST
 Officers and attendants *Belmont*
Ang We must not make a scarecrow of the
 law

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror

Isal Ay, but yet let
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections, 10
I had time colored with place or place with wish-
ing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own pur-
pose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life
Let'd in this point which now you censure
him,

And pull'd the law upon you

Ang 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Iscaus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes. What know the laws
That thies es do pass on thieves? 'Tis very preg-
nant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it
Because we see it, but what we do not see
We tread upon and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults, but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend
Let mine own judgement pattern out my death
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die

Isal Be it as your wisdom will
Ing Where is the Provost?
Per Here, if it like your honour

Ang See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning
Bring him his confessor; let him be prepared
For that is the utmost of his pilgrimage

[Exit Provost]
Isal [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him! and
forgive us all!

Some live by sin, and some by virtue fall
Some rise from a bed of vice, and answer
None
And are condemned for a fault alone 40

[Exit Isal, and Isal returns]

[Enter Claudio, and Isal]
Come, bring the way. If there be good
in me, may I be saved, and if not, let me
be damned.

their abuses in common houses, I know no law
Bring them away

Ang How now, sir! What's your name? and
what's the matter?

Elb If it please your honour, I am the poor
Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow. I do
lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before
your good honour two notorious benefactors 50
Ang Benefactors? Well, what benefactors
are they? are they not malefactors?

Isal If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are, but precise villains they are, that
I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the
world that good Christians ought to have

Isal Thus comes off well, here's a wise
officer

Ang Go to, what quality are they of? Elbow
is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Pom He cannot, sir, he's out at elbow 61

Ang What are you, sir?

Elb He, sir! a tapster, sir, parcel bawd, one
that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was,
as they say, plucked down in the suburbs, and
now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is
a very ill house too

Isal How know you that?

Isal My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
and your honour— 70

Isal How's thy wife?

Isal Ay, sir, whom I thank heaven, is an
honest woman—

Isal Dost thou detest her therefore?

Isal I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as
well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's
house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty
house

Isal How dost thou know that, constable?

Isal Marry, sir, by my wife, who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all unclean-
liness there

Isal By the woman's means?

Isal Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means
but as she spit in his face, so she defied him

Pom Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so

Isal Prove it before these varlets here, thou
honorable man, provest

Isal Do you hear how he misplaces? 90

Pom Sir, she came in great with child, and
longing, saying you honour's reverence for
stewed prunes, sir, we had but two in the house,
which at that very time was as good as were,
in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence, your
honour's have been such dishes, they are not
Cordons but very good dishes—

Isal Go to, go to, come, sir, for the dish, sir

Pom No indeed sir not of a pun you are therein in the right but to the point As I say this Mistress Ilbow, being as I say with child and bein^g great bellied and longing as I said for prunes and having but two in the dish as I said, Master Froth here this very man, having eaten the rest as I said and as I say paying for them very honestly for as you know Master Froth I could not give you three pence again

Froth No indeed

Pom Very well you being then if you be remembered cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—

Froth Ay so I did indeed

Pom Why very well I telling you then if you be remembered that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of unless they kept very good diet as I told you—

Froth All this is true

Pom Why very well then—

Escal Come, you are a tedious fool to the purpose What was done to Ilbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her

Pom Sir your honour cannot come to that yet

Escal No sir nor I mean it not

Pom Sir but you shall come to it by your honour's leave And I beseech you look into Master Froth here sir a man of fourscore pound a year whose father died at Hallowmas Was e not at Hallowmas Master Froth?

Froth All hallond eve

Pom Why very well I hope here be truths

He sir sitting as I say in a lower chair sir was in the Lunch of Grapes where indeed you have a delight to sit have you not?

Froth I have so because it is an open room and good for winter

Pom Why very well then I hope here be truths

Ang This will last out a night in Russia When nights are longest there I'll take my leave

And leave you to the hearing of the cause

Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all

Escal I think no less Good morrow to your lordship

Now sir come on What was done to Ilbow's wife once more?

Pom Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once

Elb I beseech you sir ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom I beseech your honour ask me

Escal Well sir what did this gentleman to her?

Pom I beseech you, sir look in this gentle

man's face Good Master Froth look upon his honour tis for a good purpose Doth your honour mark his face?

Fscal Ay sir very well

Pom Nay I beseech you mark it well

Escal Well I do so

Pom Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal Why no

Pom I'll be supposed upon a book his face is the worst thing about him Good then if his face be the worst thing about him how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour

Fscal He's in the right Constable what say you to it?

Elb First an it like you the house is a respected house next this is a respected fellow and his mistress is a respected woman

Pom By this hand sir his wife is a more respected person than any of us all

Elb Varlet thou liest thou liest wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man woman or child

Pom Sir she was respected with him before he married with her

Escal Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

Elb O thou cattiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked flannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her or she with me let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer Prove this thou wicked flannibal or I'll have mine action of battery on thee

Escal If he took you a box in the ear you might have your action of slander too

Elb Marry I thank your good worship for it What is your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked cattiff?

Escal Truly officer because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are

Elb Marry I thank your worship for it Thou seest thou wicked varlet now what's come upon thee Thou art in continue now thou varlet thou art to continue

Iscal Where were you born, friend?

Froth Here in Vienna sir

Fscal Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth Yes an please you sir

Fscal So What trade are you of sir?

Pom A tapster a poor widew's tapster

Fscal Your mistress name?

Pom Mistress Overdone

Escal Hath she had any more than one husband? 211

Pom Nine, sir, Overdone by the last

Fisc Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters, they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you

Froth I thank your worship For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in 220

Escal Well, no more of it, Master Froth farewell [*Exit FROTH*] Come you hither to me, Master tapster What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom Pompey

Fisc What else?

Pom Bum, sir

Fisc Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you

Pom Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live

Fisc How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom If the law would allow it, sir

Fisc But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna 241

Pom Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Fisc No Pompey

Pom Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will not then If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds

Fisc There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you It is but heading and hanging 250

Pom If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a bay If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so

Fisc Thank you, good Pompey and, in requital of your prophecies, mark you I advise you let me not find you before me again upon any such words whatsoever no more for duelling where you do If I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to a new room and give a shroud of cloth to you for a plain dealing Pompey I shall have you whipt for this time Pompey farewell 260

Pom I thank your worship for your good

counsel, [*aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine

Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade

[*Exit* 270

Escal Come hither to me, Master Elbow, come hither, Master constable How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb Seven year and a half, sir

Escal I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time You say, seven years together?

Elb And a half, sir

Escal Alas, it hath been great pains to you They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them, I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all

Escal Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish

Elb To your worship's house, sir?

Escal To my house Fare you well

[*Exit ELBOW*

What's o'clock, think you?

290

Just Eleven, sir

Escal I pray you home to dinner with me

Just I humbly thank you

Escal It grieves me for the death of Claudio, But there's no remedy

Just Lord Angelo is severe

Fisc It is but needful

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so,

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe

But yet—poor Claudio! There is no remedy

Come, sir [*Exeunt* 300

SCENE II *Angelo's room in the prison*

Enter PROVOST and a SERVANT

Serv He's hearing of a cause, he will come straight

I'll tell him of you

Prov Pray you do [*Exit SERVANT*]

I'll know

His pleasure, may be he will relent Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he

To die for it!

Enter ANGELO

Prov Now what's the matter, provost?

Prov Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

Ang Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not said—?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov Lest I might be too rash
Under your good correction I have seen 10
When after execution, judgement hath
Repented o'er his doom

Ang Go to let that be mine
Do you your office, or give up your place
And you shall well be spared

Prov I crave your honour's pardon
What shall be done sir with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour

Ang Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed
Re-enter SERVANT

Serv Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you

Ang Hath he a sister?
Prov Ay my good lord a very virtuous 20
maid

And to be shortly of a sisterhood
If not already
Ang Well let her be admitted

[Exit SERVANT]
See you the fornicatress be removed
Let her have needful but not lavish means
There shall be order for it

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO

Prov God save your honour!
Ang Stay a little while *[To ISABELLA]* You're
welcome what's your will?

Isab I am a woeful suitor to your honour
Please but your honour hear me

Ang Well what's your suit?
Isab There is a vice that most I do abhor
And most desire should meet the blow of jus-
tice

For which I would not plead but that I must
For which I must not plead but that I am
At war with't will and will not

Ang Well the matter?
Isab I have a brother is condemn'd to die
I do beseech you, let it be his fault
And not my brother

Prov *[Aside]* Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?
Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done
Mine were the very cipher of a function
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record 40
And let go by the actor

Isab O just but severe law!
I had a brother then Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio *[Aside to ISABELLA]* Give not o'er so
To him again, entreat him

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown
You are too cold if you should need a pin,

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it

To him I say!

Isab Must he needs die?

Ang Maiden, no remedy

Isab Yes I do think that you might pardon
him

And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy

Ang I will not do it

Isab But can you if you would? 50

Ang Look what I will not that I cannot do

Isab But might you do it and do the world no
wrong

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang He's sentenced 'tis too late

Lucio *[Aside to ISABELLA]* You are too cold

Isab Too late? why no I, that do speak a
word

May call it back again Well believe this
No ceremony that to great ones longs
Not the king's crown nor the deput'd sword 60
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does

If he had been as you and you as he
You would have slept like him but he like you
Would not have been so stern

Ang Pray you be gone

Isab I would to heaven I had your potency

And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?

No I would tell what twere to be a judge

And what a prisoner

Lucio *[Aside to ISABELLA]* Ay touch him
there's the vein 70

Ang Your brother is a forfeit of the law

And you but waste your words

Isab Alas alas!

Why all the souls that were were forfeit once

And He that might the vantage best have took

Found out the remedy How would you be

If He which is the top of judgement should

But judge you as you are? O think on that,

And mercy then will breathe within your lips

Like man new made

Ang Be you content fair maid

It is the law not I condemn your brother 80

Were he my kinsman brother or my son

It should be thus with him He must die to-
morrow

Isab To-morrow! O that's sudden! Spare him
spare him!

He's not prepared for death Even for our
kitchens

We kill the fowl of season Shall we serve

Heaven

With less respect than we do minister

To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be-
think you,

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it

Lucio [*Aside to ISABELLA*] Ay, well said

Ang The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept 90

Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end

Isab Yet show some pity

Ang I show it most of all when I show justice,
For then I pity those I do not know, 101

Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another Be satisfied,
Your brother dies to-morrow, be content

Isab So you must be the first that gives this
sentence,

And he, that suffers O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant

Lucio [*Aside to ISABELLA*] That's well said

Isab Could great men thunder 110

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle, but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep, who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal

Lucio [*Aside to ISABELLA*] O, to him, to him,
wench! he will relent,

He's coming, I perceive't

Prov [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!

Isab We cannot weigh our brother with ourself
Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation

Lucio [*Aside*] Thou'rt i' the right girl, more o'
that

Isab That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy 131

Lucio [*Aside to ISABELLA*] Art avised o' that?
more on't

Ang Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab Because authority, though it err like
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself

That skims the vice o' the top Go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth
know

That's like my brother's fault If it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140
Against my brother's life

Ang [*Aside*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense that my sense breeds with it Fare
you well

Isab Gentle my lord, turn back

Ang I will bethink me Come again to-morrow

Isab Hark how I'll bribe you Good my lord,
turn back

Ang How! bribe me?

Isab Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall
share with you

Lucio [*Aside to ISABELLA*] You had marr'd all
else

Isab Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor 150
As fancy values them, but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal

Ang Well, come to me to-morrow

Lucio [*Aside to ISABELLA*] Go to, 'tis well,
away!

Isab Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang [*Aside*] Amen

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross

Isab At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang At any time 'fore noon 160

Isab 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt ISABELLA, LUCIO, and PROVOST*
Ang From thee even from thy virtue!
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or
mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
Ha!

Not she, nor doth she tempt, but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou or what art thou Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What do I love
her

That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes? What is it I dream on?
O cunning enemy that to catch a saint 180
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour art and nature
Once stir my temper but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now
When men were fond I smiled and wonder'd
how [Exit]

SCENE III *A room in a prison*

Enter severally DUKE disguised as a friar and
PROVOST

Duke Hail to you Provost! so I think you are

Prov I am the Provost. What's your will
good friar?

Duke Bound by my charity and my blest order
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them and to make me know
The nature of their crimes that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov I would do more than that. If more were
needful

Enter JULIET

Look here comes one a gentlewoman of mine 10
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth
Hath blister'd her report. She is with child
And he that got it sentenced a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

Duke When must he die?

Prov As I do think to-morrow
I have provided for you stay awhile. [To JULIET]
And you shall be conducted.

Duke Repent you, fair one of the sin you
carry?

Jul I do and bear the shame most patiently 20

Duke I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience.

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul I'll gladly learn

Duke Love you the man that wrong'd you

Jul Yes as I love the woman that wrong'd
him

Duke So then it seems your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed?

Jul Mutually

Duke Then was your sin of heavier kind than
his

Jul I do confess it and repent it father

Duke 'Tis meet so daughter but lest you do
repent 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves not
heaven

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it

But as we stand in fear—

Jul I do repent me as it is an evil

And take the shame with joy

Duke There rest

Your partner as I hear must die to-morrow

And I am going with instruction to him

Grace go with you Benedicite! [Exit]

Jul Must die to-morrow! O myurious love 40
That respites me a life whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

Prov 'Tis pity of him [Exeunt]

SCENE IV *A room in Angelo's house*

Enter ANGELO

Ang When I would pray and think I think
and pray

To several subjects Heaven hath my empty
words

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue

Anchors on Isabel Heaven in my mouth

As if I did but only chew his name

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil

Of my conception The state whereon I studied,

Is like a good thing being often read

Grown fear'd and tedious yea my gravity

Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride 10

Could I with boot change for an idle plume

Which the air beats for vain O place O form,

How often dost thou with thy ease thy habit

Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming! Blood thou art blood

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn

'Tis not the devil's crest

Enter a SERVANT

How now! who's there?

Serv One Isabel a sister desires access to you

Ang Teach her the way [Exit SERVANT] O
heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart 20

Making both it unable for itself

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons

Come all to help him and to stop the air

By which he should revive, and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid? 30

Isab I am come to know your pleasure

Ang That you might know it, would much
better please me

Than to demand what 'tis Your brother cannot
live

Isab Even so Heaven keep your honour'

Ang Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be,

As long as you or I Yet he must die

Isab Under your sentence?

Ang Yea

Isab When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40

That his soul sicken not

Ang Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do com heaven's
image

In stamps that are forbid 'Tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made

As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one

Isab 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in
earth 50

Ang Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness

As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul

Ang I talk not of your soul Our compell'd sins

Stand more for number than for accompt

Isab How say you?

Ang Nay, I'll not warrant that, for I can speak

Against the thing I say Answer to this 60

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life

Might there not be a charity in sin

To save this brother's life?

Isab Please you to do't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity

Ang Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul.

Were equal poise of sin and charity

Isab That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven let me bear it; you granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer 71

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer

Ang Nay, but hear me

Your sense pursues not mine Either you are
ignorant,

Or seem so craftily, and that's not good

Isab Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better

Ang Thus wisdom wishes to appear most
bright

When it doth tax itself, as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder 80

Than beauty could, display'd But mark me,

To be received plain, I'll speak more gross

Your brother is to die

Isab So

Ang And his offence is so, as it appears,

Accountant to the law upon that pain

Isab True

Ang Admit no other way to save his life—

As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss of question—that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desired of such a person, 91

Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles

Of the all-building law, and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either

You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this supposed, or else to let him suffer,

What would you do?

Isab As much for my poor brother as myself

That is, were I under the terms of death, 100

The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed

That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield

My body up to shame

Ang Then must your brother die

Isab And 'twere the cheaper way

Better it were a brother died at once,

Than that a sister, by redeeming him,

Should die for ever

Ang Were not you then as cruel as the sentence

That you have slander'd so? 110

Isab Ignomy in ransom and free pardon

Are of two houses Lawful mercy

Is nothing kin to foul redemption

Ang You seem'd of late to make the law a

tyrant,

And rather proved the sliding of your brother

A merriment than a vice

Isab O, pardon me, my lord, it oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not

what we mean

I something do excuse the thing I hate,

For his advantage that I dearly love 120

Ang We are all frail

Isab Else let my brother die
If not a fedary but only he
Owe and succeed thy weakness
Ang Nay women are frail too
Isab Ay as the glasses where they view them
selves
Which are as easy broke as they make forms
Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them Nay call us ten times frail
For we are soft as our complexions are
And credulous to false prints

Ang I think it well 170
And from this testimony of your own sex—
Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames—let me be
bold

I do arrest your words Be that you are
That is a woman if you be more you are none
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants show it now
Illy putting on the destined livery

Isab I have no tongue but one gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language

Ang Plainly conceive I love you
Isab My brother did love Julius
And you tell me that he shall die for it
Ang He shall not Isabel if you give me love

Isab I know your virtue hath a license in it
Which seems a little fouler than it is
To pluck on others

Ang Believe me on mine honour
My words express my purpose
Isab Ha! little honour to be much believed
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming seem-
ing! 180

I will proclaim thee Angelo look for it
Sign me a present pardon for my brother
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world
aloud

What man thou art
Ang Who will believe thee Isabel?

My unsoild name the austereness of my life
My vouch against you and my place in the state
Will so your accusation overweigh
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein 180
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for redeem thy
brother

By yielding up thy body to my will
Or else he must not only die the death
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance Answer me to-morrow
Or by the affection that now guides me more

I'll prove a tyrant to him As for you
Say what you can my false o'erweighs your
true [Exit 170

Isab To whom should I complain? Did I tell
thus
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths
That bear in them one and the self same tongue
Fither of condemnation or approval
Bidding the law make court sy to their will
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the
blood

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour
That had he twenty heads to tender down 180
On twenty bloody blocks he'd yield them up
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorred pollution
Then Isabel live chaste and brother die
More than our brother in our chastity
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request
And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest [Exit

ACT III

SCENE I A room in the prison

Enter DUKE disguised as before CLAUDIO and
PROVOST

Duke So then you hope of pardon from Lord
Angelo?

Claudio The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope

I've hope to live and am prepared to die
Duke Be absolute for death either death or
life

Shall thereby be the sweeter Reason thus with
life

If I do lose thee I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep A breath thou
art

Servile to all the skyes influences
That dost this habitation where thou keep'st in
Hourly afflict Merely thou art Death's fool
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun
And yet run'st toward him still Thou art not
noble

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nursed by baseness Thou art by no means
valiant

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm Thy best of rest is sleep
And that thou oft provokes't yet grossly fear'st
Thy death which is no more Thou art not thy
self

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 20

That issue out of dust Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st Thou art not
certain,

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee Friend hast thou none,
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner Thou hast nor youth
nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld, and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths, yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even 41

Claud I humbly thank you
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life Let it come on
Isab [Within] What, ho! Peace here, grace and
good company!

Prov Who's there? come in The wish de-
serves a welcome

Duke Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again

Claud Most holy sir, I thank you

Enter ISABELLA

Isab My business is a word or two with Claud-
io

Prov And very welcome Look, signior, here's
your sister

Duke Provost, a word with you 50

Prov As many as you please

Duke Bring me to hear them speak, where I
may be concealed [Exit DUKE and PROVOST]

Claud Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab Why,
As all comforts are, most good, most good
indeed

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger,
Therefore your best appointment make with
speed, 60

To-morrow you set on

Claud Is there no remedy?

Isab None, but such remedy as, to save a
head,

To cleave a heart in twain

Claud But is there any?

Isab Yes, brother, you may live

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death

Claud Perpetual durance?

Isab Ay, just, perpetual durance, a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,

To a determined scope

Claud But in what nature? 70

Isab In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you
bear,

And leave you naked

Claud Let me know the point

Isab O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,

Lest thou in feverous life shouldst entertain,

And six or seven winters more respect

Than a perpetual honour Darest thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension,

And the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80

As when a giant dies

Claud Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms

Isab There spake my brother, there my father's
grave

Did utter forth a voice Yes, thou must die

Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances This outward-sainted deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90

Nips youth in the head and follies doth emmew

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil,

His filth within being cast, he would appear

A pond as deep as hell

Claud The prenzie Angelo!

Isab O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,

The damned'st body to invest and cover

In prenzie guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?

If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou might'st be freed

Claud O heavens! it cannot be

Isab Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank
offence, 100

So to offend him still This night's the time

That I should do what I abhor to name,

Or else thou diest to-morrow

Claud Thou shalt not do't

Isab O, were it but my life,

I'll throw it down for your deliverance

As frankly as a pin

Claud Thanks, dear Isabel

Isab Be ready Claudio for your death to-morrow

Claud Yes Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

When he would force it? Sure it is no sin 110
Or of the deadly seven it is the least

Isab Which is the least?

Claud If it were damnable he being so wise
Why would he for the momentary trick

Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

Isab What says my brother?

Claud Death is a fearful thing

Isab And shamed life a hateful

Claud Ay but to die and go we know not where

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot
This sensible warm motion to become 120

A kneaded clod and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods or to reside

In thrilling region of thick ribbed ice

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought

Imagine howling is too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age ache penury and imprisonment 130

Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death

Isab Alas alas!

Claud Sweet sister let me live

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far

That it becomes a virtue

Isab O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is it not a kind of incest to take life

From thine own sister's shame? What should I think? 140

Heaven shudd' my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er issued from his blood! Take my defiance!

Die! perish! Might but my bending down

Reprive thee from thy fate, I should proceed

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,

No word to save thee

Claud Nay hear me Isabel

Isab O fie fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental but a trade

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd 150

'Tis best that thou diest quickly

Claud O hear me Isabella!

Re-enter Duke.

Duke Vouchsafe a word young sister but one word

Isab What is your will?

Duke Might you dispense with your leisure

I would by and by have some speech with you

The satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit

Isab I have no superfluous leisure my stay must be stolen out of other affairs but I will attend you awhile *[He asks apart]*

Duke Son I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures She having the truth of honour in her hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive I am confessor to Angelo and I know this to be true therefore prepare yourself to death Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible to-morrow you must die go to your knees and make ready

Claud Let me ask my sister pardon I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it

Duke Hold you there! Farewell *[Exit Claud]*
10] Provost a word with you!

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov What's your will father?

Duke That now you are come, you will be gone Leave me awhile with the maid My mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company

Prov In good time

[Exit PROVOST ISABELLA comes forward]

Duke The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness but grace being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair The assault that Angelo hath made to you fortune hath conveyed to my understanding and but that frailty hath examples for his falling I should wonder at Angelo How will you do in content this substitute and to save your brother?

Isab I am now going to resolve him I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born But O how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government

Duke That shall not be much amiss yet as the matter now stands he will avoid your accusation he made trial of you only Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings To the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself I

do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, and no stain to your own gracious person, do much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business 211

Isab Let me hear you speak farther I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit

Duke Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name 220

Duke She should this Angelo have married, was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed, between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman There she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural, with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry, with both, her combinate husband, this well seeming Angelo

Isab Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

Duke Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort, swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour, in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not

Isab What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke It is a rupture that you may easily heal, and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it

Isab Show me how, good father

Duke This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection, his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point, only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience This being granted in course—and now follow a—all—

we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place, if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproach What think you of it?

Isab The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection

Duke It lies much in your holding up Haste you speedily to Angelo If for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction I will presently to Saint Luke's, there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana At that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly

Isab I thank you for this comfort Fare you well, good father [Exeunt severally 281

SCENE II The street before the prison

Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before, on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY

Elb Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard

Duke O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm, and furred with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing 11

Elb Come your way, sir 'Bless you, good father friar

Duke And you, good brother father What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb Marry, sir, he hath offended the law, and, sir, we take him to be a thief too sir, for we have found upon him, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy

Duke Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou caustest to be done, 21

That is thy means to live Do thou but think What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice, say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend

Pom Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir, yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke Nay if the devil have given thee proofs for sin

Thou wilt prove his Take him to prison officer
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit

Elb He must before the deputy sir he has given him warning The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster If he be a whoremonger and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand

Duke That we were all as some would seem to be

From our faults as faults from seeming free⁴⁰

Elb His neck will come to your waist—a cord sir

Pom I spy comfort I cry bail Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine

Enter LUCIO

Lucio How now noble Pompey! What at the wheels of Cæsar's art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pygmalion's images newly made woman to be had now for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply ha? What sayest thou to this tune matter and method? Is it not drowned in the last rain ha? What sayest thou Tror? Is the world as it was man? Which is the way? Is it sad and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke Still thus and thus still worse!

Lucio How doth my dear morsel thy mistress? Procures she still ha?

Tom Troth sir she hath eaten up all her beef and she is herself in the tub

Lucio Why tis good it is the right of it it must be so I ver your fresh whore and your powdered bawd an unshunned consequence it must be so Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom Yes faith, sir

Lucio Why tis not amiss Pompey Farewell Go say I sent thee thither For debt Pompey? or how?

Elb For being a bawd for being a bawd

Lucio Well then imprison him If unprisonment be the due of a bawd why tis his right Bawd is he doubtless and of antiquity too bawd born Farewell good Pompey Commend me to the prison, Pompey You will turn good hus band now Pompey you will keep the house

Tom I hope, sir your good worship will be my bail

Lucio No indeed will I not Pompey it is not the wear I will pray Pompey to increase your bondage If you take it not patiently why your mettle is the more Adieu, trusty Pompey Bless you, friar

Duke And you

Lucio Does Bridget paint still Pompey ha?

Elb Come your ways sir come

Pom You will not bail me then sir?

Lucio Then Pompey nor now What news abroad friar? what news?

Elb Come your ways sir come

Lucio Go to kennel Pompey go [*Exit ELBOW POMPEY and Officers*] What news friar of the Duke?

Duke I know none Can you tell me of any?

Lucio Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia other some he is in Rome but where is he think you?

Duke I know not where but wheresoever I wish him well

Lucio It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he was never born to Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence he puts transgression to t

Duke He does well in t

Lucio A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him something too crabbed that way friar

Duke It is too general a vice and severity must cure it

Lucio Yes in good sooth the vice is of a great kindred it is well allied but it is impossible to extirp it quite friar till eating and drinking be put down They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation Is it true think you?

Duke How should he be made, then?

Lucio Some report a sea maid spawned him some, that he was begot between two stock fishes But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice that I know to be true and he is a motion generative that's infallible

Duke You are pleasant sir and speak apace

Lucio Why what a ruthless thing is this in him for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bastards he would have paid for the nursing a thousand He had some feeling of the sport he knew the service and that instructed him to mercy

Duke I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women he was not inclined that way

Lucio O sir you are deceived

Duke 'Tis not possible

Lucio Who not the Duke? yes your beggar of fifty and his use was to put a ducat in her clack dish The Duke had crotchets in him He would be drunk too that let me inform you

Duke You do him wrong surely

Lucio Sir, I was an inward of his A shy fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing 140

Duke What, I prithee, might be the cause?

Lucio No, pardon, 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips But this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise

Duke Wise! why, no question but he was

Lucio A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow

Duke Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking The very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation Let him be but testified in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier Therefore you speak unskilfully, or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice

Lucio Sir, I know him, and I love him

Duke Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love 160

Lucio Come, sir, I know what I know

Duke I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke 170

Duke He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you

Lucio I fear you not

Duke O, you hope the Duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite But indeed I can do you little harm, you'll forswear this again

Lucio I'll be hanged first Thou art deceived in me, friar But no more of this Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 180

Duke Why should he die, sir?

Lucio Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish I would the Duke we talk of were returned again This ungentured agent will unpeople the province with contumacy, sparrows must not build in his house-caves, because they are lecherous The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered, he would never bring them to light Would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing Farewell, good friar, I prithee, pray for me The Duke, I say to thee again would eat mutton on Fridays He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth

with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic Say that I said so Farewell [Exit

Duke No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape, back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here? 200

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE

Escal Go, away with her to prison!

Mrs Ov Good my lord, be good to me, your honour is accounted a merciful man, good my lord

Escal Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant

Prov A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour

Mrs Ov My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time, he promised her marriage His child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal That fellow is a fellow of much license Let him be called before us Away with her to prison! Go to, no more words [Exeunt Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him

Prov So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death

Escal Good even, good father

Duke Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal Of whence are you?

Duke Not of this country, though my chance is now 230

To use it for my time I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his Holiness

Escal What news abroad i' the world?

Duke None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it Novelty is only in request, and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure but security enough to make fellowships accurst Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom

of the world This news is old enough yet it is every day's news I pray you sir of what disposition was the Duke?

Escal One that above all other strifes contented especially to know himself

Duke What pleasure was he given to?

Escal Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice, a gentleman of all temperance But leave we him to his events with a prayer they may prove prosperous and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation

Duke He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself in the determination of justice yet had he framed to himself by the instruction of his frailty many deceiving promises of life which I by my good leisure have discredited to him and now is he resolved to die

Escal You have paid the heavens your function and the prisoner the very debt of your calling I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed justice

Duke If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding it shall become him well wherein if he chance to fail he hath sentenced himself

Escal I am going to visit the prisoner Fare you well

Duke Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and PROVOST*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe
Pattern in himself to know
Grace to stand and virtue go
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing 280
Shame to him whose cruel striking
kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O what may man within him hide
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes
Making practice on the times
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things! 290
Craft against vice I must apply
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised
So disguise shall by the disguised
Pay with falsehood false exacting
And perform an old contracting [Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I *The mounted grange at St Luke's*

Enter MARIANA and a BOY

Boy [sings]

'Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn
And those eyes the break of day
Lights that do mislead the morn
But my kisses bring again, bring again
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain seal'd in vain

Mari Break off thy song and haste thee quick away

Here comes a man of comfort whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent [Exit BOY

Enter DUKE disguised as before

I cry you mercy sir and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical
Let me excuse me and believe me so
My mirth it much displeased but pleased my woe

Duke 'Tis good though music oft hath such a charm

To make bad good and good provoke to harm
I pray you tell me hath anybody inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet

Mari You have not been inquired after I have sat here all day 0

Enter ISABELLA

Duke I do constantly believe you The time is come even now I shall crave your forbearance a little May be I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself

Mari I am always bound to you [Exit

Duke Very well met and well come
What is the news from this good deputy?
Isab He hath a garden circumwalled with brick
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd
And to that vineyard is a planked gate 30
That makes his opening with this bigger key
Thus other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him

Duke But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab I have ta'en a due and wary note upon it
With whispering and most guilty diligence
In action all of precept he did show me 40
The way twice over

Duke Are there no other tokens

Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

Isab No, none, but only a repair i' the dark,
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief, for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother

Duke 'Tis well borne up
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid, 51
She comes to do you good

Isab I do desire the like

Duke Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you?

Mari Good friar, I know you do, and have
found it

Duke Take, then, this your companion by the
hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste,
The vaporous night approaches

Mari Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA*]

Duke O place and greatness! millions of false
eyes 60

Are stuck upon thee Volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings, thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA

Welcome, how agreed?

Isab She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it

Duke It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too

Isab Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother"

Mari Fear me not 70

Duke Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all
He is your husband on a pre-contract
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit Come, let us go
Our corn's to reap, for yet our titles to sow

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *A room in the prison*

Enter PROVOST and POMPEY

Prov Come hither, sirrah Can you cut off a
man's head?

Pom If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can, but
if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and
I can never cut off a woman's head

Prov Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and
yield me a direct answer To-morrow morn-
ing are to die Claudio and Barnardine Here is
in our prison a common executioner, who in
his office lacks a helper If you will take it on
you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your
gyves, if not, you shall have your full time of
imprisonment and your deliverance with an un-
expected whipping, for you have been a notorious
bawd

Pom Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time
out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a
lawful hangman I would be glad to receive some
instruction from my fellow partner

Prov What, ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson,
there? 21

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor Do you call, sir?

Prov Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-
morrow in your execution If you think it meet,
compound with him by the year, and let him
abide here with you, if not, use him for the
present and dismiss him He cannot plead his
estimation with you, he hath been a bawd

Abhor A bawd, sir? He upon him! he will dis-
credit our mystery 30

Prov Go to, sir, you weigh equally, a feather
will turn the scale [*Exit*]

Pom Pray, sir, by your good favour—for sure-
ly, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have
a hanging look—do you call, sir, your occupa-
tion a mystery?

Abhor Ay, sir, a mystery

Pom Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mys-
tery, and your whores, sir, being members of
my occupation, using painting, do prove my oc-
cupation a mystery, but what mystery there
should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I
cannot imagine

Abhor Sir, it is a mystery

Pom Proof?

Abhor Every true man's apparel fits your thief
If it be too little for your thief, your true man
thinks it big enough, if it be too big for your
thief, your thief thinks it little enough, so every
true man's apparel fits your thief 50

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov Are you agreed?

Pom Sir, I will serve him, for I do find your
hangman is a more penitent trade than your
bawd, he doth oftener ask forgiveness

Prov You sirrah provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Alhor Come on, bawd I will instruct thee in my trade follow

Pom I do desire to learn sir and I hope if you have occasion to use me for your own turn you shall find me yare for truly sir for your kindness I owe you a good turn

Prov Call hither Barnardine and Claudio

(Exeunt POMPEY and ALHORSON)

The one has my pity not a jot the other
Being a murderer though he were my brother

Enter CLAUDIO

Look here is the warrant Claudio for thy death
Tis now dead midnight and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal Where's Barnardine?

Claudio As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones 70
He will not wake

Prov Who can do good on him?

Well go prepare yourself *(Knocking within)*

But hark what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort

(Exit CLAUDIO)

By and by

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio

Enter DUKE disguised as before

Welcome father

Duke The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Enveloped you good Provost? Who call'd here of late?

Prov None since the curfew ring

Duke Not Isabel?

Prov No

Duke They will then ere long be long

Prov What comfort is for Claudio? 80

Duke There's some in hope

Prov It is a bitter deputy

Duke Not so not so his life is parallel'd

I ven with the stroke and line of his great justice
He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others Were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects then were he tyrannous

But this being so he's just

Knocking within

Now are they come

(Exit PROVOST)

This is a gentle Provost seldom when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men

Knocking within

How now? what noise? The spirit's possess'd
with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these
strokes

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov There he must stay until the officer
Arise to let him in He is call'd up

Duke Have you no countermand for Claudio
yet

But he must die to-morrow?

Prov None sir none

Duke As near the dawning Provost as it is
You shall hear more ere morning

Prov I happily

You something know yet I believe there comes

No countermand no such example have we 100

Besides upon the very siege of justice

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Profess'd the contrary

Enter a MESSENGER

This is his lordship's man

Duke And here comes Claudio's pardon

Ves (Giving a paper) My lord hath sent you
this note and by me this further charge that you
swere not from the smallest article of it neither
in time matter or other circumstance Good
tomorrow for as I take it it is almost day

Prov I shall obey him *(Exit MESSENGER)*

Duke (Aside) This is his pardon, purchased by
such sin

For which the pardoners himself is in

Hence hath offence his quick celerity

When it is borne in high authority

When vice makes mercy mercy's so extended

That for the fault's love is the offender friended

Now sir what news?

Prov I told you Lord Angelo, belike thinking
me remiss in mine office awakens me with this
unwonted putting-on methinks strangely for he
hath not used it before 121

Duke Pray you let's hear

Prov *(Re-its)*

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary let
Claudio be executed by four of the clock and in
the afternoon Barnardine For my better satisfaction
let me have Claudio's head sent me by five
Let this be duly performed with a thought
that more depends on it than we must yet deliver
Thus fail not to do your office as you will answer
it at your peril 130

What say you to this sir?

Duke What is that Barnardine who is to be
executed in the afternoon?

Prov A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred, one that is a prisoner nine years old

Duke How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so

Prov His friends still wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof

Duke It is now apparent?

Prov Most manifest, and not denied by himself

Duke Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

Prov A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep, careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come, insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal

Duke He wants advice

Prov He will hear none He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison, give him leave to escape hence, he would not, drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all 161

Duke More of him anon There is written in your brow Provost, honesty and constancy If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me, but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy

Prov Pray, sir, in what?

Duke In the delaying death

Prov Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest

Duke By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo

Prov Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour

Duke O, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death you know the course is common If anything fall to you upon this, more

than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life

Prov Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath

Duke Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov To him, and to his substitutes

Duke You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov But what likelihood is in that? 202

Duke Not a resemblance, but a certainty Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke You know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you

Prov I know them both 210

Duke The contents of this is the return of the Duke You shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but, by chance, nothing of what is writ Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be All difficulties are but easy when they are known Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you Come away, it is almost clear dawn [Exeunt]

SCENE III Another room in the same

Enter POMPEY

Pom I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession One would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers First, here's young Master Rash, he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks, ready money Marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I

forty more all great doers in our trade and are
now for the Lord's sake 21

Enter ABHORSON

Abhor Sirrah bring Barnardine hither
Pom Master Barnardine! you must rise and be
hanged, Master Barnardine!

Abhor What ho Barnardine?
Bar [Within] A pox o' your throats! Who
makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom Your friends sir the hangman You must
be so good sir to rise and be put to death

Bar [Within] Away you rogue away! I am
sleepy 31

Abhor Tell him he must awake and that quick
ly too

Pom Pray Master Barnardine awake till you
are executed and sleep afterwards

Abhor Go in to him and fetch him out
Pom He is coming sir he is coming I hear his
straw rustle

Abhor Is the ave upon the block sirrah?
Pom Very ready sir 40

Enter BARNARDINE

Bar How now Abhorson? what's the news
with you?

Abhor Truly sir I would desire you to clap
into your prayers for look you the warrant's
come

Bar You rogue I have been drinking all night
I am not fitted for it

Pom O the better sir for he that drinks all
night and is hanged betimes in the morning may
sleep the sounder all the next day 50

Enter DUKE disguised as before

Abhor Look you sir here comes your ghostly
father Do we jest now thank you?

Duke Sir induced by my charity and hearing
how hastily you are to depart I am come to ad-
vise you, comfort you and pray with you

Bar Friar not I! I have been drinking hard all
night and I will have more time to prepare me
or they shall beat out my brains with billets I
will not consent to die this day that's certain

Duke O sir you must and therefore I beseech
you 60

Look forward on the journey you shall go
Bar I swear I will not die to-day for any man's
persuasion

Duke But hear you
Bar Not a word If you have anything to say
to me come to my ward for thence will I
go-day [Exit]

Duke Unfit to live or die, O grave heart!

After him follows bring him to the block
[*Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY*]

Enter PROVOST

Prov Now sir how do you find the prison-
er? 70

Duke A creature unprepared unmeet for death
And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable

Prov Here in the prison father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine a most notorious pirate
A man of Claudio's years his beard and head
Just of his colour What if we do omit
Thus reprobate till he were well inclined
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine more like to Claudio? 80

Duke O 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently, the hour draws on
Prefig'd by Angelo See this be done
And sent according to command whilst I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die
Prov This shall be done good father presently
But Barnardine must die this afternoon
And how shall we continue Claudio
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

Duke Let this be done 90
Prov Put them in secret holds both Barnardine and
Claudio

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested

Prov I am your free dependant
Duke Quick dispatch and send the head to
Angelo [Exit PROVOST]

Now will I write letters to Angelo—
The Provost he shall bear them—whose con-
sents

Shall witness to him I am near at home
And that by great injunctions I am bound 100
To enter publicly Him I desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city and from thence,
By cold gradation and well balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo

Re-enter PROVOST

Prov Here is the head I'll carry it myself
Duke Convenient is it Make a swift return
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours

Prov I'll make all speed [Exit]

Isab [Within] Peace be here! 110
Duke The tongue of Isabel She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come further

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected

Enter ISABELLA

Isab Ho, by your leave!

Duke Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter

Isab The better, given me by so holy a man
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke He hath released him, Isabel, from the world

His head is off and sent to Angelo 120

Isab Nay, but it is not so

Duke It is no other Show your wisdom, daughter,

In your patience

Isab O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

Duke You shall not be admitted to his sight

Isab Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

Duke This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot,
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven
Mark what I say, which you shall find 130

By every syllable a faithful verity

The Duke comes home to-morrow, nay, dry your eyes,

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power If you can, pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, 140
And general honour

Isab I am directed by you

Duke This letter, then, to Friar Peter give,

'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night Her cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you

Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow

And shall be absent Wend you with this letter

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart, trust not my holy order,

If I pervert your course Who's here?

Enter LUCIO

Lucio Good even Friar, where's the Provost?

Duke Not within, sir

Lucio O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine

heart to see thine eyes so red Thou must be patient I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran, I dare not for my head fill my belly, one fruitful meal would set me to't But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother If the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived *[Exit ISABELLA]*

Duke Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them

Lucio Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do He's a better woodman than thou takest him for 171

Duke Well, you'll answer this one day Fare ye well

Lucio Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke

Duke You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true, if not true, none were enough

Lucio I was once before him for getting a wench with child 180

Duke Did you such a thing?

Lucio Yes, marry, did I, but I was fain to forswear it They would else have married me to the rotten medlar

Duke Sir, your company is fairer than honest Rest you well

Lucio By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick *[Exeunt : 190]*

SCENE IV *A room in Angelo's house*

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS

Escal Every letter he hath writ hath dis-
vouched other

Ang In most uneven and distracted manner
His actions show much like to madness, pray
Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why
meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authori-
ties there?

Escal I guess not

Ang And why should we proclaim it in an
hour before his entering, that if any crave redress
of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in
the street?

Escal He shows his reason for that to have a
dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from
devices hereafter, which shall then have no power
to stand against us

Ang Well, I beseech you let it be proclaimed
betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house
Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to
meet him 20

Escal I shall sir Fare you well
 Ang Good night *[Exit ESCALUS]*
 This deed unshapes me quite makes me un-
 pregnant
 And dull to all proceedings A deflower'd maid
 And by an eminent body that enforced
 The law against it But that her tender shame
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss
 How might she tongue me Yet reason dares
 her no
 For my authority bears of a credent bulk
 That no particular scandal once can touch 30
 But it confounds the breather He should have
 lived
 Say e that his riotous youth with dangerous sense,
 Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life
 With rancor of such shame Would yet he had
 lived
 Alack when once our grace we have forgot
 Nothing goes right we would and we would not *[Exit]*

SCENE V *Fields without the town**Enter DUKE in his own habit and FRIAR PETER*

Duke These letters at fit time deliver me
 Giving letters

The Provost knows our purpose and our plot
 The matter being afoot keep your instruction,
 And hold you ever to our special drift
 Though sometimes you do blench from this to
 that

As cause doth minister Go call at Flavius house,
 And tell him where I stay Give the like notice
 To Valentinus Rowland and to Crassus
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate
 But send me Flavius first

Fri P It shall be speeded well *[Exit]* 10

Enter VARRIUS

Duke I thank thee, Varrus thou hast made
 good haste
 Come we will walk There's other of our friends
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrus *[Exit]*

SCENE VI *Street next the city gate**Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA*

Isab To speak so indirectly, I am loath
 I would say the truth but to accuse him so
 That is your part Yet I am advised to do it
 He says to veil full purpose

Mari Be ruled by him

Isab Besides he tells me that if peradventure
 He speak against me on the adverse side
 I should not think it strange for us a phisic

That's bitter to sweet end
 Mari I would Friar Peter—
 Isab O peace! the friar is come

Enter FRIAR PETER

Fri P Come, I have found you out a stand
 most fit 10
 Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
 He shall not pass you Twice have the trumpets
 sounded
 The generous and gravest citizens
 Have hent the gates and very near upon
 The Duke is entering therefore hence away! *[Exeunt]*

ACT V

SCENE I *The city gate*

MARIANA veiled ISABELLA and FRIAR PETER, at
 their stand *Enter DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords AN-
 GEL, ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, Officers and
 Citizens at several doors*

Duke My very worthy cousin fairly met!
 Our old and faithful friend we are glad to see
 you

Ang } Happy return be to your royal Grace!
 Escal }

Duke Many and hearty thankings to you both
 We have made inquiry of you and we hear
 Such goodness of your justice that our soul
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks
 Forerunning more requital

Ang You make my bonds still greater
 Duke O your desert speaks loud and I should
 wrong it

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom 10
 When it deserves with characters of brass
 A fortified residence against the tooth of time
 And razure of oblivion Give me your hand,
 And let the subject see to make them know
 That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
 Favours that keep within Come Escalus
 You must walk by us on our other hand
 And good supporters are you

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward

Fri P Now is your time Speak loud and kneel
 before him

Isab Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your re-
 gard 20

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said a maid!
 O worthy Prince dishonour not your eye
 By throwing it on any other object
 Till you have heard me in my true complaint
 And given me justice, justice justice!

Duke Relate your wrongs in what? by
 whom? be brief

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice

Reveal yourself to him

Isab O worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed, 31
Or wring redress from you Hear me, O hear
me, here!

Ang My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not
firm

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother

Cut off by course of justice—

Isab By course of justice!

Ang And she will speak most bitterly and
strange

Isab Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
speak

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,

Is it not strange and strange?

Duke Nay, it is ten times strange

Isab It is not truer he is Angelo

Than this is all as true as it is strange

Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning

Duke Away with her! Poor soul,

She speaks thus in the infirmity of sense

Isab O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou be-
lievest

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50

That I am touch'd with madness! Make not im-
possible

That which but seems unlike 'Tis not impossible

But one, the wicked'st carter on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute

As Angelo, even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain, believe it, royal prince

If he be less, he's nothing, but he's more,

Had I more name for badness

Duke By mine honesty, 60

If she be mad—as I believe no other—

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness

Isab O gracious Duke,

Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason

For inequality but let your reason serve

To make the truth appear where it seems hid,

And hide the false seems true

Duke Many that are not mad

Have, sure more lack of reason What would
you say?

Isab I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70
To lose his head, condemn'd by Angelo
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother, one Lucio
As then the messenger—

Lucio That's I, an't like your Grace
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon

Isab That's he indeed

Duke You were not bid to speak

Lucio No, my good lord,

Nor wish'd to hold my peace

Duke I wish you now, then,
Pray you, take note of it, and when you have 80
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then
Be perfect

Lucio I warrant your honour

Duke The warrant's for yourself, take heed to't

Isab This gentleman told somewhat of my
tale—

Lucio Right

Duke It may be right, but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time Proceed

Isab I went

To this pernicious carter deputy—

Duke That's somewhat madly spoken

Isab Pardon it, 90
The phrase is to the matter

Duke Mended again The matter, proceed

Isab In brief, to set the needless process by,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,

How he refell'd me and how I replied—

For this was of much length—the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,

Release my brother, and, after much debate-
ment,

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, 100

And I did yield to him, but the next morn be-
times,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant

For my poor brother's head

Duke This is most likely!

Isab O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st

not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour

In hateful practice First, his integrity

Stands without blemish Next, it imports no
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself If he had so offended

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself

And not have cut him off Some one hath set you
on
Confess the truth and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain
Isab And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above
Keep me in patience and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wapt up
In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace from
woe,

As I thus wrong'd hence unbelieved go!
Duke I know you'd fain be gone An officer! 120
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
Isab One that I would were here Friar Lodo-
wick

Duke A ghostly father belike Who knows
that Lodowick?

Lucio My lord I know him tis a meddling
friar

I do not like the man Had he been lay my lord
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement I had winged him soundly

Duke Words against me! this is a good friar
belike! 131

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found

Lucio But yesternight my lord she and that
friar

I saw them at the prison A saucy friar
A very scurvy fellow

Friar Blessed be your royal Grace!

I have stood by my lord and I have heard
Your royal ear abused First hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute 140
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot

Duke We did believe no less
know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

Friar I know him for a man divine and holy

Not scurvy nor a temporary meddler

As he's reported by this gentleman

And on my trust a man that never yet

Did, as he vouches misreport your Grace

Lucio My lord most villainously believe it

Friar Well he in time may come to clear him-
self 150

But at this instant he is sick my lord
Of a strange fever Upon his mere request
Bring come to knowledge that there was com-
plaint

Intended against Lord Angelo came I hither
To speak as from his mouth what he doth know
Is true and false and what he with his oath

And all probation will make up full clear
Whosoever he's converted First for this
woman

To justify this worthy nobleman
So vulgarly and personally accused 160
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes
Till she herself confess it

Duke Good friar let's hear it
*[ISABELLA IS ATTENDED OFF GUARDED, AND
MARIANA COMES FORWARD]*

Do you not smile at this Lord Angelo?
O heaven the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats Come cousin Angelo
In this I'll be impartial be you judge
Of your own cause Is this the witness friar?
First let her show her face and after speak
Mari Pardon, my lord I will not show my
face

Until my husband bid me 170

Duke What are you married?

Mari No my lord

Duke Are you a maid?

Mari No my lord

Duke A widow then?

Mari Neither my lord

Duke Why you are nothing then neither
maid widow nor wife?

Lucio My lord she may be a punk for many
of them are neither maid widow nor wife

Duke Silence that fellow I would he had some
cause 181

To prattle for himself

Lucio Well my lord

Mari My lord I do confess I ne'er was mar-
ried

And I confess besides I am no maid
I have known my husband yet my husband
knows not that ever he knew me

Lucio He was drunk then my lord It can be
no better

Duke For the benefit of silence would thou
wert so too! 191

Lucio Well my lord

Duke This is no witness for Lord Angelo

Mari Now I come to it my lord

She that accuses him of fornication

In self same manner doth accuse my husband,

And charges him my lord with such a time

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms

With all the effect of love

Ang Charges she more than me?

Mari Not that I know 200

Duke No? you saw your husband

Mari Why just my lord and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my
body

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's
Ang This is a strange abuse Let's see thy
 face

Mari My husband bids me, now I will un-
 mask [*Unveiling*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
 Which once thou sworest was worth the looking
 on,

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,
 Was fast belock'd in thine, this is the body 210
 That took away the match from Isabel,
 And did supply thee at thy garden-house
 In her imagined person

Duke Know you this woman?

Lucio Carnally, she says

Duke Surrah, no more!

Lucio Enough, my lord

Ang My lord, I must confess I know this
 woman,

And five years since there was some speech of
 marriage

Between myself and her, which was broke off,
 Partly for that her promised proportions
 Came short of composition, but in chief 220

For that her reputation was disvalued
 In levity, since which time of five years
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from
 her,

Upon my faith and honour

Mari Noble Prince,
 As there comes light from heaven and words
 from breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
 I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
 As words could make up vows, and, my good
 lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in's garden-house
 He knew me as a wife As this is true, 230
 Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
 Or else for ever be confixed here,
 A marble monument!

Ang I did but smile till now
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice,
 My patience here is touch'd I do perceive
 These poor informal women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member
 That sets them on Let me have way, my lord,
 To find this practice out

Duke Ay, with my heart,
 And punish them to your height of pleasure 240
 Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
 Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy
 oaths

Though they would swear down each particular
 saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit

That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
 Sit with my cousin, lend him your kind pains
 To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived
 There is another friar that set them on,
 Let him be sent for

Fri P Would he were here, my lord! for he
 indeed 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint
 Your Provost know the place where he abides
 And he may fetch him

Duke Go do it instantly [*Exit PROVOST*]
 And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,
 In any chastisement I for a while will leave
 you,

But stir not you till you have well determined
 Upon these slanderers

Escal My lord, we'll do it throughly 260
 [*Exit DUKE*]

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that
 Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio *Cucullus non facit monachum* honest in
 nothing but in his clothes, and one that hath
 spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke

Escal We shall entreat you to abide here till
 he come and enforce them against him We shall
 find this friar a notable fellow

Lucio As any in Vienna, on my word

Escal Call that same Isabel here once again,
 I would speak with her [*Exit an Attendant*]
 Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question,
 you shall see how I'll handle her

Lucio Not better than he, by her own report

Escal Say you?

Lucio Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
 privately, she would sooner confess, perchance,
 publicly, she'll be ashamed

Escal I will go darkly to work with her

Lucio That's the way, for women are light at
 midnight 281

*Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA, and PROVOST
 with the DUKE in his friar's habit*

Escal Come on, mistress Here's a gentle-
 woman denies all that you have said

Lucio My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
 of, here with the Provost

Escal In very good time Speak not you to
 him till we call upon you

Lucio Mum

Escal Come, sir, did you set these women
 on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed
 you did

Duke 'Tis false

Escal How! know you where you are?

Duke Respect to your great place¹ and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne¹

Where is the Duke? tis he should hear me speak

Escal The Duke's in us and we will hear you speak

Look you speak justly

Duke Boldly at least But O poor souls

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 300

Good night to your redress¹ Is the Duke gone?

Then is your cause gone too The Duke's unjust

Thus to retort your manifest appeal

And put your trial in the villain's mouth

Which here you come to accuse

Lucio This is the rascal this is he I spoke of

Escal Why thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man but in foul mouth

And in the witness of his proper ear 310

To call him villain² and then to glance from him

To the Duke himself to tax him with injustice²

Take him hence to the rack with him¹ We'll rouse you

Joint by joint but we will know his purpose

What unjust¹

Duke Be not so hot the Duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

Dare rack his own His subject am I not

Nor here provincial My business in this state

Made me a looker on here in Vienna

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'er-run the stew laws for all faults 321

But faults no countenanced, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop

As much in mock as mark

Escal Slander to the state² Away with him to prison¹

Ang What can you vouch against him Signior

*Lucio*²

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio 'Tis he my lord Come hither goodman

baldpate Do you know me?

Duke I remember you sir by the sound of your voice I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke

Lucio O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke Most notably sir

Lucio Do you so sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger a fool and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke You must sir change persons with me, ere you make that my report You, indeed spoke

so of him and much more much worse 341

Lucio O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

Duke I protest I love the Duke as I love my self

Ang Hark how the villain would close now after his treasonable abuses!

Escal Such a fellow is not to be talked withal Away with him to prison Where is the Provost? Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him Let him speak no more Away with those gylots too and with the other confederate companions!

Duke [To provost] Stay sir stay awhile

Ang What resists he? Help him *Lucio*

Lucio Come sir come, sir come sir for sir!

Why you bald pated lying rascal you must be hooded must you? Show your knave's visage with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? 360

Pulls off the friar's hood and discovers the Duke

Duke Thou art the first knave that e'er madest a Duke

First Provost let me bail these gentle three

[To *LUCIO*] Sneak not away sir for the friar and you

Must have a word anon Lay hold on him

Lucio This may prove worse than hanging

Duke [To *CASCIO*] What you have spoke I

pardon Sir you down

We'll borrow place of him [To *ANGELO*] Sir by your leave

Hast thou or word or wit or impudence

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast

Rely upon it till my tale be heard 370

And hold no longer out

Ang O my dread lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness

To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive your Grace like power divine

Hath look'd upon my passes Then good Prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame

But let my trial be mine own confession

Immediate sentence then and sequent death

Is all the grace I beg

Duke Come hither Mariana

Say wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang I was my lord 381

Duke Go take her hence and marry her instantly

Do you the office, friar which consummate

Return him here again Go with him, Provost

[*Exit ANGELO MARIANA FRIAR PETER and PROVOST*]

Escal My lord I am more amazed at his dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it

Duke Come hither, Isabel
Your friar is now your Prince As I was then
Advertising and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service

Isab O, give me pardon, 390
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty¹

Duke You are pardon'd, Isabel
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
Than let him so be lost O most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on, 400
That brain'd my purpose But, peace be with
him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear Make it your
comfort,

So happy is your brother

Isab I do, my lord

Re enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,
and PROVOST

Duke For this new-married man approaching
here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour, you must pardon
For Mariana's sake But as he adjudged your
brother—

Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach 410
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life—
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers le-
isure,

Lil e doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR
MEASURE

Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested,
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee
vantage

We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like
haste 420

Away with him!

Mari O my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband
Duke It is your husband mock'd you with a
husband

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,

I thought your marriage fit, else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life
And choke your good to come For his posses-
sions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband

Mari O my dear lord, 430

I crave no other, nor no better man

Duke Never crave him, we are definitive

Mari Gentle my liege— [*Kneeling*]

Duke You do but lose your labour

Aw ay with him to death! [*To LUCIO*] Now, sir,
to you

Mari O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my
part,

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service

Duke Against all sense you do importune her
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror

Mari Isabel, 441

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all
They say, best men are moulded out of faults,
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad, so may my husband
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

Duke He dies for Claudio's death

Isab Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling*]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother lived I partly think 450

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me Since it is so,
Let him not die My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he died
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way Thoughts are no
subjects,

Intents but merely thoughts

Mari Merely, my lord

Duke Your suit's unprofitable, stand up, I say
I have bethought me of another fault 461
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov It was commanded so

Duke Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov No, my good lord, it was by private mes-
sage

Duke For which I do discharge you of your
office

Give up your keys

Prov Pardon me, noble lord

I thought it was a fault but knew it not
 Yet did repent me after more advice
 For testimony whereof one in the prison 470
 That should by private order else have died,
 I have reserved alive

Duke What's he?
 Prov. His name is Barnardine

Duke I would thou hadst done so by Claudio
 Go fetch him hither let me look upon him

[Exit PROVOST]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
 As you Lord Angelo have still appear'd
 Should slip so grossly both in the heat of blood
 And lack of temper'd judgement afterward
 Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure
 And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 480
 That I crave death more willingly than mercy
 'Tis my deserving and I do entreat it

Re-enter PROVOST with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO
 muffled and JULIET

Duke Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This my lord

Duke There was a friar told me of this man
 Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
 That apprehends no further than this world
 And squarest thy life according. Thou art con-
 demn'd

But for those earthly faults I quit them all
 And pray thee take this mercy to provide
 For better times to come. Friar, advise him 490
 I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's
 that?

Prov. This is another prisoner that I saved
 Who should have died when Claudio lost his
 head

As like almost to Claudio as himself

Unmuffles CLAUDIO

Duke [To ISABELLA] If he be like your brother
 for his sake

Is he pardon'd and for your lovely sake
 Give me your hand and say you will be mine,
 He is my brother too but fitter time for that
 By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe
 Methinks I see a quickening in his eye 500
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well
 Look that you love your wife her worth worth
 yours

I find an apt remission in myself
 And yet here's one in place. I cannot pardon
 [To LUCIO] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool
 a coward

One all of luxury an ass a madman
 Wherein have I so deserved of you?
 That you extol me thus?

LUCIO Faith my lord I spoke it but according
 to the trick. If you will hang me for it you may
 but I had rather it would please you I might be
 whipt

Duke Whipt first sir and hanged after
 Proclaim it. Provost round about the city
 Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
 As I have heard him swear himself there's one
 Whom he begot with child let her appear
 And he shall marry her the nuptial finish'd
 Let him be whipt and hang'd

LUCIO I beseech your Highness do not marry
 me to a whore. Your Highness said even now I
 made you a Duke. Good my lord do not recom-
 pense me in making me a cuckold

Duke Upon mine honour thou shalt marry
 her

Thy slanders I forgive and therewithal
 Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison
 And see our pleasure herein executed

LUCIO Marrying a punk my lord is pressing to
 death whipping and hanging

Duke Slandering a prince deserves it 510

[I re-enter Officers with LUCIO]

She Claudio that you wrong'd look you restore
 Joy to you Mariana! Love her Angelo

I have confess'd her and I know her virtue
 Thanks good friend Lucius for thy much good
 news

There's more behind that is more grateful
 Thanks Provost for thy care and secrecy
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place
 Forgive him Angelo that brought you home
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel 540
 I have a motion much imports your good
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline
 What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine
 So bring us to our palace where we'll show
 What's yet behind that's meet you all should
 know [Exeunt]

2 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE
BRABANTIO, a Senator
TWO SENATORS
GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio
LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio
OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state
CASSIO his lieutenant
IAGO, his ancient
RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus
CLOWN servant to Othello
TWO GENTLEMEN, of Venice
FOUR GENTLEMEN, of Cyprus

AN OFFICER
A HERALD
A MESSENGER
A SAILOR
A MUSICIAN

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello
EMILIA, wife to Iago
BIANCA, mistress to Cassio

NON-SPEAKING Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants

SCENE Venice, and a Sea-port in Cyprus



ACT I

SCENE I Venice a street

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO

Rod Tush! never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this
Iago 'Sblood, but you will not hear me
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me
Rod Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate
Iago Despair me, if I do not Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him, and, by the faith of man, 10
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Exades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators, for, "Certes," says he,
"I have already chose my officer"
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle know's
More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoretic,
Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose
As masterly as he Mere prattle, without practice,

Is all his soldiership But he, sir, had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds
Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd 30
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient
Rod By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman
Iago Why, there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first Now, sir, be judge yourself
Whether I in any just term am affined
To love the Moor
Rod I would not follow him then 40
Iago O sir, content you,
I follow him to serve my turn upon him
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old,
cashier'd
Whip me such honest knaves Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,

Do well thrive lly them and when they have lined
their coats

Do themselves homage These fellows have some
soul

And such a one do I profess myself For sir

It is as sure as you are Roderigo

Were I the Moor I would not be Iago

In following him I follow but myself

Heaven is my judge not I for love and duty

But seeming so for my peculiar end 60

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at I am not what I am

Rod What a full fortune does the thick lips
owe,

If he can carry t thus!

Iago Call up her father

Rouse him Make after him poison his delight

Proclaim him in the streets Incense her kins
men,

And though he in a fertile climate dwell 70

Plague him with flies Though that his joy be

joy

Yet throw such changes of variation on t

As it may lose some colour

Rod Here is her father's house I'll call aloud

Iago Do with like timorous accent and dire
cell

As when by night and negligence, the fire

Is spied in populous cities

Rod What ho Brabantio! Signior Brabantio
ho!

Iago Awake! what ho Brabantio! thieves!
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house your daughter and your
bags!

Thieves! thieves! 81

BRABANTIO appears above at a window

Bra What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons?

What is the matter there?

Rod Signior is all your family within?

Iago Are your doors lock'd?

Bra Why wherefore ask you this?

Iago Zounds sir you're robb'd for shame put
on your gown

Your heart is burst you have lost half your soul

Even now now very now an old black ram

Is tupping your white ewe Arise arise

Awake the smothering titans with the bell 90

Or else the devil will make a grandure of you

Arise I say

Bra What have you lost your wits?

Rod Most reverend signior do you know my
voice?

Bra Not I What are you?

Rod My name is Roderigo

Bra The worse welcome

I have charged thee not to haunt about my
doors

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee and now in mad-
ness

Being full of supper and distempering draughts

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come 100

To start my quiet

Rod Sir sir sir—

Bra But thou must needs be sure

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee

Rod Patience good sir

Bra What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is

Venice

My house is not a grange

Rod Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you

Iago Zounds sir you are one of those that will

not serve God if the devil bid you Because we

come to do you service and you think we are

ruffians you'll have your daughter covered with

a Barbary horse you'll have your nephews neigh

to you you'll have coursers for couzins and gen-
ners for Germans

Bra What profane wretch art thou?

Iago I am one sir that comes to tell you your

daughter and the Moor are now makin' the beast
with two backs

Bra Thou art a villain

Iago You are—a senator

Bra This thou shalt answer I know thee

Roderigo 110

Rod Sir I will answer anything But I beseech
you

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent

As partly I find it is that your fair daughter

At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night

Transported with no worse nor better guard

But with a leave of common hire, a gondolier

To the gross claspe of a lascivious Moor—

If this be known to you and your allowance

We then have done you bold and saucy wrong

But if you know not this my manners tell me 120

We have your wrong rebuke Do not believe

That from the sense of all civility

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence

Your daughter if you have not given her leave

I say as am hath made a gross revolt

Tying her duty beauty wit and fortunes

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger

Of here and everywhere Straight satisfy yourself

If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140
For thus deluding you

Bra Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already
Light, I say! light! [Exit above

Iago Farewell, for I must leave you
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor, for, I do know, the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him, for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, 151
Which even now stand in act, that, for their

souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business, in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign That you shall surely
find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,
And there will I be with him So, farewell 160
[Exit

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches

Bra It is too true an evil, gone she is,
And what's to come of my despised time
Is nought but bitterness Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a
father!
How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives
me

Past thought! What said she to you? Get more
tapers

Raise all my kindred Are they married, think
you?

Rod Truly, I think they are
Bra O heaven! How got she out? O treason of
the blood! 170

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'
minds

By what you see them act Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod Yes, sir, I have indeed
Bra Call up my brother O, would you had had
her!

Some one way, some another Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me 180

Bra Pray you, lead on At every house I'll call,
I may command at most Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night
On, good Roderigo, I'll deserve your pains
[Exeunt

SCENE II Another street

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches

Iago Though in the trade of war I have slain
men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contrived murder I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the
ribs

Oth 'Tis better as it is

Iago Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this, 11
That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the Dulc's He will divorce
you,

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable

Oth Let him do his spite,
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints 'Tis yet to
know—

Which, when I know that boasting is an
honour,

I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being 21
From men of royal siege, and my demerits

May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd, for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhousewired free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth But, look! what lights come
yond?

Iago Those are the raised father and his friends
You were best go in

Oth Not I, I must be found 30
My parts my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly Is it they?

Iago By Janus, I think no

Enter CASSIO, and certain OFFICERS with torches

Oth The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant
The goodness of the night upon you friends!
What is the news?
Car The Duke does greet you general
And he requires your haste post haste appearance

Even on the instant

Oth What is the matter think you?
Car Something from Cyprus as I may divine
It is a business of some heat The galleys 40
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
Thus very night at one another's heels
And many of the consuls raised and met
Are at the Duke's already You have been hotly
called for

When being not at your lodging to be found
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out

Oth 'Tis well I am found by you
I will but spend a word here in the house
And go with you *[Exit]*

Car Ancient what makes he here?
Iago Faith he to-night hath boarded a land
carack. 50

If it prove lawful prize he's made for ever

Car I do not understand

Iago He's married
Car To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO

Iago Marry to—Come captain will you go?

Oth Have with you

Car Here comes another troop to seek for you

Iago It is Brabantio General be advised
He comes to bad intent

*Enter BRABANTIO RODERIGO and Officers with
torches and weapons*

Oth Holla! stand there!

Rod Signior it is the Moor

Bra Down with him thief!

They draw on both sides

Iago You Roderigo! come sir I am for you

Oth Keep up your bright swords for the dew
will rust them

Good signior you shall more command with
years

Than with your weapons

Bra O thou foul thief where hast thou stow'd
my daughter? 61

Damnd as thou art thou hast enchanted her
For I'll refer me to all things of sense

If she in chains of magic were not bound
Whether a maid so tender fair and happy
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have to incur a general mock
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom 70
Of such a thing as thou—to fear not to delight
Judge me the world if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion I'll have't disputed on
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant
Lay hold upon him If he do resist 80
Subdue him at his peril

Oth Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining and the rest
Were it my cue to fight I should have known it
Without a prompter Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra To prison till fit time
Of law and course of direct session
Call thee to answer

Oth What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied
Whose messengers are here about my side
Upon some present business of the state 90
To bring me to him?

1st Off 'Tis true most worthy signior
The Duke's in council and your noble self
I am sure is sent for

Bra How! the Duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away
Mine's not an idle cause The Duke himself
Or any of my brothers of the state
Cannot but feel this wrong as were their own
For if such actions may have passage free
Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be
[Exit]

SCENE III A council-chamber

*The DUKE and SENATORS sitting at a table
OFFICERS attending*

Duke There is no composition in these news
That gives them credit

1st Sen Indeed they are disproportion'd
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys

Duke And mine a hundred and forty
2nd Sen And mine two hundred

But though they jump not on a just account—
As in these cases where the aim reports

'Tis off with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet and bearing up to Cyprus

Duke Nay it is possible enough to judgement
I do not so secure me in the error 10
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense

Sailor [Within] What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
1st Off A messenger from the galleys

Enter a SAILOR

Duke Now, what's the business?

Sail The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes,

So was I bid report here to the state

By Signior Angelo

Duke How say you by this change?

1st Sen This cannot be,

By no assay of reason, 'tis a pageant,

To keep us in false gaze When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk, 20

And let ourselves again but understand,

That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,

For that it stands not in such warlike brace,

But altogether lacks the abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in If we make thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful

To leave that latest which concerns him first,

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain

To wake and wage a danger profitless 30

Duke Nay, in all confidence, he's not for

Rhodes

1st Off Here is more news

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,

Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet

1st Sen Ay, so I thought How many, as you guess?

Mess Of thirty sail, and now they do re-stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40

With his free duty recommends you thus,

And prays you to believe him

Duke 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

1st Sen He is now in Florence

Duke Write from us to him, post-post-haste dispatch

1st Sen Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers

Duke Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
 Against the general enemy Ottoman

[To BRABANTIO] I did not see you, welcome, gentle signior,

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night 50

Bra So did I yours Good your Grace, pardon me,

Neither my place nor ought I heard of business

Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief

Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature

That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows

And it is still itself

Duke Why, what's the matter?

Bra My daughter! O, my daughter!

All Dead?

Bra Ay, to me,

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted 60

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks,

For nature so preposterously to err,

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,

Sans witchcraft could not

Duke Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself

And you of her, the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter

After your own sense, yea, though our proper son

Stood in your action

Bra Humbly I thank your Grace 70

Here is the man this Moor, whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate for the state affairs

Hath hither brought

All We are very sorry for't

Duke [To OTHELLO] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Bra Nothing, but this is so

Oth Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters,

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,

It is most true, true, I have married her

This very head and front of my offending 80

Hath this extent, no more Rude am I in my

speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace

For since these arms of mine had seven years'

path,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have

used

Their dearest action in the tented field,

And little of this great world can I speak

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,

And therefore little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for myself Yet, by your gracious

patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver

Of my whole course of love what drugs what charms

What conjuration and what mighty magic
For such proceeding I am charged withal
I won his daughter

Bra A maiden never bold
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself and she in spite of nature
Of years of country credit everything
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err 100
Against all rules of nature and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell
Why this should be I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the
blood

Or with some drem conjured to this effect
He wrought upon her

Duke To vouch this is no proof
Without more wider and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him
1st Sen But Othello speak 110
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth I do beseech you
Send for the lady to the Sagittary
And let her speak of me before her father
If you do find me foul in her report
The trust the office I do hold of you
Not only take away but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life

Duke Fetch Desdemona hither 120
Oth Ancient conduct them you best know the
place *(Exeunt 1400 and Attendants)*

And till she come as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine

Duke Say to Othello

Oth Her father loved me oft invited me
Still question'd me the story of my life 129
From year to year the battles sieges fortunes
That I have pass'd
I ran it through even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances
Of moving accidents by flood and field
Of hair breadth escapes the imminent deadly
breach,

Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery of my redemption thence

And portance in my travels history
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140
Rough quarries rocks and hills whose heads
touch heaven

It was my hint to speak—such was the process—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline
But still the house affairs would draw her
thence

Which ever she could with haste dispatch
She'd come again and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse which I observing 150
Took once a pliant hour and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard
But not intensely I did consent
And often did beguile her of her tears
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs
She swore in faith 'twas strange 'twas passing
strange, 160

'Twas pitiful 'twas wondrous pitiful
She wish'd she had not heard it yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man She
thank'd me

And bade me if I had a friend that loved her
I should but teach him how to tell my story
And that would woo her Upon this hint I
spoke

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd
And I lov'd her that she did pity them
This only in the witchcraft I have used
Here comes the lady let her witness it 170

Enter DESDEMONA 1400 and Attendants

Duke I think this tale would win my daughter
too

Good Brabantio

Take up this mangled matter at the best
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands

Bra I pray you hear her speak
If she confess that she was half the wooer
Destruction on my head if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither gentle mistress
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?

Des My noble father 180
I do perceive here a divided duty
To you I am bound for life and education
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you you are the lord of duty

I am hitherto your daughter But here's my husband,

And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord

Bra God be wi' you! I have done
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs 190
I had rather to adopt a child than get it
Come hither, Moor

I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them I have done, my lord

Duke Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence, 199

Which, as a guise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief,

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief 209

Bra So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,
We lose it not, so long as we can smile
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal
But words are words, I never yet did hear
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state 220

Duke The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus Orhelo, the fortitude of the place is best known to you, and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you You must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition 229

Oth The tyrant custom most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity

I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding

Duke If you please, 240

Be't at her father's

Bra I'll not have it so

Oth Nor I

Des Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness

Duke What would you, Desdemona?

Des That I did love the Moor to live with him, 249

My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world My heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence Let me go with him 260

Oth Let her have your voices

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not,

To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And Heaven defend your good souls, that you think

I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness 270
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going The affair cries haste,

And speed must answer it

1st Sen You must away to-night

Oth With all my heart

Duke At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again 280

Othello leave some officer behind
And he shall our commission bring to you
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you

Oth So please your Grace my ancient
A man he is of honesty and trust
To his conveyance I assign my wife
With what else needful your good Grace shall
think

To be sent after me

Duke Let it be so
Good night to every one [*To BRABANTIO*] And
noble signior

If virtue no delighted beauty lack 90
Your son in law is far more fair than black

1st Sen Adieu brave Moor use Desdemona
well

Bra Look to her Moor if thou hast eyes to
see

She has deceived her father and may thee

[*Exeunt DUKE, SENATORS Officers &c*]

Oth My life upon her faith! Honest Iago
My Desdemona must I leave to thee
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her
And bring them after in the best advantage
Come Desdemona I have but an hour
Of love of worldly matters and direction 300
To spend with thee We must obey the time

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA*]

Rod Iago—

Iago What say'st thou noble heart?

Rod What wilt thou think'st thou?

Iago Why go to bed and sleep

Rod I will incontinently drown myself

Iago If thou dost I shall never love thee after
Why thou silly gentleman!

Rod It is silliness to live when to live is tor-
ment and then have we a prescription to die
when Death is our physician 311

Iago O villainous! I have looked upon the
world for four times seven years and since I
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury
I never found a man that knew how to love him-
self. I would say I would drown myself for the
love of a guinea hen I would change my human-
ity with a baboon

Rod What should I do? I confess it is my
shame to be so fond but it is not in my virtue
to amend it 321

Iago Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we
are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens to
the which our wills are gardeners so that if we
will plant nettles or sow lettuce set hyssop and
weed up thyme supply it with one gender of
herbs or distract it with many either to have it
sterile with idleness or manured with industry

why the power and corrigible authority of this
lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had
not one scale of reason to poise another of sen-
suality the blood and baseness of our natures
would conduct us to most preposterous conclu-
sions but we have reason to cool our raging
motions our carnal stings our unbruted lusts,
whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect
or scion

Rod It cannot be

Iago It is merely a lust of the blood and a
permission of the will. Come be a man. Drown
thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have
professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to
thy deserving with cables of perdurable tough-
ness. I could never better stead thee than now.
Put money in thy purse follow thou the wars
defeat thy favour with an usurped beard. I say
put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Des-
demona should long continue her love to the
Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to
her. It was a violent commencement and thou
shalt see an answerable sequestration—put but
money in thy purse. These Moors are chan-
geable in their wills—fill thy purse with money—
the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,
shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.
She must change for youth when she is sated
with his body, she will find the error of her
choice she must have change she must there-
fore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs
damn thyself do it a more delicate way than
drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If
sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an er-
rour barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not
too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell
thou shalt enjoy her therefore make money. A
pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the
way. Seek thou rather to be hanged in compass-
ing thy joy than to be drowned and go without
her

Rod Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I de-
pend on the issue?

Iago Thou art sure of me. Go, make money.
I have told thee often and I re-tell thee again
and again I hate the Moor my cause is hearted
thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive
in our revenge against him. If thou canst cuckold
him, thou dost thyself a pleasure me a sport.
There are many events in the womb of time which
will be delivered. Traverse! go, provide thy
money. We will have more of this to-morrow.
Adieu

Rod Where shall we meet to-morrow?

Iago At my lodgings

Rod I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago Go to, farewell Do you hear, Roderigo?
Rod What say you?
Iago No more of drowning, do you hear?
Rod I am changed I'll go sell all my land

[Exit

Iago Thus do I ever make my fool my purse,
 For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,
 But for my sport and profit I hate the Moor,
 And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office I know not if't be true,
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do as if for surety He holds me well,
 The better shall my purpose work on him
 Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
 To get his place and to plume up my will 399
 In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
 That he is too familiar with his wife
 He hath a person and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected, framed to make women false
 The Moor is of a free and open nature
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose
 As asses are
 I have't It is engender'd Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's
 light [Exit 410

ACT II

SCENE 1 *A Sea-port in Cyprus an open
 place near the quay*

Enter MONTANO and TWO GENTLEMEN

Mon What from the cape can you discern at
 sea?

1st Gent Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought
 flood

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
 Descry a sail

Mon Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at
 land,

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements
 If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
 What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
 Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of
 this?

2nd Gent A segregation of the Turkish fleet
 For do but stand upon the foaming shore, 11
 The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,
 The wind shaken surge, with high and monstrous
 mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole

I never did like molestation view
 On the enchafed flood

Mon If that the Turkish fleet
 Benot enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd,
 It is impossible they bear it out 19

Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN

3rd Gent News, lads! our wars are done
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks
 That their designment halts A noble ship of
 Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
 On most part of their fleet

Mon How! is this true?

3rd Gent The ship is here put in
 A Veronese, Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
 Is come on shore, the Moor himself at sea,
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus 29

Mon I am glad on't, 'tis a worthy governor

3rd Gent But this same Cassio, though he
 speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
 And prays the Moor be safe, for they were parted
 With foul and violent tempest

Mon Pray heavens he be,
 For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
 Like a full soldier Let's to the seaside, ho!
 As well to see the vessel that's come in
 As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
 Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
 An indistinct regard

3rd Gent Come, let's do so, 40
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance

Enter CASSIO

Cas Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike
 isle,

That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea

Mon Is he well shipp'd?

Cas His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
 Of very expert and approved allowance,
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 50
 Stand in bold cure

A cry within, "A sail, a sail, a sail!"

Enter a FOURTH GENTLEMAN

Cas What noise?

4th Gent The town is empty, on the brow o'
 the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail!"

Cas My hopes do shape him for the governor
Guns heard

2nd Gent They do discharge their shot of courtesy

Our friends at least

Cas I pray you sir go forth
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd

2nd Gent I shall [Exit]
Mon But good lieutenant is your general
wived? 60

Cas Most fortunately He hath achieved a
maid

That paragons description and wild fame
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener

Re-enter SECOND GENTLEMAN

How now! who has put in?

2nd Gent 'Tis one Iago ancient to the general
Cas He has had most favourable and happy
speed

Tempests themselves high seas and howling
winds

The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel—
As having sense of beauty do omit 70

Their mortal natures lesting go safely by
The divine Desdemona

Mon What is she?

Cas She that I spake of our great captain's
captain

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
A se night's speed Great Jove, Othello guard
And swell his sail with thine own powerful
breath

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship 75
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA IAGO RODERIGO and
Attendants

O behold

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus let her have your knees
Hail to thee lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before behind thee and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des I thank you, valiant Cassio
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas He is not yet arriv'd nor know I aught
But that he's well and will be shortly here 80

Des O but I fear—how lost you company?

Cas The great contention of the sea and shores
Parted our fellowship—But hark! a sail

Within, A sail a sail! *Guns heard*

2nd Gent They give their greeting to the
citadel

This likewise is a friend

Cas See for the news [Exit GENTLEMAN]
Good ancient you are welcome [To EMILIA]
Welcome mistress

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago
That I extend my manners 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy 100

Kissing her

Iago Sir would she give you so much of her
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough

Des Alas she has no speech

Iago In faith too much
I find it still when I have list to sleep
Marry before your ladyship I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart
And chides with thinking

Emil You have little cause to say so

Iago Come on come on you are pictures out of
doors 110

Bells in your parlours wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries devils being offended
Players in your housewifery and housewives in
your beds

Des O fie upon thee slanderer!

Iago Nay it is true or else I am a Turk
You rise to play and go to bed to work

Emil You shall not write my praise

Iago No let me not

Des What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago O gentle lady do not put me to t

For I am nothing if not critical 120

Des Come on assay There's one gone to the
harbour?

Iago Ay madam

Des I am not merry but I do beguile

The thing I am by seeming otherwise
Come how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago I am about it but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize
It plucks out brains and all But my Muse labour's
And thus she is deliver'd 130

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit

The one's for use the other useth it

Des Well praised! I fow if she be black and
werry?

Iago If she be black and thereto have a wit
She'll find a whore that shall her blackness fit

Des Worse and worse

Emil How if fair and foolish?

Iago She never yet was foolish that was fair
For even her folly help'd her to an heir

Des These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh 't the alehouse What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish? 141

Iago There's none so foul and foolish thereunto, But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do

Des O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, had justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago She that was ever fair and never proud, Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 150

Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay, Fled from her wish and yet said, "Now I may", She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh, Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly, She that in wisdom never was so frail

To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail, She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind, See suitors following and not look behind, She was a wight, if ever such wight were—

Des To do what? 160

Iago To suckle fools and chronicle small beer

Des O most lame and impotent conclusion! Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cas He speaks home, madam You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar

Iago [Aside] He takes her by the palm, ay, well said, whisper With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio Ay, smile upon her, do, I will gyve thee in thine own courtship You say true, 'tis so, indeed If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in Very good, well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake! [Trumpet within] The Moor! I know his trumpet 180

Cas 'Tis truly so

Des Let's meet him and receive him

Cas Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants

Oth O my fair warrior!

Des My dear Othello!

Oth It gives me wonder great as my content To see you here before me O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas Olymp high and duck again as low 190

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, 'Twere now to be most happy, for, I fear, My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate

Des The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should increase, Even as our days do grow!

Oth Amen to that, sweet powers!

I cannot speak enough of this content, It stops me here, it is too much of joy And thus, and thus, the greatest discords be 200

Kissing her

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago [Aside] O, you are well tuned now! But I'll set down the pegs that make this music, As honest as I am

Oth Come, let us to the castle News, friends, our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd

How does my old acquaintance of this isle? Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus, I have found great love amongst them O my sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts I prithee, good Iago, Go to the bay and disembark my coffers 210

Bring thou the master to the citadel, He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect Come, Desdemona,

Once more, well met at Cyprus

[Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants]

Iago Do thou meet me presently at the harbour Come hither If thou be'st valiant—as, they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them—list me The lieutenant-to-night watches on the court of guard First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him 221

Rod With him? why, 'tis not possible

Iago Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies, and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties, all which the Moor is defective in Now, for want of these required conveniences her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to hate the gorge disrelish and abhor Moor, very nature will instruct her in

compel her to some second choice Now sir this granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why none, why none a slipper and subtle knave a finder of occasion that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages though true advantage never present itself a devilish knave Besides the knave is handsome young and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after a pestilent complete knave and the woman hath found him already

Rod I cannot believe that in her she is full of most blessed condition

Iago Blessed figs—end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes If she had been blessed she would never have loved the Moor Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that? 260

Rod Yes that I did but that was but courtesy

Iago Lechery by this hand an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together Villainous thou—his Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way hard at hand comes the master and main exercise the incorporate conclusion Push! But sir be you ruled by me I have brought you from Venice Watch you to-night for the command I'll lay it upon you Cassio knows you not I'll not be far from you Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio either by speaking too loud or tainting his discipline or from what other course you please which the time shall more favourably minister

Rod Well 278

Iago Sir he is rash and very sudden in choler and haply may strike at you Provoke him that he may for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them and the impediment most profitably removed without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity

Rod I will do this if I can bring it to any opportunity 290

Iago I warrant thee Meet me by and by at the citadel I must fetch his necessaries ashore Farewell

Red Adieu

Iago That Cassio loves her I do well believe it [Exit] That she loves him is apt and of great credit The Moor howbeit that I endure him not Is of a constant loving noble nature And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona 299 A most dear husband Now I do love her too Not out of absolute lust though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin, But partly led to diet my revenge For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards

And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him wife for wife, Or failing so yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong 310 That judgement cannot cure Which thing to do If this poor trash of Venice whom I trash For his quick hunting stand the putting on I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too— Make the Moor thank me love me and reward me

For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet 319 Even to madness 'Tis here but yet confused knavery's plain face is never seen till used [Exit]

SCENE II A street

Enter a HERALD with a proclamation People following

Herald It is Othello's pleasure our noble and valiant general that upon certain tidings now arrived importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet every man put himself into triumph some to dance, some to make bonfires each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him for besides these beneficial news it is the celebration of his nuptial So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [Exit]

SCENE III A hall in the castle

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO and Attendants

Oth Good Michael look you to the guard tonight Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop Not to outsport discretion Cassio hath direction what to do

But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't

Oth Iago is most honest
Michael, good night To-morrow with your ear-
liest

Let me have speech with you [*To Desdemona*]

Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you 10
Good night

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants

Enter IAGO

Cas Welcome, Iago, we must to the watch
Iago Not this hour, lieutenant, 'tis not yet
ten o'clock Our general cast us thus early for
the love of his Desdemona, who let us not there-
fore blame He hath not yet made wanton the
night with her, and she is sport for Jove

Cas She's a most exquisite lady
Iago And, I'll warrant her, full of game
Cas Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate
creature 21

Iago What an eye she has! methinks it sounds
a parley of provocation

Cas An inviting eye, and yet methinks right
modest

Iago And when she speaks, is it not an alarum
to love?

Cas She is indeed perfection

Iago Well, happiness to their sheets! Come,
lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here
without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that
would fain have a measure to the health of black
Othello

Cas Not to-night, good Iago I have very
poor and unhappy brains for drinking I could
well wish courtesy would invent some other cus-
tom of entertainment

Iago O, they are our friends, but one cup,
I'll drink for you

Cas I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that
was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what in-
novation it makes here I am unfortunate in the
infirmary, and dare not task my weakness with
any more

Iago What, man! 'tis a night of revels The gal-
lants desire it

Cas Where are they?

Iago Here at the door, I pray you, call them in

Cas I'll do't, but it dislikes me [*Exit*

Iago If I can fasten but one cup upon him 50
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog Now, my sick fool
Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side
out,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle-deep, and he's to watch
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, 60
And they watch too Now, 'mongst this flock of
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle But here they come
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO and
GENTLEMEN, Servants following with wine

Cas 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse
already

Mon Good faith, a little one, not past a pint, as
I am a soldier

Iago Some wine, ho! 70

[*Sings*] "And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink

A soldier's a man,

A life's but a span,

Why, then, let a soldier drink "

Some wine, boys!

Cas 'Fore God, an excellent song

Iago I learned it in England, where, indeed,
they are most potent in potting, your Dane, your
German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—
Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English 81

Cas Is your Englishman so expert in his drink-
ing?

Iago Why, he drinks you, with facility, your
Dane dead drunk, he sweats not to overthrow
your Alman, he gives your Hollander a vomit,
ere the next pottle can be filled

Cas To the health of our general!

Mon I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you jus-
tice 90

Iago O sweet England!

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown,

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor lown

"He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee "

Some wine, ho! 100

Cas Why, this is a more exquisite song than the
other

Iago Will you hear 't again?

Cas No for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things Well God's above all and there be souls must be saved and there be souls must not be saved

Iago It's true good lieutenant

Cas For mine own part—no offence to the general nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved

Iago And so do I too lieutenant

Cas Ay but by your leave not before me the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient Let's have no more of this let's to our affairs—For give us our sins!—Gentlemen let's look to our business Do not think gentlemen I am drunk This is my ancient this is my right hand and this is my left I am not drunk now I can stand well enough and speak well enough

All Excellent well

Cas Why very well then you must not think then that I am drunk

Alon To the platform masters come let's set the watch

Iago You see this fellow that is gone before

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar

And give direction and do but see his vice

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox

The one as long as the other 'tis pity of him

I fear the trust Othello puts him in

On some odd time of his infirmity

Will shake this island

Alon But as he often thus?

Iago 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep

He'll watch the horologe a double set

If drink rock not his cradle

Alon It were well

The general were put in mind of it

Perhaps he sees it not or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio

And looks not on his evils Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO

Iago [Aside to him] How now Roderigo!

I pray you, after the lieutenant go

[Exit RODERIGO]

Alon And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor

Iago Not I for this fair island

I do love Cassio well and would do much

To cure him of this evil—But hark! what noise?

Cry within Help! help!

Re-enter CASSIO driving in RODERIGO

Cas You rogue! you rascal!

Alon What's the matter lieutenant?

Cas A knave teach me my duty!

I'll bear the knave into a twiggen bottle

Rod Beat me!

Cas Dost thou prate rogue?

Striking RODERIGO

Alon Nay good lieutenant

Staying him

I pray you sir hold your hand

Cas Let me go sir

Or I'll knock you on the mazzard

Alon Come come you're drunk

Cas Drunk! [They fight]

Iago [Aside to RODERIGO] Away I say go out and cry a mutiny [Exit RODERIGO]

Nay good lieutenant—alas gentlemen—

Help ho!—Lieutenant—sir—Montano—sir—

Help masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

Bell rings

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo ho!

The town will rise God's will lieutenant hold!

You will be shamed for ever

Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants

Oth What is the matter here?

Alon Zounds I bleed still I am hurt to the death [Faints]

Oth Hold for your lives!

Iago Hold ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—gentlemen—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you hold hold for shame!

Oth Why how now ho! from whence comest this?

Are we turn'd Turks and to ourselves do that Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage

Holds his soul light he dies upon his motion

Silence that dreadful bell 'tis frights the isle

From her propriety What is the matter masters?

Honest Iago that look'd at dead with grieving

Speak who began thus? on thy love I charge thee

Iago I do not know Friends all be true even now

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom Devesting them for bed and then but now—

As if some planet had unwitted men—

Swords out and tilting one at other's breast

In opposition bloody I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds

And would I in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Car I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak
Oth Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil, 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure What's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it
Mon Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
 While I spare speech, which something now
 offends me—

Of all that I do know, nor know I ought 200
 By me that's said or done amiss this night,
 Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin
 When violence assails us

Oth Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And passion, having my best judgement collied,
 Assays to lead the way If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on, 210
 And he that is approved in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me What! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
 'Tis monstrous Iago, who began 't?

Mon If partially affined, or leagued in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier

Iago Touch me not so near 220
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio,
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him Thus it is, general
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow crying out for help,
 And Cassio following him with determined
 sword,

To execute upon him Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230
 Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
 The town might fall in fright He, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before When I came back—

For this was brief—I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them
 More of this matter cannot I report 240
 But men are men, the best sometimes forget
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them
 best,
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received
 From him that fled some strange indignity
 Which patience could not pass
Oth I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio Cassio, I love thee,
 But never more be officer of mine

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up! 250
 I'll make thee an example

Des What's the matter?
Oth All's well now, sweeting, come away to
 bed

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon
 Lead him off [*To MONTANO, who is led off*]
 Iago, look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
 tracted

Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldiers' life
 To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife
 [*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO*]

Iago What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas Ay, past all surgery 260
Iago Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
 have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal
 part of myself, and what remains is bestial My
 reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago As I am an honest man, I thought you had
 received some bodily wound, there is more sense
 in that than in reputation Reputation is an idle
 and most false imposition, oft got without merit,
 and lost without deserving You have lost no
 reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such
 a loser What, man! there are ways to recover
 the general again You are but now cast in his
 mood, a punishment more in policy than in mal-
 ice, even so as one would beat his offenceless
 dog to affright an imperious lion Sue to him
 again, and he says yours

Cas I will rather sue to be despised than to de-
 ceive so good a commander with so slight, so
 drunken and so indiscreet an officer Drunk?
 and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear?
 and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?
 O thou invisible spirit of wine if thou hast no
 name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas I know not

Iago Is it possible?

Cas I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly a quarrel but nothing wherefore O God that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy pleasance revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago Why but you are now well enough How came you thus recovered?

Cas It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath One unperfectness shows me another to make me frankly despise myself 300

Iago Come, you are too severe a moraler As the time, the place and the condition of this country stands I could heartily wish this had not befallen but since it is as it is mend it for your own good

Cas I will ask him for my place again he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra such an answer would stop them all To be now a sensible man by and by a fool and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil

Iago Come come good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used et cetera no more against it And good lieutenant I think you think I love you

Cas I have well approved it sir I drunk!

Iago You or any man living may be drunk at a time man I'll tell you what you shall do Our general's wife is now the general I may say so in this respect for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces Confess your self freely to her importune her help to put you in your place again She is of so free so kind so apt so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter and my fortunes against any lay worth naming this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before 331

Cas You advise me well

Iago I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness

Cas I think it freely and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here

Iago You are in the right Good night lieutenant I must to the watch 340

Cas Good night honest Iago

[Exit

Iago And what shall he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest
 Probal to thinking and indeed the course
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
 The inclining Desdemona to subdue
 In any honest suit she's framed as fruitful
 As the free elements And then for her
 To win the Moor—were't to renounce his bap-

tism

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin 350
 His soul is so enfeather'd to her love
 That she may make unmake do what she list
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function How am I then a
 villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows
 As I do now for whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes 360
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear
 That she repeals him for her body's lust
 And by how much she strives to do him good,
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all

Re-enter RODERIGO

How now Roderigo!

Rod I do follow here in the chase not like a
 hound that hunts but one that fills up the cry
 My money is almost spent I have been to-night
 exceedingly well cudgelled and I think the issue
 will be I shall have so much experience for my
 pains and so with no money at all and a little
 more wit return again to Venice

Iago How poor are they that have no patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by
 witchcraft

And wit depends on dilatory time
 Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt hast cashier'd

Cassio

Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe
 Content thyself awhile By the mass 'tis morn-

ing

Pleasure and action make the hours seem
 short

Retire thee go where thou art billeted
 Away I say thou shalt know more hereafter

Nay, get thee gone [Exit RODERIGO] Two things
are to be done

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,
I'll set her on, 390

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife Ay, that's the way,
Dull not device by coldness and delay [Exit

ACT III

SCENE I Before the castle

Enter CASSIO and some MUSICIANS

Cas Masters, play here, I will content your
pains,
Something that's brief, and bid "Good morrow,
general"
Music

Enter CLOWN

Clo Why, masters, have your instruments been
in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1st Mus How, sir, how?

Clo Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

1st Mus Ay, marry, are they, sir

Clo O, thereby hangs a tail

1st Mus Whereby hangs a tale, sir? 9

Clo Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that
I know But, masters, here's money for you, and
the general so likes your music, that he desires
you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with
it

1st Mus Well, sir, we will not

Clo If you have any music that may not be
heard, to't again, but, as they say, to hear music
the general does not greatly care

1st Mus We have none such, sir

Clo Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away Go, vanish into air, away! 21

[Exit MUSICIANS]

Cas Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo No, I hear not your honest friend, I hear
you

Cas Prithee, keep up thy quillets There's a
poor piece of gold for thee If the gentlewoman
that attends the general's wife be stirring tell her
there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of
speech Wilt thou do this?

Clo She is stirring sir If she will stir hither,
I shall seem to notify unto her 31

Cas Do, good my friend [Exit CLOWN]

Enter IAGO

In happy time, Iago

Iago You have not been a bed, then?

Cas Why, no, the day had broke

Before we parted I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife My suit to her
Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access

Iago I'll send her to you presently,

And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor

Out of the way, that your converse and business

May be more free 41

Cas I humbly thank you for't [Exit IAGO]

I never knew

A Florentine more kind and honest

Enter EMILIA

Emil Good morrow, good lieutenant I am
sorry

For your displeasure, but all will sure be well

The general and his wife are talking of it,

And she speaks for you stoutly The Moor re-
plies

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus

And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom

He might not but refuse you, but he protests he
loves you 50

And needs no other suitor but his likings

To take the safest occasion by the front

To bring you in again

Cas Yet, I beseech you,

If you think fit, or that it may be done,

Give me advantage of some brief discourse

With Desdemona alone

Emil Pray you, come in

I will bestow you where you shall have time

To speak your bosom freely

Cas I am much bound to you [Exit]

SCENE II A room in the castle

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and GENTLEMEN

Oth These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,

And by him do my duties to the Senate

That done, I will be walking on the works,

Repair there to me

Iago Well, my good lord I'll do't

Oth This fortification, gentlemen, shall we

see 't?

Gent We'll wait upon your lordship [Exit]

SCENE III The garden of the castle

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA

Des Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do

All my abilities in thy behalf

Emil Good madam do I warrant it grieves my
husband,

As if the case were his

Des O, that's an honest fellow Do not doubt,

Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were

Cas Bounteous madam

Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio

He s never anything but your true servant

Des I know t I thank you You do love my lord

You have known him long and be you well as sured

He shall in strangeness stand no further off

Than in a politic distance

Cas Ay but lady

That policy may either last so long

Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet

Or breed itself so out of circumstance,

That I being absent and my place supplied

My general will forget my love and service

Des Do not doubt that before Emilia here

I give thee warrant of thy place Assure thee 20

If I do vow a friendship I ll perform it

To the last article My lord shall never rest

I ll watch him tame and talk him out of patience

His bed shall seem a school his board a shrift

I ll intermingle everything he does

With Cassio s suit Therefore be merry

Cassio

For thy solicitor shall rather die

Than give thy cause away

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO

Emil Madam, here comes my lord

Cas Madam I ll take my leave 30

Des Why stay and hear me speak.

Cas Madam, not now I am very ill at ease

Unfit for mine own purposes

Des Well do your discretion : *[Exit cassio*

Iago Ha! I like not that

Oth What dost thou say?

Iago Nothing my lord or if—I know not what

Oth Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago Cassio my lord! No sure, I cannot think it

That he would steal away so guilty like,

Seeing you coming

Oth I do believe twas he 40

Des How now my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here

A man that languishes in your displeasure

Oth Who is t you mean?

Des Why your lieutenant Cassio Good my lord

If I have any grace or power to move you

His present reconciliation take

For if he be not one that truly loves you

That errs in ignorance an I not in cunning

I have no judgement in an honest face

I prithee call him back

Oth Went he hence now?

Des Ay sooth so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me,

To suffer with him Good love call him back

Oth Not now sweet Desdemona some other time

Des But shall t be shortly?

Oth The sooner sweet for you

Des Shall t be to-night at supper?

Oth No not to-night

Des To-morrow dinner then?

Oth I shall not dine at home

I meet the captains at the citadel

Des Why then to-morrow night or Tuesday morn 60

On Tuesday noon or night on Wednesday morn

I prithee name the time but let it not

Exceed three days In faith he s penitent

And t et his trespass in our common reason—

Save that they say the wars must make examples

Out of their best—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check When shall he come?

Tell me Othello I wonder in my soul

What you would ask me that I should deny

Or stand so maiming on What! Michael Cassio 70

That came a wooing with you and so many a time

When I have spoke of you disparagingly,

Hath ta en your part to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me I could do much—

Oth Prithee, no more Let him come when he will

I will deny thee nothing

Des Why this is not a bron

Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves

Or feed on nourishing dishes or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person Nay when I have a suit 80

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight

And fearful to be granted

Oth I will deny thee nothing

Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this

To leave me but a little to my self

Des Shall I deny you? no I arewell my lord

Oth Farewell my Desdemona I ll come to thee straight

Des Emilia come Be t your fantasies teach you

Whatever you be I am obedient

[Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA]

Oth Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
90

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again

Iago My noble lord—

Oth What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

Oth He did, from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

Iago But for a satisfaction of my thought,
No further harm

Oth Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago I did not think he had been acquainted
with her

Oth O, yes, and went between us very oft

Iago Indeed! 101

Oth Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught
in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago Honest, my lord!

Oth Honest! ay, honest

Iago My lord, for aught I know

Oth What dost thou think?

Iago Think, my lord!

Oth Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,

When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel 111

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought

Iago My lord, you know I love you

Oth I think thou dost,

And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And wigh'st thy words before thou givest them
breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the
more,

For such things in a false display knave 121

Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just

They are close delations, working from the
heart

That passion cannot rule

Iago For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest

Oth I think so too

Iago Men should be what they seem,

Or those that be not, would they might seem
none!

Oth Certain, men should be what they seem

Iago Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest
man

Oth Nay, yet there's more in this 130

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thoughts,

As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of
thoughts

The worst of words

Iago Good my lord, pardon me

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to

Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vile and
false,

As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days and in session sit 140
With meditations lawful?

Oth Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts

Iago I do beseech you—

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance 151

It were not for your quiet nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,

To let you know my thoughts

Oth What dost thou mean?

Iago Good name in man and woman, dear my
lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls

Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something, nothing,

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands,

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which not enriches him 160

And makes me poor indeed

Oth By heaven I'll know thy thoughts

Iago You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand,

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody

Oth Ha!

Iago O, beware, my lord, of jealousy,

It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger,

But O what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who does yet doubts suspects yet strongly
loves! 170

Oth O misery!

Iago Poor and content is rich and rich enough
But riches fincless as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor
Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth Why why is this?
Thinkst thou I'd make a life of jealousy
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul 181
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises
Matching thy inference 'Tis not to make me
jealous
To say my wife is fair feeds well loves com-
pany

Is free of speech sings plays and dances well
Where virtue these are more virtuous
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt
For she had eyes and chose me No Iago
I'll see before I doubt when I doubt prove 190
And on the proof there is no more but this—
Away at once with love and jealousy!

Iago I am glad of it for now I shall have
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit therefore as I am bound
Receive it from me I speak not yet of proof
Look to your wife observe her well with Cassio
Wear your eye thus not jealous nor secure
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self bounty be abused look to it 200
I know our country disposition well
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands their best
conscience

Is not to leave it undone but keep it unknown

Oth Dost thou say so?

Iago She did deceive her father marrying you
And when she seem'd in shake and fear your
looks

She lov'd them most

Oth And so she did

Iago Why go to then
She that so young could give out such a seem-
ing

To seal her father's eyes up close as oak— 210
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to
blame

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you

Oth I am bound to thee for ever

Iago I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits

Oth Not a jot not a jot

Iago I faith I fear it has
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love But I do see you're moved
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion 220

Oth I will not

Iago Should you do so my lord
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at Cassio's my worthy
friend—

My lord I see you're moved

Oth No not much moved

I do not think but Desdemona's honest
Iago Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth And yet how nature erring from itself—

Iago Ay there's the point as—to be bold with
you—

Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime complexion and degree 230

Whereto we see in all things nature tends—

Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank

Foul disproportion thoughts unnatural

But pardon me I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her though I may fear

Her will recoiling to her better judgement

May fall to match you with her country forms

And happily repent

Oth Farewell farewell

If more thou dost perceive let me know more

Set on thy wife to observe Leave me *Iago* 240

Iago [Coming] My lord I take my leave

Oth Why did I marry? This honest creature
doutless

Sees and knows more much more than he un-
folds

Iago [Returning] My lord, I would I might
entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further leave it to time

Though 't be fit that Cassio have his place

For sure he fills it up with great ability

Yet if you please to hold him off awhile

You shall by that perceive him and his means

Note if your lady strain his entertainment 250

With any strong or vehement importunity

Much will be seen in that In the mean time

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—

As worthy cause I have to fear I am—

And hold her free I do beseech your honour

Oth Fear not my government

Iago I once more take my leave

Oth This fellow's of exceeding honesty

[Exit]

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit, 259
 Of human dealings If I do prove her haggard,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
 To prey at fortune Haply, for I am black
 And have not those soft parts of conversation
 That chamberers have, or for I am declined
 Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
 She's gone I am abused, and my relief
 Must be to loathe her O curse of marriage,
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 271
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses Yet, 'tis the plague of great
 ones,
 Prerogated are they less than the base,
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death
 Even then this forked plague is fared to us
 When we do quicken Desdemona comes,

Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
 I'll not believe 't
Des How now, my dear Othello!
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders 280
 By you invited, do attend your presence
Oth I am to blame
Des Why do you speak so faintly?
 Are you not well?
Oth I have a pain upon my forehead here
Des 'Faith, that's with watching, 'twill away
 again
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well
Oth Your napkin is too little
He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops
 Let it alone Come, I'll go in with you
Des I am very sorry that you are not well
[Exit Othello and Desdemona]
Emil I am glad I have found this napkin, 290
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it, but she so loves the token,
 For he conjured her she should ever keep it,
 That she reserves it evermore about her
 To kiss and talk to I'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give 't Iago What he will do with it
 Heaven knows, not I,
 I nothing but to please his fantasy

Re-enter IAGO

Iago How now! what do you here alone? 300
Emil Do not you chide, I have a thing for you
Iago A thing for me? it is a common thing—
Emil Ha!

Iago To have a foolish wife
Emil O, is that all? What will you give me now
 For that same handkerchief?

Iago What handkerchief?
Emil What handkerchief?
 Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,
 That which so often you did bid me steal
Iago Hast stol'n it from her? 310
Emil No, 'faith, she let it drop by negligence,
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up
 Look, here it is

Iago A good wench, give it me
Emil What will you do with't, that you have
 been so earnest
 To have me filch it?
Iago [Snatching it] Why, what's that to you?
Emil If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give 't me again Poor lady, she'll run mad
 When she shall lack it
Iago Be not acknown on't, I have use for it
 Go, leave me *[Exit EMILIA]* 320
 I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it 'Tis light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ, this may do something
 The Moor already changes with my poison
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
 But with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur I did say so
 Look, where he comes!

Re-enter OTHELLO

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou owedst yesterday
Oth Ha! ha! false to me?
Iago Why, how now, general! no more of that
Oth Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the
 rack
 I swear 'tis better to be much abused
 Than but to know 't a little
Iago How now, my lord!
Oth What sense had I of her stol'n hours of
 lust?
 I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry,
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips 341
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
 Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all
Iago I am sorry to hear this
Oth I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known O, now, for ever
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars
That make ambition virtue! O farewell! 350
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump
The spirit sturring drum the ear piercing fife
The royal banner and all quality
Pride pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines whose rude throats
The immortal Joves dread clamours counterfeit
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago Is't possible my lord?

Oth Villain be sure thou prove my love a
whore

Be sure of it give me the ocular proof 360
Or by the worth of man's eternal soul
Thou hast been better have been born a dog
Than answer my waked wrath!

Iago Is't come to this?

Oth Make me to see't or at the least so
prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt on or woe upon thy life!

Iago My noble lord—

Oth If thou dost slander her and torture me
Never pray more abandon all remorse
On horror's head horrors accumulate 370

Do deeds to make heaven weep all earth amazed
For nothing canst thou to damnation add
Greater than that

Iago O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?

God be with you take mine office O wretched
fool

That in'est to make thine honesty a vice!

O monstrous world! Take note, take note O
world

To be direct and honest is not safe

I thank you for this profit and from hence

I'll love no friend with love breeds such offence

Oth Nay stay Thou should'st be honest 381

Iago I should be wise, for honesty is a fool

And loses that it works for

Oth By the world

I think my wife be honest and think she is not

I think that thou art just and think thou art not

I'll have some proof Her name that was as fresh

As Dian's visage is now begrimed and black

As mine own face If there be cords or knives

Poison, or fire, or suffocating steams

I'll not endure it Would I were satisfied! 390

Iago I see sir you are eaten up with passion

I do repent me that I put it to you

You would be satisfied?

Oth Would'nt say I will

Iago And may but how? how satisfied my
lord?

Would you, the superior grossly gape on—

Behold her topp'd?

Oth Death and damnation! O!

Iago It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect Damn them
then

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? 401

It is impossible you should see this

Were they as prime as goats as hot as monkeys

As salt as wolves in pride and fools as gross

As ignorance made drunk But yet I say

If imputation and strong circumstances

Which lead directly to the door of truth

Will give you satisfaction you may have't

Oth Give me a living reason she's disloyal

Iago I do not like the office 410

But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love

I will go on I lay with Cassio lately

And being troubled with a raging tooth

I could not sleep

There are a kind of men so loose of soul

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs

One of this kind is Cassio

In sleep I heard him say Sweet Desdemona

Let us be wary let us hide our loves 420

And then sir would he gripe and wring my
hand

Cry O sweet creature! and then kiss me hard

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots

That grew upon my lips then laid his leg

Over my thigh and sigh'd and kiss'd and then

Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor'

Oth O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago Nay this was but his dream

Oth But this denoted a foregone conclusion

'Tis a shrewd doubt though it be but a dream

Iago And this may help to thicken other
proofs 430

That do demonstrate thine

Oth I'll tear her all to pieces

Iago Nay, but be wise yet we see nothing
done

She may be honest yet Tell me but this

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth I gave her such a one 'twas my first gift

Iago I know not that but such a handkerchief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his beard with

Oth If it be that—

Iago If it be that or any that was hers 440

It speaks against her with the other proofs

Oth O that the slave had forty thousand lives!

One is too poor too weak for my revenge

Now do I see 'tis true Look here, Iago,
 All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven
 'Tis gone
 Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!
 Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
 To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy
 fraught,

For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago Yet be content 450

Oth O, blood, blood, blood!

Iago Patience, I say, your mind perhaps may
 change

Oth Never, Iago Like to the Pontic sea,
 Whose icy current and compulsive course
 Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
 To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
 Till that a capable and wide revenge
 Swallow them up Now, by yond marble

heaven, 460

[kneels] In the due reverence of a sacred vow

I here engage my words

Iago Do not rise yet

[kneels] Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
 You elements that clip us round about,
 Witness that here Iago doth give up
 The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
 To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com-
 mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever [They rise]

Oth I greet thy love,
 Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance
 bounteous, 470

And will upon the instant put thee to 't
 Within these three days let me hear thee say
 That Cassio's not alive

Iago My friend is dead, 'tis done at your re-
 quest

But let her live

Oth Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
 Come, go with me apart, I will withdraw,
 To furnish me with some swift means of death
 For the fair devil Now art thou my lieutenant

Iago I am your own for ever [Exeunt]

SCENE IV Before the castle

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CLOWN

Des Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant
 Cassio lies?

Clo I dare not say he lies anywhere

Des Why, man?

Clo He's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier
 lies, is stabbing

Des Go to Where lodges he?

Clo To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
 where I lie

Des Can anything be made of this? 10

Clo I know not where he lodges, and for me
 to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies
 there, were to lie in mine own throat

Des Can you inquire him out, and be edified by
 report?

Clo I will catechize the world for him, that
 is, make questions, and by them answer

Des Seek him, bid him come hither Tell him I
 have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all
 will be well 20

Clo To do this is within the compass of man's
 wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it

[Exit]

Des Where should I lose that handkerchief,
 Emilia?

Emil I know not, madam

Des Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
 Full of crusadoes, and, but my noble Moor
 Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
 As jealous creatures are, it were enough
 To put him to ill thinking

Emil Is he not jealous?

Des Who, he? I think the sun where he was
 born 30

Drew all such humours from him

Emil Look, where he comes

Des I will not leave him now till Cassio
 Be call'd to him

Enter OTHELLO

How is't with you, my lord?

Oth Well, my good lady [Aside] O, hardness
 to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des Well, my good lord

Oth Give me your hand This hand is moist, my
 lady

Des It yet hath felt no age nor known no sor-
 row

Oth This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart,
 Hot, hot, and moist This hand of yours requires
 A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer, 40
 Much castigation, exercise devout,
 For here's a young and sweating devil here,
 That commonly rebels 'Tis a good hand,
 A frank one

Des You may, indeed, say so,
 For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart

Oth A liberal hand The hearts of old gave
 hands,

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts

Des I cannot speak of this Come now, your
 promise

Oth What promise chuck?

Des I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you 50

Oth I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me
Lend my thy handkerchief

Des Here my lord

Oth That which I gave you

Des I have it not about me

Oth Not?

Des No indeed my lord

Oth That is a fault

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give

She was a charmer and could almost read

The thoughts of people She told her while she kept it,

I would make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love but if she lost it 60

Or made a gift of it my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies She dymg gave it me

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her I did so and take heed on't

Make it a darling like your precious eye

To lose't or give't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match

Des Is't possible?

Oth 'Tis true there's magic in the web of it

A sibyl that had number'd in the world 70

The sun to course two hundred compasses

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful

Conserved of maidens' hearts

Des Indeed 'tis true?

Oth Most veritable therefore look to't well

Des Then would to God that I had never seen it

Oth Ha! wherefore?

Des Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth Is't lost? is't gone? speak is it out of the way? 80

Des Heaven bless us!

Oth Say you?

Des It is not lost but what an if it were?

Oth How?

Des I say it is not lost

Oth Fetch it let me see't

Des Why so I can, sir but I will not now

This is a trick to put me from my suit

Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again

Oth Fetch me the handkerchief My mind misgives 90

Des Come, come

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth The handkerchief?

Des I pray talk me of Cassio

Oth The handkerchief?

Des A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love

Shared dangers with you—

Oth The handkerchief?

Des In sooth you are to blame

Oth Away!

[Exit]

Emil Is not this man jealous?

Des I ne'er saw this before 100

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief

I am most unhappy in the loss of it

Emil 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man

They are all but stomachs and we all but food

They eat us hungerly and when they are full

They belch us Look you Cassio and my husband!

Enter CASSIO and IAGO

Iago There is no other way 'tis she must do it
And lo the happiness! go and importune her

Des How now good Cassio! what's the news with you?

Cas Madam my former suit I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again 111

Exist and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart

Entirely honour I would not be delay'd

If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past nor present sorrows

Nor purposed merit in futurity

Can ransom me into his love again

But to know so must be my benefit

So shall I clothe me in a forced content 120

And shut my self up in some other course

To fortune's aims

Des Alas thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune

My lord is not my lord nor should I know him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech! you must awhile be patient

What I can do I will and more I will 130

Than for my self I dare Let that suffice you

Iago Is my lord angry?

Emil He went hence but now

And certainly in strange unquietness

Iago Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air

And like the devil from his very arm

Puff'd his own brother—and can he be angry?

Something of moment then I will go meet him.

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry

Des I prithee, do so
 Something, sure, of state, 140
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
 Hath puddled his clear spirit, and in such cases
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object 'Tis even so,
 For let our finger ache, and it induces
 Our other healthful members even to that sense
 Of pain Nay, we must think men are not gods,
 Nor of them look for such observances
 As fit the bridal Beshrew me much, *Emilia*, 150
 I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul,
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indicted falsely

Emil Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you
 think,
 And no conception nor no jealous toy
 Concerning you

Des Alas the day! I never gave him cause
Emil But jealous souls will not be answer'd so,
 They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160
 But jealous for they are jealous 'Tis a monster
 Begot upon itself, born on itself

Des Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
 mind!

Emil Lady, amen
Des I will go seek him Cassio, walk here
 about

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost

Cas I humbly thank your ladyship
 [*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA*]

Enter BIANCA

Bian Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas What make you from home?
 How is it with you, my most fair Bianca? 170
 I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house
Bian And I was going to your lodging, Cassio
 What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?
 Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
 More tedious than the dial eight score times?
 O weary reckoning!

Cas Pardon me, Bianca
 I have this while with leaden thoughts been
 press'd,

But I shall, in a more continue time,
 Strike off this score of absence Sweet Bianca,

Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief
 Take me this work out

Bian O Cassio, whence came this? 180
 This is some token from a new or friend
 To the felt absence now I feel a cause,
 Is't come to this? Well, well

Cas Go to, woman!
 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
 From whence you have them You are jealous
 now
 That this is from some mistress, some remem-
 brance

No, in good troth, Bianca

Bian Why, whose is it?

Cas I know not, sweet I found it in my cham-
 ber

I like the work well Ere it be demanded—
 As like enough it will—I'd have it copied 190

Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time

Bian Leave you! wherefore?

Cas I do attend here on the general,
 And think it no addition, nor my wish,
 To have him see me woman'd

Bian Why, I pray you?

Cas Not that I love you not

Bian But that you do not love me

I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
 And say if I shall see you soon at night

Cas 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
 For I attend here, but I'll see you soon 200

Bian 'Tis very good, I must be circumstanced
 [*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I Cyprus before the castle

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO

Iago Will you think so?

Oth Think so, Iago!

Iago What,

To kiss in private?

Oth An unauthorized kiss

Iago Or to be naked with her friend in bed
 An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
 heaven

Iago So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip

But if I give my wife a handkerchief— 10

Oth What then?

Iago Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord, and, being
 hers,

She may, I think, bestow't on any man

Oth She is protectress of her honour too

May she give that?

Iago Her honour is an essence that's not seen,

They have it very oft that have it not

But for the handkerchief—

Oth By heaven, I would most gladly have for-
 got it

Thou saidst—O it comes o'er my memory 20
 As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
 Boding to all—he had my handkerchief
Iago Ay what of that?
Oth That's not so good now
Iago What
 If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
 Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad
Who having by their own importunate suit
Or voluntary dorage of some mistress
 Convinced or supplied them cannot choose
 But they must blab—
Oth Hath he said any thing?
Iago He hath my lord but be you well 30
 assured
 No more than he li unsweat
Oth What harsh he said?
Iago Faith that he did—I know not what he
 did
Oth What? what?
Iago Lie—
Oth With her?
Iago With her on her what you will
Oth Lie with her! lie on her! We say lie on her
 when they belie her—Lie with her! that's fulsome
 —[Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief—]
 To confess and be hanged for his labour—first
 to be hanged, and then to confess—I tremble at
 it Nature would not invest herself in such
 shadowing passion without some instruction
 It is not words that shake me thus Pish! Noses
 ears and lips—Is't possible?—Confess—hand
 kerchief—O devil! [*Falls in a trance*]
Iago Work on
 My medicine work! Thus credulous fools are
 caught
 And many worthy and chaste dames even thus
 All guiltless meet reproach What ho' my lord?
 My lord, I say 'Othello'

Enter CASSIO

How now Cassio!

Cas What's the matter? 50

Iago My lord is fallen into an epilepsy
 This is his second fit he had one yesterday

Cas Rub him about the temples

Iago No forbear

The lethargy must have his quiet course
 If not he foams at mouth and by and by
 Breaks out to savage madness Look he stirs
 Do you withdraw yourself a little while
 He will recover straight When he is gone
 I would on great occasion speak with you 55

[*Exit CASSIO*]

How is it general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth Dost thou mock me?

Iago I mock you? no by heaven
 Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
Oth A horned man's a monster and a beast
Iago There's many a beast then in a populous 60
 city

And many a civil monster

Oth Did he confess it?

Iago Good sir be a man
 Think every bearded fellow that's but joked
 May draw with you There's millions now alive
 That nightly lie in those unproper beds
 Which they dare swear peculiar your case is 70
 better

O tis the spite of hell the fiend's arch mock
 To tip a wanton in a secure couch
 And to suppose her chaste! No let me know
 And knowing what I am I know what she shall 75
 be

Oth O thou art wise tis certain

Iago Stand you awhile apart
 Confine yourself but in a patient list
 Whilst you were here overwhelmed with your
 grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—
 Cassio came hither I shifted him away
 And laid good excuse upon your ecstasy 80
 Bade him anon return and here speak with me
 The which he promised Do but enswear your
 self

And mark the fleers the gibes and notable
 scorn

That dwell in every region of his face
 For I will make him tell the tale anew
 Where how how oft how long ago and when
 He hath and is again to cope your wife
 I say but mark his gesture Marry patience
 Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen
 And nothing of a man

Oth Dost thou hear Iago? 90

I will be found most cunning in my patience
 But—dost thou hear?—most bloody

Iago That's not amiss
 But yet keep time in all Will you withdraw? 95

[*OTHELLO retires*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca
 A housewife that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes it is a creature
 That doth on Cassio as tis the strumpet's
 plague

To beguile many and be beguiled by one
 He when he hears of her cannot refrain 99
 From the excess of laughter Here he comes

Re-enter CASSIO

As he shall smile Othello shall go mad
 And his unlookish jealousy must construe

Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,

Quite in the wrong How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me

Iago Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't

[*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed?

Cas Alas, poor carter!

Oth Look, how he laughs already! 110

Iago I never knew woman love man so

Cas Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me

Oth Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out

Iago Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er Go to, well said, well said

Iago She gives it out that you shall marry her

Do you intend it?

Cas Ha, ha, ha! 120

Oth Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cas I marry her! what? a customer! Prithce, bear some charity to my wit, do not think it so unwholesome Ha, ha, ha!

Oth So, so, so, so, they laugh that win

Iago 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her

Cas Prithce, say true

Iago I am a very villain else

Oth Have you scored me? Well 130

Cas This is the monkey's own giving out she persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise

Oth Iago beckons me, now he begins the story

Cas She was here even now, she haunts me in every place I was the other day talking on the sea bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck— 140

Oth Crying, "O dear Cassio!" as it were, his gesture imports it

Cas So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, so hales, and pulls me Ha, ha, ha!

Oth Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to

Cas Well, I must leave her company

Iago Before me! look, where she comes

Cas 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one 151

Enter BIANCA

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian Let the devil and his dam haunt you!

What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse Wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't 161

Cas How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Oth By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bian An you'll come to supper to-night, you may, and you will not, come when you are next prepared for [Exit

Iago After her, after her

Cas 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else

Iago Will you sup there? 172

Cas 'Faith, I intend so

Iago Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you

Cas Prithce, come, will you?

Iago Go to, say no more [Exit CASSIO

Oth [Advancing] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice? 181

Oth O Iago!

Iago And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth Was that mine?

Iago Yours, by this hand, and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore

Oth I would have him nine years a-killing A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago Nay, you must forget that 190

Oth Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live No, my heart is turned to stone, I strike it, and it hurts my hand O, the world hath not a sweeter creature! She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks

Iago Nay, that's not your way

Oth Hang her! I do but say what she is so delicate with her needle, an admirable musician O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear Of so high and plenteous wit and invention— 201

Iago She's the worse for all this

Oth O, a thousand thousand times And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago Ay, too gentle

Oth Nay, that's certain, but yet the pity of it

Iago O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend, for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody

Oth I will chop her into messes Cuckold me!
Iago O tis foul in her
Oth With mine officer?
Iago That s fouler
Oth Get me some poison Iago this night I'll
 not expostulate with her lest her body and beauty
 unprovide my mind again This night Iago 219
Iago Do it not with poison strangle her in her
 bed even the bed she hath contaminated
Oth Good good the justice of it pleases very
 good
Iago And for Cassio let me be his undertaker
 You shall hear more by midnight
Oth Excellent good
A trumpet within
What trumpet is that same?
Iago Something from Venice sure 'Tis Lodovico
 Come from the Duke And see your wife is with
 him

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA and Attendants

Lod Save you worthy general!
Oth With all my heart sir
Lod The Duke and Senators of Venice greet
 you [Gives him a letter]
Oth I kiss the instrument of their pleasures
Opens the letter and reads
Des And what s the news good cousin Lodovico?
Iago I am very glad to see you signior
 Welcome to Cyprus
Lod I thank you How does Lieutenant Cassio?
Iago Lives sir
Des Cousin, there s fall n between him and my
 lord
 An unkind breach but you shall make all well
Oth Are you sure of that?
Des My lord?
Oth [Reads] Thus fail you not to do as you
 will — 240
Lod He did not call he s busy in the paper
 Is there division twixt my lord and Cassio?
Des A most unhappy one I would do much
 To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio
Oth Fire and brimstone!
Des My lord?
Oth Are you wise?
Des What is he angry?
Lod May be the letter moved him
 For as I think they do command him home,
 Deputing Cassio in his government
Des Trust me I am glad on n
Oth Indeed!
Des My lord?
Oth I am glad to see you mad

Des Why sweet Othello— 250
Oth [Striking her] Devil!
Des I have not deserved this
Lod My lord this would not be believed in
 Venice,
 Though I should swear I saw r Tis very much
 Make her amends she weeps
Oth O devil devil!
 If that the earth could teem with woman s tears
 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile
 Out of my sight!
Des I will not stay to offend you [Going]
Lod Truly an obedient lady
 I do beseech your lordship call her back — 260
Oth Mistress!
Des My lord?
Oth What would you with her sir?
Lod Who I my lord?
Oth Ay you did wish that I would make her
 turn
 Sir she can turn and turn and yet go on
 And turn again and she can weep sir weep
 And she s obedient as you say obedient
 Very obedient Proceed you in your tears
 Concerning this sir—O well painted passion!—
 I am commanded home Get you away 269
 I'll send for you anon Sir I obey the mandate
 And will return to Venice Hence, a aunt!
[Exit DESDEMONA]
 Cassio shall have my place And sir to-night
 I do entreat that we may sup together
 You are welcome, sir to Cyprus — Goats and
 monkeys! [Exit]
Lod Is this the noble Moor whom our full
 Senate
 Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid
 virtue
 The shot of accident nor dart of chance
 Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iago He is much changed
Lod Are his wits safe? Is he not light of
 brain? 280
Iago He s that he is I may not breathe my cen-
 sure
 What he might be If what he might he is not
 I would to heaven he were!
Lod What strike his wife!
Iago Faith that was not so well yet would I
 knew
 That stroke would prove the worst!
Lod Is it his use?
 Or did the letters work upon his blood
 And new-create this fault?
Iago Alas alas!
 It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known You shall observe
 him,
 And his own courses will denote him so 290
 That I may save my speech Do but go after,
 And mark how he continues
 Lod I am sorry that I am deceived in him
 [Exit]

SCENE II *A room in the castle*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA

Oth You have seen nothing then?
 Emil Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect
 Oth Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together
 Emil But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between them
 Oth What, did they never whisper?
 Emil Never, my lord
 Oth Nor send you out o' the way?
 Emil Never
 Oth To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
 nothing?
 Emil Never, my lord 10
 Oth That's strange
 Emil I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
 Lay down my soul at stake If you think other,
 Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom
 If any wretch have put this in your head,
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
 For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true
 There's no man happy, the purest of their
 wives
 Is foul as slander
 Oth Bid her come hither, go
 [Exit EMILIA]
 She says enough, yet she's a simple bawd 20
 That cannot say as much This is a subtle whore,
 A closet lock and key of villainous secrets,
 And yet she'll kneel and pray, I have seen her
 do't

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA

Des My lord, what is your will?
 Oth Pray, chuck, come hither
 Des What is your pleasure?
 Oth Let me see your eyes,
 Look in my face
 Des What horrible fancy 's this?
 Oth [To EMILIA] Some of your function, mis-
 tress,
 Leave procreants alone and shut the door,
 Cough, or cry "hem," if any body come
 Your mystery, your mystery, nay, dispatch 30
 [Exit EMILIA]
 Des Upon my knees, what doth your speech
 import?

I understand a fury in your words,
 But not the words
 Oth Why, what art thou?
 Des Your wife, my lord, your true
 And loyal wife
 Oth Come, swear it, damn thyself,
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
 selves
 Should fear to seize thee, therefore be double
 damn'd
 Swear thou art honest
 Des Heaven doth truly know it
 Oth Heaven truly knows that thou art false as
 hell
 Des To whom, my lord? with whom? how am
 I false? 40
 Oth O Desdemona! away! away! away!
 Des Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?
 Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
 If haply you my father do suspect
 An instrument of this your calling back,
 Lay not your blame on me If you have lost him,
 Why, I have lost him too
 Oth Had it pleased heaven
 To try me with affliction, had they rain'd
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips, 50
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
 I should have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience, but, alas, to make me
 A fixed figure for the time of scorn
 To point his slow unmoving finger at!
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well,
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up, to be discarded thence! 60
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion
 there,
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin—
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!
 Des I hope my noble lord esteems me honest
 Oth O, ay, as summer flies are in the shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing O thou weed,
 Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst
 ne'er been born!
 Des Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed? 70
 Oth Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
 Made to write "whore" upon? What committed?
 Committed! O thou public commoner!
 I should make every forger of my cheeks
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds What committed!
 Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,

The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth
And will not hear it What committed? 80
Impudent strumpet!

Des By heaven you do me wrong
Oth Are not you a strumpet?

Des No as I am a Christian
If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other foul unlawful touch

Be not to be a strumpet I am none

Oth What not a whore?

Des No as I shall be saved

Oth Is it possible?

Des O heaven forgive us!

Oth I cry you mercy then

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice

That married with Othello [Raising his voice]

You mistress 90

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter

And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA

You you say you!
We have done our course there's money for
your pains

I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel

Emil Alas what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you madam? how do you my good

lady?

Des I am half asleep

Emil Good madam what's the matter with my
lord?

Des With who?

Emil Why with my lord madam 100

Des Who is thy lord?

Emil He that is yours sweet lady

Des I have none Do not talk to me Emilia

I cannot weep nor answer have I none

But what should go by water Prithce to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets remember

And call thy husband hither

Emil Here's a change indeed! [Exit

Des 'Tis meet I should be used so very meet

How have I been behaved that he might stick

The small'st opinion on my least misdeed

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO

Iago What is your pleasure madam? I how is it
with you? 110

Des I cannot tell Those that do teach young
babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks

He might have chid me so for in good faith

I am a child to chiding

Des What's the matter lady?

Emil Alas Iago my lord hath so bewhored
her

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her

As true hearts cannot bear

Des Am I that name, Iago?

Iago What name, fair lady?

Des Such as she says my lord did say I was

Emil He call'd her whore A beggar in his

drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his caller

Iago Why did he so?

Des I do not know I am sure I am none such

Iago Do not weep, do not weep Alas the day!

Emil Hath she forsook so many noble matches

Her father and her country and her friends

To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des It is my wretched fortune

Iago Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des Nay, Heaven doth know

Emil I will be hang'd if some eternal villain

Some busy and insinuating rogue 130

Some cogging cozening slave to get some office

Have not devised this slander I'll be hang'd else

Iago Fie, there is no such man it is impossible

Des If any such there be Heaven pardon him!

Emil A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his

bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her

company?

What place? what time? what form? what likeness

hood?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous

knave,

Some base notorious knave some scurvy fellow

O heaven that such companions thou dost urld

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world

Even from the east to the west!

Iago Speak within door

Emil O fie upon them! Some such squire he

was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without

And made you to suspect me with the Moor

Iago You are a fool go to

Des O good Iago

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend go to him for by this light of

heaven 150

I know not how I lost him Here I kneel

If e'er my will did trespass against his love

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed

Or that mine eyes mine ears or any sense

Delighted them in any other form

Or that I do not yet and ever did

And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much,

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160

But never taint my love I cannot say "w' hore"

It doth abhor me now I speak the word,

To do the act that might the addition earn

Not the world's mass of vanity could make
me

Iago I pray you, be content, 'tis but his humour

The business of the state does him offence,

And he does chide with you

Des It 'twere no other—

Iago 'Tis but so, I warrant

Trumpets within

Hark, how these instruments summon to
supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat 170

Go in, and weep not, all things shall be well

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA*]

Enter RODERIGO

How now, Roderigo!

Rod I do not find that thou dealest justly with
me

Iago What in the contrary?

Rod Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago, and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all convenience than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered

Iago Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together

Iago You charge me most unjustly

Rod With nought but truth I have wasted myself out of my means The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist You have told me she hath received them and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none

Iago Well, go to, very well

Rod Very well! go to! I cannot go to man, nor 'tis not very well Nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find my self fopped in it

Iago Very well

Rod I tell you 'tis not very well I will make myself known to Desdemona If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation, if not assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you

Iago You have said now

Rod Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing

Iago Why, now I see there's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before Give me thy hand, Roderigo Thou hast taken against me a most just exception, but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair

Rod It hath not appeared

Iago I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this night show it If thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life

Rod Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place

Rod Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice

Iago O, no, he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio

Rod How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place, knocking out his brains

Rod And that you would have me to do?

Iago Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him, he knows not yet of his honourable fortune If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me, I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him It is now high supper-time and the night grows to waste About it 250

Rod I will hear further reason for this

Iago And you shall be satisfied [Exeunt]

SCENE III Another room in the castle

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants

Lod I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further

Oth O, pardon me, 'twill do me good to walk

Lod Madam, good night, I humbly thank your ladyship

Des Your honour is most welcome

- Oth* Will you walk sir? Her salt tears fell from her and soften'd the stones —
O—Desdemona— Lay by these —
Des My lord? [*Singing*] "Sing willow willow willow
Oth Get you to bed on the instant I will be re- Prithce hie thee he'll come anon— 50
 turned forthwith Dismiss your attendant there
 Look it be done [*Singing*] Sing all a green willow must be my
Des I will my lord garland 10
 [*Exeunt OTHELLO, LOBOVICO and Attendants*]
Emil How does it now? he looks gentler than
 he did Let nobody blame him his scorn I ap-
 prove —
Des He says he will return incontinent Nay that's not next — Hark! who is't that
 He hath commanded me to go to bed knocks?
 And bade me to dismiss you *Emil* It's the wind
Emil Dismiss me! *Des* [*Singing*] I call'd my love false love but
Des It was his bidding therefore good Emilia what said he then?
 Give me my nightly wearing and adieu Sing willow willow willow
 We must not now displease him If I court moe women you'll couch with moe
Emil I would you had never seen him! men
Des So would not I My love doth so approve So get thee gone good night Mine eyes do itch
 him Doth that bode weeping?
 That even his stubbornness his checks his *Emil* 'Tis neither here nor there
 frowns— 30 *Des* I have heard it said so O these men, these
 Prithce unpin me—have grace and favour in men! 60
 them Dost thou in conscience think—tell me Emilia—
Emil I have laid those sheets you bade me on That there be women do abuse their husbands
 the bed In such gross kind?
Des All's one Good faith how foolish are our *Emil* There be some such no question
 minds! *Des* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
 world?
 If I do die before thee prithce shroud me *Emil* Why would not you?
 In one of those same sheets *Des* No by this heavenly light!
Emil Come come you talk *Emil* Nor I neither by this heavenly light
Des My mother had a maid call'd Barbara I might do as well: the dark
 She was in love and he she loved proved mad *Des* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
 And did forsake her She had a song of "Will world?
 low" *Emil* The world's a huge thing it is a great
 An old thing 'twas but it express'd her fortune price
 And she died singing it That song to-night For a small vice 70
 Will not go from my mind I have much to do
 But to go hang my head all at one side *Des* In troth I think thou wouldst not
 And sing it like poor Barbara Prithce dispatch *Emil* In troth I think I should and undo it
Emil Shall I go fetch your night-gown? when I had done Marry I would not do such a
Des No unpin me here thing for a joint ring nor for measures of lawn
 This Lodovico is a proper man nor for gowns petticoats nor caps nor any
Emil A very handsome man petty exhibition but for the whole world—
Des He speaks well why who would not make her husband a cuckold
Emil I know a lady in Venice would have to make him a monarch? I should venture
 walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his purgatory for't
 nether lip 40 *Des* Beshrew me if I would do such a wrong
Des [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a For the whole world
 35 cypress tree *Emil* Why the wrong is but a wrong: the
 Sing all a green willow world and having the world for your labour is
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee, a wrong in your own world and you must
 Sing willow willow willow quickly make it right
 The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd *Des* I do not think there is any such woman
 her moans *Emil* Yes a dozen and as many to the ransome
 Sing willow willow willow as would store the world they play'd for
 But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall Say that they slack their duties,
 And pour our treasures into foreign laps,
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 90
 Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike
 us,
 Or scant our former having in despite,
 Why, we have galls, and though we have some
 grace,
 Yet have we some revenge Let husbands know
 Their wives have sense like them, they see and
 smell
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
 As husbands have What is it that they do
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?
 I think it is And doth affection breed it?
 I think it doth Is't frailty that thus errs? 100
 It is so too And have not we affections,
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
 Then let them use us well, else let them know,
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so
Des Good night, good night Heaven me such
 uses send,
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!
 [Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I Cyprus a street

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO

Iago Here, stand behind this bulk, straight will
 he come
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home
 Quick, quick, fear nothing, I'll be at thy elbow
 It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,
 And fix most firm thy resolution
Rod Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't
Iago Here, at thy hand, be bold, and take thy
 stand [Retires]
Rod I have no great devotion to the deed,
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons 9
 'Tis but a man gone Forth, my sword, he dies
Iago I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the
 sense,
 And he grows angry Now, whether he kill Cas-
 sio,
 Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
 Every way makes my gain Live Roderigo,
 He calls me to a restitution large
 Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
 As gifts to Desdemona,
 It must not be If Cassio do remain,
 He hath a daily beauty in his life 20
 That makes me ugly, and, besides, the Moor
 May unfold me to him, there stand I in much
 peril
 No, he must die But so, I hear him coming

Enter CASSIO

Rod I know his gait, 'tis he — Villain, thou
 diest! [Makes a pass at CASSIO]
Cas That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st
 I will make proof of thine
Draws, and wounds RODERIGO
Rod O, I am slain!
IAGO from behind wounds CASSIO in the leg, and
exit
Cas I am maim'd for ever Help, ho! murder!
 murder! [Falls]

Enter OTHELLO

Oth The voice of Cassio Iago keeps his word
Rod O, villain that I am!
Oth It is even so
Cas O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30
Oth 'Tis he O brave Iago, honest and just,
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
 Thou teachest me Minion, your dear lies dead,
 And your unblest fate hies, strumpet, I come
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
 blotted,
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
 spotted [Exit]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO

Cas What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!
 murder!
Gra 'Tis some mischance, the cry is very dire-
 ful
Cas O, help!
Lod Hark! 40
Rod O wretched villain!
Lod Two or three groan It is a heavy night,
 These may be counterfeits, let's think't unsafe
 To come in to the cry without more help
Rod Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death
Lod Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, with a light

Gra Here's one comes in his shirt, with light
 and weapons
Iago Who's there? whose noise is this that
 cries on murder?
Lod We do not know
Iago Did not you hear a cry?
Cas Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!
Iago What's the matter? 50
Gra This is Othello's ancient, as I take it
Lod The same indeed, a very valiant fellow
Iago What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
 Give me some help

Iago O me lieutenant! what villains have done this?
 Cas I think that one of them is hercabout And cannot make away
 Iago O treacherous villains!
 What are you there? come in and give some help [To LODOVICO AND GRATIANO]
 Rod O help me here! 60
 Cas That's one of them
 Iago O murderous slave! O villain!
 Subs RODERIGO
 Rod O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!
 Iago Kill men! the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?
 How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
 What may you be? are you of good or evil?
 Lod As you shall prove us praise us
 Iago Signior Lodovico?
 Lod He sir
 Iago I cry you mercy Here's Cassio hurt by villains
 Gra Cassio! 70
 Iago How is't brother?
 Cas My leg is cut in two
 Iago Marry heaven forbid!
 Light gentlemen I'll bind it with my shirt
 Enter ANTONIO
 Barn What is the matter ho? who is't that cried?
 Iago Who is't that cried?
 Barn O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
 O Cassio Cassio Cassio!
 Iago O notable strumpet! Cassio may you suspect
 Who they should be that have thus manag'd you?
 Cas No 80
 Gra I am sorry to find you thus I have been to seek you
 Iago Lend me a garter So O for a chair To bear him easily hence!
 Barn Alas he faints! O Cassio Cassio Cassio!
 Iago Gentlemen all I do suspect this crash To be a party in this injury
 Patience awhile good Cassio Come, come Lend me a light know we this face or no?
 Alas my friend and my dear countryman Roderigo! no Yes sure O heaven Roderigo
 Cri What of Venice? 90
 Iago Even he sir Did you know him?
 Gra know him? ay
 Iago Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon
 These bloody accidents must excuse my manners
 That so neglected you

Cri I am glad to see you
 Iago How do you Cassio? O a chair a chair!
 Gra Roderigo!
 Iago He he tis he [A chair brought in]
 O that's well said the chair
 Some good man bear him carefully from hence
 I'll fetch the general's surgeon [To ANTONIO]
 For you mistress 100
 Save you your labour He that lies slain here
 Cassio
 Was my dear friend What malice was between you?
 Cri None in the world nor do I know the man
 Iago [To ANTONIO] What look you pale? O bear him out o' the air
 [CASSIO AND RODERIGO ARE BORN OFF]
 Stay you good gentlemen Look you pale mistresses?
 Do you perceive the greenness of her eye?
 Nay if you stare we shall hear more anon
 Behold her well I pray you look upon her
 Do you see gentlemen? nay guiltiness will speak
 Though tongues were out of use 110

Enter EMILIA

Emil Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
 Iago Cassio hath here been set on in the dark By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped
 He's almost slain and Roderigo dead
 Emil Alas good gentleman! alas good Cassio!
 Iago This is the fruit of whoring Prithce Emilia
 Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night [To ANTONIO] What do you shake at that?
 Barn He supp'd at my house but I therefore shake not
 Iago O did he so? I charge you go with me
 Emil Fie fie upon thee strumpet! 11
 Barn I am no strumpet but of life as honest As you that thus abuse me
 Emil As I? foh! fie upon thee!
 Iago Kind gentlemen let's go see poor Cassio dress'd
 Come mistress you must tell a another tale
 Emilia run you to the citadel
 And tell my lord and lady what hath happen'd
 Will you go on? I pray [Aside] This is the night That either makes me or fordoes me quite [Exit]

SCENE II A bedchamber in the castle Desdemona is dead asleep a light burning
 Enter OTHELLO

Oth It is the cause, it is the cause my soul—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men
Put out the light, and then put out the light
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me, but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, 11
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume When I have pluck'd
the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It must needs wither I'll smell it on the tree

Kissing her

Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after One more, and this the last,
So sweet was ne'er so fatal I must weep, 20
But they are cruel tears This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love She wakes

Des Who's there? Othello?

Oth Ay, Desdemona

Des Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des Ay, my lord

Oth If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight

Des Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by 31

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,

No, heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul

Des Talk you of killing?

Oth Ay, I do

Des Then Heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth Amen, with all my heart!

Des If you say so, I hope you will not kill me

Oth Hum!

Des And yet I fear you, for you are fatal then

When your eyes roll so Why I should fear I

know not,

Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear

Oth Think on thy sins

Des They are loves I bear to you 40

Oth Ay, and for that thou diest

Des That death's unnatural that kills for loving

Alas why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame

These are portents, but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me

Oth Peace, and be still!

Des I will so What's the matter?

Oth That handkerchief which I so loved and
gave thee

Thou gavest to Cassio

Des No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man, and ask him

Oth Sweet soul, take heed, 50

Take heed of perjury, thou art on thy death-bed

Des Ay, but not yet to die

Oth Yes, presently,

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception

That I do groan withal Thou art to die

Des Then Lord have mercy on me!

Oth I say, amen

Des And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life, never loved Cassio

But with such general warranty of heaven 60

As I might love, I never gave him token

Oth By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's
hand

O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,

And makest me call what I intend to do

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice

I saw the handkerchief

Des He found it then,

I never gave it him Send for him hither,

Let him confess a truth

Oth He hath confess'd

Des What, my lord?

Oth That he hath used thee

Des How? unlawfully?

Oth Ay 70

Des He will not say so

Oth No, his mouth is stopp'd,

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't

Des O! my fear interprets What, is he dead?

Oth Had all his hairs been lives, my great re-

venge

Had stomach for them all

Des Alas! he is betray'd and I undone

Oth Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my
face?

Des O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Oth Down, strumpet!

Des Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night!

Oth Nay, if you strive— 81

Des But half an hour!

Oth Being done there is no pause

Des But while I say one prayer!

Oth It is too late

She stifles her

Emil [Within] My lord, my lord! what, ho!
my lord my lord!

Oth What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite
dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful
I would not have thee linger in thy pain

So so

Emil [With him] What ho! my lord my lord!

Oth Who's there?

Emil [With him] O good my lord I would speak
a word with you! 90

Oth Yes tis Emilia — By and by — She's
dead —

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death
The noise was here Ha! no more moving?
Still in the grave — Shall she come in? were't
good? —

I think she stirs again No — What's best to do?
If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration

Emil [With him] I do beseech you 101
That I may speak with you O good my lord!

Oth I had forgot thee O come in Emilia
Soft by and by Let me the curtains draw
Where art thou? [Unlocks the door]

Enter EMILIA

What's the matter with thee now?

Emil O my good lord yonder's foul murders
done!

Oth What now?

Emil But now my lord

Oth It is the very error of the moon

She comes more nearer earth than she was wont
And makes men mad 111

Emil Cassio my lord hath kill'd a young
Venetian

Call'd Roderigo

Oth Roderigo kill'd?

And Cassio kill'd?

Emil No Cassio is not kill'd

Oth Not Cassio kill'd? then murder's out of
tune

And sweet revenge grows harsh

Des O falsely falsely murder'd!

Emil Alas what cry is that?

Oth That's what?

Emil Out and alas! that was my lady's voice
Help! help! ho! help! O lady speak again! 120
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress speak!

Des A guiltless death I die

Emil O who hath done this deed?

Des Nobody I myself Farewell

Commend me to my kind lord O farewell! [Dies]

Oth Why how should she be murder'd?

Emil

Alas who knows?

Oth You heard her say herself it was not I

Emil She said so I must needs report the truth

Oth She's like a liar gone to burning hell

'Twas I that kill'd her

Emil O the more angel she 130
And you the blacker devil!

Oth She turn'd to folly and she was a whore

Emil Thou dost belie her and thou art a devil

Oth She was false as water

Emil Thou art rash as fire to say

That she was false O she was heavenly true!

Oth Cassio did top her ask thy husband else

O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity Thy husband knew it all

Emil My husband! 140

Oth Thy husband

Emil That she was false to wedlock?

Oth Ay with Cassio Nay had she been true

If Heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite

I'd not have sold her for it

Emil My husband!

Oth Ay 'twas he that told me first

An honest man he is and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds

Emil My husband!

Oth What needs this iteration, woman? I say
thy husband 150

Emil O mistress villainy hath made mocks
with love!

My husband say that she was false!

Oth He woman

I say thy husband Dost understand the word?

My friend thy husband honest honest! 160

Emil If he say so may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain

Oth Ha!

Emil Do thy worst

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven 160

Than thou wast worthy her

Oth Peace, you were best

Emil Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm

As I have to be hurt O gull! O dove!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed —

I care not for thy sword I'll make thee known

Though I lost twenty lives — I help! help! ho!

help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder!
murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO and others

Mon What is the matter? How now general!

Emil O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.
Gra What is the matter? 171

Emil Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain
Speak, for my heart is full

Iago I told him what I thought, and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true
Emil But did you ever tell him she was false?

Iago I did
Emil You told a lie, an odious, damned lie,
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie 181
She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

Iago With Cassio, mistress Go to, charm your tongue

Emil I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to speak

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed—

All O heavens forfend!

Emil And your reports have set the murder on

Oth Nay, stare not, masters It is true, indeed

Gra 'Tis a strange truth

Mon O monstrous act!

Emil Villainy, villainy, villainy! 190

I think upon 't, I think, I smell 't O villainy!

I thought so then I'll kill myself for grief

O villainy, villainy!

Iago What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home

Emil Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak,

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home

Oth O! O! O! [*He falls on the bed*]

Emil Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye

Oth [*Rising*] O, she was foul! 200

I scarce did know you, uncle There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd

I know this act shows horrible and grim

Gra Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain Did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation

Oth 'Tis pitiful, but yet Iago knows 210

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed, Cassio confess'd it

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her, I saw it in his hand,
It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother

Emil O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago Come, hold your peace

Emil 'Twill out, 'twill out! I peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the north 220

Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak

Iago Be wise, and get you home

Emil I will not

IAGO offers to stab EMILIA

Gra Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband,

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,

He begg'd of me to steal it

Iago Villainous whore! 229

Emil She gave it Cassio! No, alas! I found it,

And I did give't my husband

Iago Filth, thou liest!

Emil By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool

Do with so good a woman?

Oth Are there no stones in heaven

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

He runs at IAGO IAGO, from behind, stabs Emilia, and exit

Gra The woman falls, sure, he hath kill'd his wife

Emil Ay, ay O, lay me by my mistress' side

Gra He's gone, but his wife's kill'd

Mon 'Tis a notorious villain Take you this

weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor 240

Come, guard the door without, let him not pass,

But kill him rather I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave

[*Exit MONTANO and GRATIANO*]

Oth I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all

Emil What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark! canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music [*Singing*] 'Willow, willow, willow'—

Moor she was chaste, she loved thee, cruel

Moor,

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true, 250

So speaking as I think I die I die *[Dies]*
Oth I have another weapon in this chamber
 It is a sword of Spain the ice brook's temper
 O here it is Uncle, I must come forth
Gra *[To him]* If thou attempt it it will cost thee
 dear
 Thou hast no weapon and perforce must suffer
Oth Look in upon me then and speak with me
 Or naked as I am I will assault thee

Re-enter GRATIANO

Gra What is the matter?
Oth Behold I have a weapon
 A better never did itself sustain 260
 Upon a soldier's thigh I have seen the day
 That with this little arm and this good sword
 I have made my way through more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop But O vain boast!
 Who can control his fate? tis not so now
 Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd
 Here is my journey's end here is my butt
 And very sea mark of my utmost sail
 Do you go back dismay'd? tis a lost fear
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast 270
 And he retires Where should Othello go?
 Now how dost thou look now? O ill star'd
 wench!
 Pale as thy smock? when we shall meet at compt
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven
 And fiends will snatch at it Cold cold my gulf!
 Even like thy chastity O cursed slave!
 Whip me ye devils
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! 280
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Enter LODOVICO MONTANO CASSIO carried in a
 chair and Officers with IAGO prisoner*

Lod Where is this rash and most unfortunate
 man?
Oth That's he that was Othello Here I am
Lod Where is that viper? bring the villain forth
Oth I look down towards his feet but that's a
 fable
 If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee
Wounds IAGO
Lod Wrench his sword from him
Iago I bleed, sir but not kill'd
Oth I am not sorry neither I'd have thee live
 For in my sense 'tis happiness to die 290
Lod O thou Othello that wert once in good
 Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave
 What shall be said to thee?
Oth Why anything

An honourable murderer if you will
 For nought I did in hate but all in honour
Lod This wretch hath part confess'd his vil-
 lany
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth Ay
Cas Dear general I never gave you cause
Oth I do believe it and I ask you pardon
 Will you I pray demand that demi-devil 300
 Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
Iago Demand me nothing. What you know
 you know
 From this time forth I never will speak word
Lod What not to pray?
Gra Torments will ope your lips
Oth Well thou dost best
Lod Sir you shall understand what hath be-
 fall'n
 Which as I think you know not Here is a letter
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo
 And here another The one of them imports 310
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo
Oth O villain!
Cas Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod Now here's another discontented paper
 Found in his pocket too and this it seems
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain
 But that belike Iago in the interim
 Came in and satisfied him
Oth O the pernicious cassid!
 How came you Cassio by that handkerchief
 That was my wife's?
Cas I found it in my chamber 320
 And he himself confess'd it but even now
 That there he dropp'd it for a spectral purpose
 Which wrought to his desire
Oth O fool! fool! fool!
Cas There is besides in Roderigo's letter
 How he upbraids Iago that he made him
 Brave me upon the watch whereon it came
 That I was cast And even but now he spake
 After long seeming dead Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on
Lod You must forsake this room, and go with
 us 330
 Your power and your command is taken off
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus For this slave
 If there be any cunning cruelty
 That can torment him much and hold him long
 It shall be his You shall close prisoner rest
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state Come bring him away
Oth Soft you a word or two before you go
 I have done the state some service and they
 know it 340

No more of that I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
 Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice Then must you
 speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well,
 Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
 Perplex'd in the extreme, of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe, of one whose subdued
 eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their medicinal gum Set you down thus, 350
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him, thus [*Stabs himself*]

Lod O bloody period!

Gra All that's spoke is marr'd
Oth I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee No way but
 this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss

[*Falls on the bed and dies*]

Cas This did I fear, but thought he had no
 weapon, 360

For he was great of heart

Lod [*To IAGO*] O Spartan dog,
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed,
 This is thy work. The object poisons sight,

Let it be hid Gratiano, keep the house,
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you To you, lord gover-
 nor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
 The time, the place, the torture O, enforce it!
 Myself will straight aboard, and to the state 370
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate [*Exeunt*]

20 KING LEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR *King of Britain*
 KING OF FRANCE
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY
 DUKE OF CORNWALL
 DUKE OF ALBANY
 EARL OF KENT
 EARL OF GLOUCESTER
 EDGAR *son to Gloucester*
 EDMUND *bastard son to Gloucester*
 CURAN *a courtier*
 OLD MAN *tenant to Gloucester*
 A DOCTOR
 FOOL
 OSWALD *steward to General*
 TWO CAPTAINS

A GENTLEMAN *attendant on Cordelia*
 A GENTLEMAN *attendant on Lear*
 A KNIGHT *attendant on Lear*
 A HERALD
 THREE SERVANTS *to Cornwall*
 TWO MESSENGERS
 GONERIL
 REGAN
 CORDELIA

NOY SPEAKING *Knights of Lear's train Captains
 Soldiers and Attendants*

SCENE Britain

ACT I

SCENE I *King Lear's palace*

Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER and EDMUND

Kent I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall

Glow It did always seem so to us but now in the division of the kingdom it appears not which of the Dukes he values most for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either a moiety

Kent Is not this your son my lord?

Glow His breeding sir hath been at my charge I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am lirazed to it

Kent I cannot conceive you

Glow Sir this young fellow's mother could whereupon she grew round womb'd and had indeed sir a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed Do you smell a fault?

Kent I cannot wish the fault undone the issue of it being so proper

Glow But I have sir a son by order of law some year elder than this who yet is no dearer in my account Though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for yet was his mother fair there was good sport at his making and the whoreson must be acknowledged Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm No, my lord

Glow My lord of Kent Remember him here after as my honourable friend

Edm My services to your lordship

Kent I must love you and sue to know you better

Edm Sir I shall study deserving

Glow He hath been out nine years and away he shall again The king is coming

Senet *Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA and Attendants*

Lear Attend the lords of France and Burgundy Gloucester

Glow I shall my liege

(Exit GLOUCESTER and FOOL)

Lear Meantime we shall express our darker purpose

Give me the map there know that we have divided

In three our kingdom and tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our a c 40
 Conferring them on younger strengths while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death Our son of Cornwall

And you our no less loving son of Albany We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters several dowers that future strife May be prevented now The Princess France and Burgundy

Great rivals in our youngest daughter a love Long in our court have made their amorous journey

And here are to be answer'd Tell me my daughters—

Since now we will divest us both of rule 50
 Interest of territory cares of state—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
 That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first

Gon Sir, I love you more than words can wield
the matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty,

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour,

As much as child e'er loved, or father found, 60

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,

Beyond all manner of so much I love you

Cor [Aside] What shall Cordelia do? Love,
and be silent

Lear Of all these bounds, even from this line to
this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-shirted meads,

We make thee lady, to thine and Albany's issue

Be this perpetual What says our second daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak

Reg Sir, I am made 70

Of the self-same metal that my sister is,

And prize me at her worth In my true heart

I find she names my very deed of love,

Only she comes too short, that I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys,

Which the most precious square of sense pos-
sesses,

And find I am alone felicitate

In your dear Highness' love

Cor [Aside] Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so, since, I am sure, my love's

More richer than my tongue 80

Lear To thee and thine hereditary ever

Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,

No less in space, validity, and pleasure,

Than that conferr'd on Goneril Now, our joy,

Although the last, not least, to whose young love

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy

Strive to be interest'd, what can you say to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak

Cor Nothing, my lord

Lear Nothing! 90

Cor Nothing

Lear Nothing will come of nothing Speak
again

Cor Unhappy that I am, I cannot heav-

My heart into my mouth I love your Majesty

According to my bond, nor more nor less

Lear How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a
little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes

Cor Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, loved me I

Return those duties back as are right fit

Obedience, love, you, and most honour you 100

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say

They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all

Lear But goes thy heart with this?

Cor Ay, good my lord

Lear So young, and so untender?

Cor So young, my lord, and true

Lear Let it be so, thy truth, then, be thy
dower, 110

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,

By all the operation of the orbs

From whom we do exist, and cease to be,

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee, from this, for ever The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,

As thou my sometime daughter

Kent Good my liege—

Lear Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath

I loved her most, and thought to set my rest

On her kind nursery Hence, and avoid my sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her! Call France, who
stirs?

Call Burgundy Cornwall and Albany, 129

With my two daughters' dowers digest this third

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her

I do invest you jointly with my power,

Pre-eminence, and all the large effects

That troop with majesty Ourselves, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,

By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode

Make with you by due turns Only we still retain

The name, and all the additions to a king,

The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,

Beloved sons, be yours, which to confirm, 140

This coronet part betwixt you [Giving the coronet]

Kent Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,

Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,

As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

Lear The bow is bent and drawn make from
the shaft

Kent Let it fall rather, though the fork invade

The region of my heart be Kent unmannerly,

When Lear ^{is} mad What wilt thou do old man?
Think st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour ^{is} bound 150

When majesty stoops to folly Reverse thy doorn
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness Answer my life my judge-
ment

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least
Nor are those empty hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness

Lear Kent on thy life no more
Kent My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies not fear to lose it
Thy safety being the motive

Lear Out of my sight!
Kent See better Lear and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye 161

Lear Now by Apollo—
Kent Now by Apollo king
Thou swear st thy gods in vain

Lear O vassal! miscreant!
Laying his hand on his sword

Alb } Dear sir forbear
Corn }

Kent Do
Kill thy physician and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease Revoke thy doom
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat
I'll tell thee thou dost evil

Lear Hear me recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
Which we durst never yet and with strain'd
pride

To come between our sentence and our power
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear
Our potency made good take thy reward
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom If on the tenth day follow
ing

This banish'd trunk be found in our dominions
The moment in thy death Away! by Jupiter
This shall not be revoked

Kent Fare thee well king! Sith thus thou wilt
appear

Freedom lives hence and banishment is here
[To CORDELIA] The gods to their dear shelter
take thee maid,

That justly think st and hast most rightly said!
[To REGAN and GONERIL] And your large speeches
may your deeds approve

That good effects may spring from words of
love

Thus Kent O Princes bids you all adieu
He'll shape his old course in a country new [Exit]

Flourish Re-enter GLOUCESTER with FRANCE,
BURGUNDY 1 At end—5

Glou Here ^{is} France and Burgundy my noble
lord 191

Lear My Lord of Burgundy
We first address towards you who with this
king

Hath rivall'd for our daughter what in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur Most royal Majesty
I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less

Lear Right noble Burgundy
When she was dear to us we did hold her so
But now her price is fall'n Sir there she stands
If aught within that little seeming substance ^{of}
Or all of it with our displeasure pieced
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace
She's there and she is yours

Bur I know no answer
Lear Will you with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended new adopted to our hate
Dower'd with our curse and stranger'd with our
oath

Take her or leave her?

Bur Pardon me royal sir
Election makes not up on such conditions

Lear Then leave her sir for by the power that
made me 210

I tell you all her wealth [To FRANCE] For you
great king

I would not from your love make such a stray
To match you where I have therefore beseech
you

To assert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers

France This is most strange
That she that even but now was your best ob-
ject

The argument of your praise balm of your age,
Most best most dearest should in this trice of
time

Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle 215
So many folios of favour Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it or your forevouch'd aff-
ection fall'n into taint which to believe of her
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me

Cor I yet beseech your Majesty—
If for I want that gift and only art

To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
 I'll do't before I speak—that you make known
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, 230
 No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
 That hath deprived me of your grace and favour,
 But even for want of that for which I am richer,
 A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
 As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
 Hath lost me in your liking

Lear Better thou
 Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better

France Is it but this—a tardiness in nature
 Which often leaves the history unspoke
 That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
 What say you to the lady? Love's not love 241
 When it is mingled with regards that stand
 Aloof from the entire point Will you have her?
 She is herself a dowry

Bur Royal Lear,
 Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
 And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
 Duchess of Burgundy

Lear Nothing I have sworn, I am firm
Bur I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
 That you must lose a husband

Cor Peace be with Burgundy! 250
 Since that respects of fortune are his love,
 I shall not be his wife

France Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
 being poor,
 Most choice, forsaken, and most loved, despised!
 Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
 Be it lawful I take up what's cast away
 Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st
 neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect
 Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
 chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France 260
 Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
 Can buy this unprized precious maid of me
 Bid them farewell Cordelia, though unkind,
 Thou lovest here, a better where to find

Lear Thou hast her, France Let her be thine,
 for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of hers again Therefore be gone
 Without our grace, our love, our benison
 Come, noble Burgundy

*(Flourish. Exeunt all but FRANCE,
 GONFRIL, REGAN, and CORDELIA)*

France Bid farewell to your sisters 270

Cor The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you I know you what you are,

And like a sister am most loath to call
 Your faults as they are named Use well our
 father,

To your professed bosoms I commit him
 But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place
 So, farewell to you both

Reg Prescribe not us our duties
Gon Let your study 279
 Be to content your lord, who hath received
 you

At fortune's alms You have obedience scantied,
 And we'll are worth the want that you have
 wanted

Cor Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
 hides,

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides
 Well may you prosper!

France Come, my fair Cordelia
(Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA)

Gon Sister, it is not a little I have to say of
 what most nearly appertains to us both I think
 our father will hence to-night

Reg That's most certain, and with you, next
 month with us 290

Gon You see how full of changes his age is,
 the observation we have made of it hath not been
 little He always loved our sister most, and with
 what poor judgement he hath now cast her off
 appears too grossly

Reg 'Tis the infirmity of his age Yet he hath
 ever but slenderly known himself

Gon The best and soundest of his time hath
 been but rash, then must we look to receive
 from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-
 engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly
 waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring
 with them

Reg Such unconstant starts are we like to have
 from him as this of Kent's banishment

Gon There is further compliment of leave-
 taking between France and him Pray you, let's
 hit together If our father carry authority with
 such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender
 of his will but offend us 310

Reg We shall further think on't
Gon We must do something, and it's the heat

(Exeunt)

SCENE II The Earl of Gloucester's castle

Enter EDMUND, with a letter

Edm Thou, nature, art my goddess, to thy
 law

My services are bound Wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon
shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact
My mind as generous and my shape as true
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastards? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take 11
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth within a dull stale tired bed
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops
Got 'twixt asleep and wake? Well then
Legitimate Edgar I must have your land
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate Fine word legitimate!
Well my legitimate if this letter speed
And my invention thrive Edmund the base 20
Shall top the legitimate I grow I prosper
Now gods stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glou Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler
parted!
And the King gone to-night! subscribed his
power!

Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund how now! what news?
Edm So please your lordship none
Putting up the letter

Glou Why so earnestly seek you to put up that
letter?

Edm I know no news my lord

Glou What paper were you reading? 30

Edm Nothing my lord

Glou No? What needed then, that terrible
dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of
nothing hath not such need to hide itself Let's
see Comm if it be nothing I shall not need
spectacles

Edm I beseech you, sir pardon me It is a
letter from my brother that I have not all o'er
read and for so much as I have perused I find
it not fit for your o'er looking 40

Glou Give me the letter sir

Edm I shall offend either to detain or give it
The contents as in part I understand them, are
to blame

Glou Let's see let's see

Edm I hope for my brother's justification, he
wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue

Glou *[Reads]* 'This policy and reverence of
age makes the world bitter to the best of our
times keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness
cannot relish them I begin to find an idle and
fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny
who sways not as it hath power but as it is

suffered Come to me that of this I may speak
more If our father would sleep till I waked him
you should enjoy half his revenue for ever and
be the beloved of your brother *Edgar*
Hum conspiracy! 'Sleep till I waked him you
should enjoy half his revenue My son Edgar!
Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain
to breed it in? When came this to you? who
brought it?

Edm It was not brought me my lord there's
the cunning of it I found it thrown in at the
casement of my closet

Glou You know the character to be your
brother's?

Edm If the matter were good my lord, I
durst swear it were his but in respect of that I
would fain think it were not 70

Glou It is his

Edm It is his hand my lord but I hope his
heart is not in the contents

Glou Hath he never heretofore sounded you in
this business?

Edm Never my lord but I have heard him
oft maintain it to be fit that sons at perfect age,
and fathers declining the father should be at
ward to the son and the son manage his revenue

Glou O villain villain! His very opinion in
the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural de-
tested brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go,
sirrah seek him I'll apprehend him Abominable
villain! Where is he?

Edm I do not well know, my lord If it shall
please you to suspend your indignation against
my brother till you can derive from him better
testimony of his intent you shall run a certain
course where if you violently proceed against
him mistaking his purpose it would make a
great gap in your own honour and shake in
pieces the heart of his obedience I dare pawn
down my life for him that he hath writ this to
feed my affection to your honour and to no other
pretence of danger

Glou Think you so?

Edm If your honour judge it meet I will
place you where you shall hear us confer of this,
and by an auricular assurance have your satis-
faction and that without any further delay than
this very evening 101

Glou He cannot be such a monster—

Edm Nor is not sure

Glou To his father that so tenderly and en-
tirely loves him Heaven and earth! Edmund
seek him out wind me into him I pray you
Frame the business after your own wisdom I
would unstate myself to be in a due resolution

Edm I will seek him sir presently convey

the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal

Glow These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide, in cities, mutinies, in countries, discord, in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father. The King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollow-ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing, do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange.

[*Exit*]

Edm This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*, so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. *Edgar*—

Enter EDGAR

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Beilam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi*

I dg How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily, as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent, death dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles, needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm Come, come, when saw you my father last?

Edg Why, the night gone by.

Edm Spake you with him?

Edg Ay, two hours together.

Edm Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg None at all.

Edm Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him, and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go, there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg Armed brother!

Edm Brother, I advise you to the same. I am armed. I am no honest man if there be any guile meaning towards you. I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly, for the image and horror of it. Pray you, go.

Edg Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm I do serve you in this business.

A credulous father! and a heart
Whose nature is so far from
That he suspects none, on
My practices ride easy! I
Let me, if not by birth, by
All with me's meet that I

SCENE III The Duke of Burgundy

Enter GOWER, and others

Gon Did my father chiding of his first?

Orw Yes, madam.

Gon By day and hour

He flashes into
That sets us all

His knights get
On every tri

I will not spare
If you con

You shall do
Orw He

Horw
Gon Per

You and your fellows I'd have it come to question
 If he dislike it let him to our sister
 Whose mind and mine I know in that are one
 Not to be over ruled Idle old man
 That still would manage those authorities
 That he hath given away! Now by my life
 Old fools are babes again and must be used
 With checks as flatteries—when they are seen
 abused

Remember what I tell you

Osw Well madam

Gon And let his knights have colder looks
 among you

What grows of it no matter advise your fellows
 so

I would breed from hence occasions and I shall
 That I may speak I'll write straight to my sister
 To hold my very course Prepare for dinner

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *A hall in the same*

Enter KENT disguised

Kent If but as well I other accents borrow
 That can my speech defuse my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue
 For which I razed my likeness Now banish'd
 Kent

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
 demn'd

So may it come thy master whom thou lovest
 Shall find thee full of labours

*Horns within Enter LEAR KNIGHTS
 and Attendants*

Lear Let me not stay a jot for dinner go get
 it ready [*Exit an Attendant*] How now! what
 art thou?

Kent A man sir

Lear What dost thou profess? what wouldst
 thou with us?

Kent I do profess to be no less than I seem
 to serve him truly that will put me in trust
 to love him that is honest to converse with him
 that is wise and says little to fear judgement
 to fight when I cannot choose and to eat no fish

Lear What art thou?

Kent A very honest hearted fellow and as poor
 as the King

Lear If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for
 a king thou art poor enough What wouldst
 thou?

Kent Service

Lear Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent You

Lear Dost thou know me fellow?

Kent No sir but you have that in your
 countenance which I would fain call master

Lear What's that?

Kent Authority

Lear What services canst thou do?

Kent I can keep honest counsel ride run, mar-
 a curious tale in telling it and deliver a plain
 message bluntly That which ordinary men are
 fit for I am qualified in and the best of me is
 diligence

Lear How old art thou?

Kent Not so young sir to love a woman for
 singing nor so old to dote on her for anything,
 I have years on my back forty eight

Lear Follow me thou shalt serve me If I
 like thee no worse after dinner I will not part
 from thee yet Dinner ho dinner! Where's my
 knave? my Fool? Go you and call my Fool
 hither

[*Exit an Attendant*]

Enter OSWALD

You you sirrah where's my daughter?

Osw So please you—

[*Exit*]

Lear What says the fellow there? Call the
 cloppoll back [*Exit a KNIGHT*] Where's my
 Fool ho? I think the world asleep

Re-enter KNIGHT

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight He says my lord your daughter is not
 well

Lear Why came not the slave back to me
 when I called him

Knight Sir he answered me in the roundest
 manner he would not

Lear He would not!

Knight My lord I know not what the matter
 is but to my judgement your Highness is not
 entertained with that ceremonious affection as
 you were wont there's a great abatement of
 kindness appears as well in the general depend-
 ants as in the Duke himself also and your
 daughter

Lear Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight I beseech you pardon me my lord If I
 be mistaken for my duty cannot be silent when
 I think your Highness wronged

Lear Thou but rememberest me of mine own
 conception I have perceived a most faint neglect
 of late which I have rather blamed as mine own
 jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and per-
 pose of unkindness I will look further into it
 But where's my Fool? I have not seen him this
 two days

Knight Since my young lady's going into
 France sir the Fool hath much pined away

Lear No more of that, I have noted it well
Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with
her [*Exit an Attendant*] Go you, call hither my
Fool [*Exit an Attendant*]

Re-enter OSWALD

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir Who am I,
sir?

Osw My lady's father

Lear "My lady's father" my lord's knave!
You whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw I am none of these, my lord, I beseech
your pardon 91

Lear Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
[*Striking him*]

Osw I'll not be struck, my lord

Kent Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball
player [*Tripping up his heels*]

Lear I thank thee, fellow, thou servest me, and
I'll love thee

Kent Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you
differences Away, away! If you will measure
your lubber's length again, tarry But away! go
to, have you wisdom? so [*Pushes OSWALD out*]

Lear Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee
There's earnest of thy service

Giving KENT money

Enter FOOL

Fool Let me hire him too Here's my cox-
comb [*Offering KENT his cap*]

Lear How now, my pretty knave! how dost
thou?

Fool Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb

Kent Why, Fool? 110

Fool Why, for taking one's part that's out of
favour Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind
sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly There, take my
coxcomb Why, this fellow has banished two
on's daughters, and did the third a blessing
against his will, if thou follow him, thou must
needs wear my coxcomb How now, nuncle!
Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear Why, my boy? 119

Fool If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my
coxcombs my self There's mine, beg another of
thy daughters

Lear Take heed, sirrah, the whip

Fool Truth's a dog must to kennel, he must be
whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand
by the fire and stink

Lear A pestilent gall to me!

Fool Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech

Lear Do

Fool Mark it, nuncle

130

'Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score "

140

Kent This is nothing, fool

Fool Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd
lawyer, you gave me nothing for't Can you
make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear Why, no, boy, nothing can be made out
of nothing

Fool [*To KENT*] Prithee, tell him, so much the
rent of his land comes to He will not believe a
Fool

Lear A bitter fool!

150

Fool Dost thou know the difference, my boy,
between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear No, lad, teach me

Fool "That lord that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,

Do thou for him stand

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear,

The one in motley here,

160

The other found out there "

Lear Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool All thy other titles thou hast given away,
that thou wast born with

Kent This is not altogether fool, my lord

Fool No, fath, lords and great men will not
let me, if I had a monopoly out, they would have
part on't And ladies too, they will not let me
have all fool to my self, they'll be snatching
Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two
crowns 171

Lear What two crowns shall they be?

Fool Why, after I have cut the egg i' the
middle, and eat up the mear, the two crowns of
the egg When thou clovest thy crown i' the
middle, and gavest away both parts thou borest
thy ass on thy back o'er the dirt Thou hadst little
wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy
golden one away If I speak like my self in this,
let him be whipped that first finds it so 180

[*Singing*] "Fools had ne'er less wit in a year,

For wise men are grown foppish,
They know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish "

Lear When were you wont to be so full of
songs, sirrah?

Fool I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou

madest thy daughters thy mother for when thou gavest them the rod and putst down thine own breeches 190

[Singing] Then they for sudden joy did weep

And I for sorrow sung

That such a king should play bo-peep

And go the fools among

Prithce nuncle keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy Fool to lie I would fain learn to lie

Lear An you be sirrah, we'll have you whipped

Fool I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are They'll have me whipped for speaking true thoult have me whipped for lying and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace I had rather be any kind of thing than a Fool and yet I would not be thee nuncle thou hast pared thy wit o both sides and left nothing i the middle Here comes one o the parings

Enter GONERIL

Lear How now daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i the frown 209

Fool Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning now thou art an O without a figure I am better than thou art now I am a fool thou art nothing [To GONERIL] Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue so your face bids me though you say nothing Mum mum

He that keeps nor crust nor crum

Weary of all shall want some

[Pointing to LEAR] That's a shealed peascod

Gon Not only sir this your all licensed Fool But other of your insolent retinue 221

Do hourly carp and quarrel breaking forth In rank and not to-be-endured riots Sir I had thought by making this well known unto

you
To have found a safe redress but now grow fearful

By what yourself too late have spoke and done That you protect this course and put it on By your allowance which if you should the fault Would not scape censure nor the redresses sleep

Which in the tender of a wholesome weal 230 Might in their working do you that offence Which else were shame that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding

Fool For you know nuncle

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long

That it had it head bit off by it young

So out went the candle and we were left dark ling

Lear Are you our daughter?

Gon Come sir 239

I would you would make use of that good wisdom

Whereof I know you are fraught and put away These dispositions that of late transform you From what you rightly are

Fool May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop Jug! I love thee

Lear Doth any here know me? This is not

Lear

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens his discernings

Are lethargied—Ha! waking? tis not so

Who is it that can tell me who I am? 250

Fool Lear's shadow

Lear I would learn that for by the marks of sovereignty knowledge, and reason I should be false persuaded I had daughters

Fool Which they will make an obedient father

Lear Your name fair gentlewoman?

Gon This admiration sir is much i the savour Of other your new pranks I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright 260

As you are old and reverend you should be wise

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires

Men so disorder'd so debosh'd and bold

That this our court infected with their manners

Shows like a riotous inn Epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a graced palace The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy Be then desired

By her that else will take the thing she begs

A little to disquantity your train 270

And the remainder that shall still depend

To be such men as may besort your age

And know themselves and you

Lear Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses call my train together

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee

Yet have I left a daughter

Gon You strike my people and your disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters

Enter ALBANY

Lear Woe that too late repents—[To ALBANY]

O sir are you come?

Is it your will? Speak sir Prepare my horses

Ingratitude thou marble hearted fiend 281

More hideous when thou showst thee in a child

Than the sea monster!

Alb Pray sir be patient

Lear [To GONERIL] Detested kite! thou liest

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show! 289
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature

From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all
love,

And added to the gall! O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

Striking his head

And thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my people

Alb My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you

Lear It may be so, my lord

Hear, Nature, hear, dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility! 300

Dry up in her the organs of increase,

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen, that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits

To laughter and contempt, that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310

To have a thankless child! Away, away! *[Exit]*

Alb Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes
this?

Gon Never afflict yourself to know the cause,

But let his disposition have that scope

That dotage gives it

Re-enter LEAR

Lear What, fifty of my followers at a clap!

Within a fortnight!

Alb What's the matter, sir?

Lear I'll tell thee *[To Goneril]* Life and death!

I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood

thus,

That these hot tears which break from me per-

force, 320

Should make thee worth them! Blasts and fogs

upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse

Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes

Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck ye out

And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay! Yea, is it come to this?

Let it be so, yet have I left a daughter

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage! Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
thunk

I have cast off for ever! Thou shalt, I warrant
thee

[Exit LEAR, KENT, and Attendants]

Gon Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you—

Gon Pray you, content! What, Oswald, ho!

[To the Fool.] You, sir, more knave than fool,
after your master

Fool Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry and take
the Fool with thee

"A fox, when one has caught her, 340

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter

So the Fool follows after" *[Exit]*

Gon This man hath had good counsel, a hun-
dred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

At point a hundred knights, yes, that, on every
dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy! Oswald, I say!

Alb Well, you may fear too far

Gon Safer than trust too far 351

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Nor fear still to be taken! I know his heart

What he hath utter'd! I have writ my sister

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness—

Re-enter OSWALD

How now, Oswald!

What have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw Yes, madam

Gon Take you some company, and away to
horse

Inform her full of my particular fear, 360

And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact it more! Get you gone,

And hasten your return! *[Exit OSWALD]* No, no,
my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon

You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom

Than praised for harmful mildness

Alb How far your eyes may pierce I cannot
tell

Striving to better oft we mar what's well

Gon Nay, then—

Alb Well, well, the event

370
[Exit]

SCENE V *Court before the same**Enter LEAR KENT and FOOL*

Lear Go you before to Gloucester with these letters Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter If your diligence be not speedy I shall be there afore you

Kent I will not sleep my lord till I have delivered your letter *[Exit]*

Fool If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear Ay boy

Fool Then I pruthee be merry thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod

Lear Ha ha ha!

Fool Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple yet I can tell what I can tell

Lear Why what canst thou tell my boy?

Fool She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on a face?

Lear No

Fool Why to keep one's eyes of either side's nose that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into

Lear I did her wrong—

Fool Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear No

Fool Nor I neither but I can tell why a snail has a house

Lear Why?

Fool Why to put his head in not to give it away to his daughters and leave his horns with out a case

Lear I will forget my nature So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

Fool Thy asses are gone about em The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason

Lear Because they are not eight?

Fool Yes indeed Thou wouldst make a good fool

Lear To take't again perforce! Monster ingrate rude!

Fool If thou wert my fool nuncle I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time

Lear How's that?

Fool Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise

Lear O let me not be mad not mad sweet heaven!

Fool Keep me in temper I would not be mad!

Enter GENTLEMAN

How now? are the horses ready?

Gent Ready my lord

Lear Come boy

Fool She that's a maid now and laughs at my departure

Shall not be a maid long unless things be cut shorter *[Exit]*

ACT II

SCENE I *The Earl of Gloucester's castle**Enter EDMUND and CURAN meets him*

Edm Save thee Curan

Cur And you sir I have been with your father and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night

Edm How comes that?

Cur Nay I know not You have heard of the news abroad I mean the whispered ones for they are yet but ear kissing arguments?

Edm Not I Pray you what are they?

Cur Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm Not a word

Cur You may do then in time Fare you well sir *[Exit]*

Edm The Duke be here to-night? The better!

This weaves itself perforce into my business My father hath set guard to take my brother And I have one thing of a queasy question, Which I must act Briefness and fortune work! Brother a word descend Brother I say!

Enter EDGAR

My father watches O sir fly this place Intelligence is given where you are hid You have now the good advantage of the night Have you not spoken gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither now i' the night i' the haste

And Regan with him Have you nothing said Upon his party gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself

Edg I am sure on't not a word

Edm I hear my father coming Pardon me In cunning I must draw my sword upon you Draw seem to defend yourself now quit you well

Yield Come before my father Light ho here! Fly brother Torches torches! So farewell

[Exit EDMUND]
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
If I could his arm

Of my more fierce endeavour I have seen drunk-
ards

Do more than this in sport Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches

Glou Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
out, 40

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress—

Glou But where is he?

Edm Look, sir, I bleed

Glou Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm Fled this way, sir When by no means he
could—

Glou Pursue him, ho! Go after [*Exeunt some
Servants*] By no means what?

Edm Persuade me to the murder of your lord-
ship,

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend,
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father, sir, in fine, 50
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encoun-
ter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled

Glou Let him fly far
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught,
And found—dispatch The noble Duke my mas-
ter, 61

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our
thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake,
He that conceals him, death

Edm When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threatened to discover him, he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think
If I would stand against thee would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee 71
Make thy words faith'd? No What I should
deny—

As this I would, ay though thou didst produce
My very character—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion plot, and damned practice
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death

Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it "

Glou Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him 80

Tucket within

Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he
comes

All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not 'scape,
The Duke must grant me that Besides, his pic-
ture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him, and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants

Corn How now, my noble friend! since I came
hither,

Which I can call but now, I have heard strange
news

Reg If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender How dost, my
lord? 91

Glou O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is
crack'd!

Reg What, did my father's godson seek your
life?

He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glou O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tend upon my father?

Glou I know not, madam 'Tis too bad too bad

Edm Yes, madam, he was of that consort

Reg No marvel, then, though he were ill af-
fected 100

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death
To have the expense and waste of his revenues
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cau-
tions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there

Corn Nor I, assure thee, Regan
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child like office

Edm 'Twas my duty, sir

Glou He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him 110

Corn Is he pursued?

Glou As, my good lord

Corn If he be taken he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm Make your own pur-
pose,

How in my strength you please For you, Ed-
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself you shall be ours
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need
You we first seize on

Edm I shall serve you sir

Truly however else

Glou For him I thank your Grace

Corn You know not why we came to visit
you— 120

Reg Thus out of season threading dark eyed
night

Occasions noble Gloucester of some poise
Wherein we must have use of your advice
Our father he hath writ so hath our sister
Of differences which I least thought it fit
To answer from our home the several messen-
gers

From hence attend dispatch Our good old
friend

Lay comforts to your bosom and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business

Which craves the instant use

Glou I serve you madam 130
Your Graces are right welcome [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II Before Gloucester's castle

Enter KENT and OSWALD severally

Osw Good dawning to thee friend Art of this
house?

Kent Ay

Osw Where may we set our horses?

Kent I the mure

Osw Prithee if thou lovest me tell me

Kent I love thee not

Osw Why then I care not for thee

Kent If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold I would
make thee care for me 10

Osw Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee
not

Kent Fellow I know thee

Osw What dost thou know me for?

Kent A knave a rascal an eater of broken
meats a base proud shallow beggarly three
suited hundred pound filthy worsted stocking
knave a lily livered action taking knave a
whoreson glass gazing superserviceable finical
rogue one trunk inheriting slave one that
wouldst be a bawd in way of good service and
art nothing but the composition of a knave beg-
gar coward pandar and the son and heir of a
mongrel bitch one whom I will beat into clam-
orous whining if thou deniest the least syllable
of thy addition

Osw Why what a monstrous fellow art thou
thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee
nor knows thee! 29

Kent What a brazen faced varlet art thou to
deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I
tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the
king? Draw you rogue for though it be night
yet the moon shines I'll make a sop o' the moon
shine of you Draw you whoreson cullionly
barber monger draw

Drawing his sword

Osw Away! I have nothing to do with thee
Kent Draw you rascal You come with letters
against the king and take vanity the puppet's
part against the royalty of her father Draw you
rogue or I'll so carbonado your shanks Draw
you rascal come your ways

Osw Help ho! murder! help!

Kent Strike you slave stand rogue stand
you neat slave strike [*Beating him*]

Osw Help ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND with his rapier drawn CORNWALL,
REGAN GLOUCESTER and Servants*

Edm How now! What's the matter?

Kent With you Goodman boy an you please
Come I'll flesh ye come on young master

Glou Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn Keep peace upon your lives 32

He dies that strikes again What is the matter?

Reg The messengers from our sister and the
king

Corn What is your difference? speak

Osw I am scarce in breath my lord

Kent No marvel you have so bestirred your
valour You cowardly rascal nature disclaims in
thee A tailor made thee 30

Corn Thou art a strange fellow A tailor make
a man?

Kent Ay a tailor sir A stone-cutter or a paint-
er could not have made him so ill though he had
been but two hours at the trade

Corn Speak yet how grew your quarrel?

Osw This ancient ruffian sir whose life I have
spared at suit of his gray beard—

Kent Thou whore on zed! thou unnecessary
letter! My lord if you will give me leave I will
tread this unbolted villain into mortar and daub
the walls of a jakes with him Spare my gray
beard you wagtail?

Corn Peace sirrah!

You beastly knave know you no reverence?

Kent Yes sir but anger hath a privilege

Corn Why art thou angry?

Kent That such a slave as this should wear a
sword

Who wears no honesty Such smiling rogues as
these

Like rats oft bite the holy cords a twain 30

Which are too intrinse t' unloose, smooth every
passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel,
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following
A plague upon y our epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot

Corn What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glou How fell y ou our? say that

Kent No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave

Corn Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent His countenance likes me not

Corn No more, perchance, does mine, nor his,
nor hers

Kent Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain

I have seen better faces in my time

Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant

Corn This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth
affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature He cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so, if not, he's plain
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
ness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends

Than twenty silly ducking observants

That stretch their duties nicely

Kent Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,

Under the allowance of y our great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wrath of radiant
fire

On flickering Phœbus' front—

Corn What mean'st by this?

Kent To go out of my dialect which y ou dis-
commend so much I know, sir, I am no flatterer
He that beguiled y ou in a plain accent was a plain
knave which for my part I will not be, though
I should win y our displeasure to entreat me to't

Corn What was the offence y ou gave him?

Ors I never gave him any

It pleased the King his master very late

To strike at me, upon his misconstruction

When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,

Tripp'd me behind, being down insulted rail'd,

And put upon him such a deal of man

That w orthied him got praises of the King

For him attempting who was self subdued,

And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,

Drew on me here again

Kent None of these rogues and cow ards

But Ajax is their fool

Corn Fetch forth the stocks!

You stubborn ancient knave, y ou reverend brag-
gart,

We'll teach you—

Kent Sir, I am too old to learn

Call not your stocks for me I serve the King,

On whose employment I was sent to y ou

You shall do small respect, show too bold
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger

Corn Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and
honour,

There shall he sit till noon

Reg Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night
too

Kent Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so

Reg Sir, being his knave, I will

Corn This is a fellow of the self-same colour

Our sister speaks of Come, bring away the
stocks!

Stocks brought out

Glou Let me beseech y our Grace not to do so
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't Your purposed low correc-
tion

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st w retches

For pilferings and most common trespasses

Are punish'd with The King must take it ill

That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,

Should have him thus restrain'd

Corn I'll answer that

Reg My sister may receive it much more
worse,

To have her gentleman abused assaulted,

For following her affairs Put in his legs

Kent is put in the stocks

Come my good lord, away

[*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER and KENT*
Glou I am sorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke's
pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows

Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd I'll entreat for
thee

Kent Pray, do not, sir I have watched and
travell'd hard

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels

Give y ou good morrow!

Glou The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill
taken

[*Exit*

Some other time for that Beloved Regan
Thy sister's naught O Regan she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture here
Touts to his heart

I can scarce speak to thee thou art not believ'd
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!
Reg I pray you sir take patience I have hope
You less know how to value her desert 141
Than she to scant her duty

Lear Say how is that?
Reg I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation If sir purchase
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers
Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame

Lear My curses on her!
Reg O sir you are old
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine You should be ruled and led 150
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return
Say you have wrong'd her sir

Lear Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house
Dear daughter I confess that I am old
Kneeling

Alas is unnecessary On my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment bed and
food

Reg Good sir no more these are unsightly
tricks

Return you to my sister

Lear *[Rising]* Never Regan 160
She hath abated me of half my train
Look'd black upon me struck me with her
tongue

Most serpent-like upon the very heart
All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones
You taking airs with lameness!

Corn Fie sir fie!

Lear You numble lightnings dart your blinding
flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty
You fen suck'd fogs drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blast her pride! 170

Reg O the blest gods! so will you wish on me
When the rash mood is on

Lear No Regan thou shalt never have my
curse

Thy tender hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness Her eyes are fierce but
shine

Do comfort and not burn 'Tis not in thee
To budge my pleasures to cut off my train

To bandy hasty words to scant my sizes
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in Thou better know'st 180
The offices of nature bond of childhood
Effects of courtesy dues of gratitude
Thy half of the kingdom hast thou not forgot
Wherein I thee endow'd

Lear Good sir to the purpose
Lear Who put my man in the stocks?

Tucket within

Corn What trumpet's that?
Reg I know't my sister's This approves her
letter

That she would soon be here

Enter OSWALD

Lear Is your lady come?
Lear This is a slave whose easy borrow'd
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows
Out vantage from my sight!

Corn What means your Grace? 190

Lear Who stock'd my servant? Regan I have
good hope
Thou didst not know on't Who comes here?
O heavens

Enter GOWERIL

If you do love old men if your sweet sway
Allow obedience if yourselves are old
Make it your cause send down, and take my
part!

[To GOWERIL] Art not ashamed to look upon this
beard?

O Regan wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon Why not by the hand sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so

Lear O sides you are too rough 200
Will you yet hold? How came my man in the
stocks?

Corn I set him there sir but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement

Lear You! did you?

Reg I pray you father being weak seem so
If till the expiration of your month
You will return and sojourn with my sister
Dismissing half your train come then to me
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment

Lear Return to her and fifty men dismiss'd
No rather I abjure all roofs and choose 211
To wage against the enemy in the air
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl—
Necessity a sharp punch! Return with her?

Why, the hot blooded 'T'raice that dowerless took

O, my youngest born I could as well be brow' hit
To kneel his throne and squirt like penitents beg
To keep base life afloat—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sun pier
To this detested gloom [Placing himself on a stool]

G— At your choice, sir 250

Lear I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad
I will not trouble thee, my child, farewell
We'll no more meet, no more see one another
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine—thou art a boil,
A plague sore, an embossed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it
I do not bid the thunder bellow 'tween

Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan
I and my hundred knights

Reg Not altogether so
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old and so—
But she knows what she does

Lear Is this well spoken?

Reg I dare avouch it, sir. What fifty followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, with that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? I know, in one

house,
Should many people, under twin commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible

Gon Why might not you, my lord, receive

attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg Why not, my lord? If then they chanced

to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to

me—
For now I spy a danger—I entreat you

To bring but five and twenty. To no more

Will I give place or notice

Lear I gave you all—

Reg And in good time you gave it

Lear Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number. What, must I come to you

With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg And speak't again, my lord, no more with

me

Lear Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd

When others are more wicked—not better—the
worse 260

Stands in some rank of praise [To Cordelia] I'll
go with thee

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,

And thou art twice her love

G— Hear me, my lord

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,

To follow in a house where twice so many

Have a command to tend you

Reg What need one?

Lear O, reason not the need. Our basest beg-
gars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life's as cheap as beast's. Thou art a
lady

If only to go warm were gorgeous, 271

Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wears't

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true
need—

You heavens! give me that patience, patience I
need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age, wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

I can bear it tamely, touch me with noble anger,

And let not women's weapons, water-drops, 280

Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both

That all the world shall—I will do such things—

What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep,

No, I'll not weep

I have full cause of weeping, but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

Or ere I'll weep. O fool! I shall go mad!

[Exit LEAR, GLOUCESTER, ALBY, and FOOL]

Storm and tempest

Corn Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm 290

Reg This house is little. The old man and his
people

Cannot be well bestow'd

Gon 'Tis his own blame, hath put himself from
rest,

And must needs taste his folly

Reg For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,

But not one follower

Gon So am I purposed

Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn Follow'd the old man forth. He is re-
turn'd

*Re-enter GLOUCESTER**Glor* The King is in high rage*Corn* Whither is he going?*Glor* He calls to horse but will I know not
whither 300*Corn* 'Tis best to give him way he leads him
self*Gon* My lord entreat him by no means to stay*Glor* Alack the night comes on and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle for many miles about

There's scarce a bush

Reg O sir to wilful men

The injuries that they themselves procure

Must be their schoolmasters Shut up your doors

He is attended with a desperate train

And what they may incense him to being apt

To have his ear abused wisdom bids fear 310

Corn Shut up your doors my lord 'tis a wild
night

My Regan counsels well Come out o' the storm

[*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I *A heath**Storm still* *Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN*
*meeting**Kent* Who's there besides foul weather?*Gent* One minded like the weather most un-
quietly*Kent* I know you Where's the King?*Gent* Contending with the fretful element

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,

That things might change or cease tears his
white hairWhich the impetuous blasts with eyeless
rage,

Catch in their fury and make nothing of

Strives in his little world of man to out scorn 40

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain

This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry unbattered he runs

And bid what will take all

Kent But who is with him?*Gent* None but the Fool who labours to out-
jest

His heart-struck injuries

Kent Sir I do know you

And dare upon the warrant of my note

Commend a dear thing to you There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be covered 20With mutual cunning 'twixt Albany and Corn-
wallWho have—as who have not—that their great
starsThroned and set high—servants who seem no
less

Which are to France the spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state what hath been seen

Either in scuffs and packings of the Dukes

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

Against the old kind king or something deeper

Whereof perchance these are but furnishings

But true it is from France there comes a power

Into this catter'd kingdom who already 31

Wise in our negligence have secret feet

In some of our best ports and are at point

To show their open banner Now to you

If on my credit you dare build so far

To make your speed to Dover you shall find

Some that will thank you making just report

Of how unnatural and brennading sorrow

The King hath cause to plain

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding 40

And from some knowledge and assurance, offer

This office to you

Gent I will talk further with you*Kent* No do not

For confirmation that I am much more

Than my out-wall open this purse and take

What it contains If you shall see Cordelia—

As fear not but you shall—show her this ring

And she will tell you who your fellow 31

That yet you do not know Fie on this storm!

I will go seek the King 50

Gent Give me your hand Have you no more to
say?*Kent* Few words but to effect more than all
yetThat when we have found the King—in which
your pain

That way I'll find this—he that first lights on him

Holla the other [*Exeunt severally*]SCENE II *Another part of it* *heath* *Storm still**Enter LEAR and FOOL**Lear* Blow winds and crack your cheeks! 20
blow!

You cataracts and hurricanes spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires

Vault couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts

Sing my white head! And thou all-shaking

thunder

Stute flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds all germens spill at once

Tha make ungrateful man?
Fool O nuncle, court holy water in a dry house
 is better than this rain water out o' door. Good
 nuncle in and ask thy daughters blessing. Here's
 an' g'it p'ries neither wife man nor fool.
Lear Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! Spit,
 rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children.
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 your horrible pleasure, here I stand, you'll slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
 But yet I call you servile ministers
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
 Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head
 So old and white as this. O! O! tis foul!

Fool He that has a house to put's head in has a
 good head piece.

"The end piece that will house
 Before the head has any.
 The head and he shall house,
 So beggars marry in any.
 The man that makes his toe
 What he his heart should make
 Shall of a corn cry woe,
 And turn his sleep to wake."

For there was never yet fair woman but she made
 mouths in a glass.

Lear No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
 I will say nothing.

Enter FIRST

Kent Who's there?
Fool Marry, here's grace and a good piece, that's
 a wise man and a fool.

Kent Alas, sir, are you here? things that love
 night
 Love not such nights as these, the wrathful skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark
 And make them keep their caves. Since I was
 man
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain. I never
 Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot

car
 The affliction nor the fear.
Lear Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
 wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody
 hand,
 Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
 That art incestuous. Cautiff, to pieces shake,

Tha un'er covert an convenient seeming
 Hast practis'd on man's life. Close pent up
 guilt.
 Give o'er it, con'tealing contrivances, and cry
 Hee dreadful su'wowers face. I am a
 man.

More sin'd a' rainst than sin in
Kent Alack bare headed!
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a house.
 Some friendship will r'lead you 'gainst the temp-
 est.

Repose you there, while I to this hard house—
 More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
 Which even but now demanding after you,
 Directed me to come in—return, and force
 Their stain'd courtesies.

Lear My wits begin to turn.
 Come on my boy. How does my boy? art cold?
 I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fel-
 low?

The art of our necessities is strange.
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your
 house.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool [Sings] "He that has and a little tiny
 wit—

With lies, ho! the wind and the rain—
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,
 I or the rain it raineth every day."

Lear I trow my good boy. Come, bring us to
 this house. [Exit LEAR and FIRST]

Fool This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in word than matter,
 When brewers mar their malt with water,
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors,
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors,
 When every case in law is right,
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight,
 When slanders do not live in tongues,
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs,
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
 And bawds and whores do churches build,
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be used with feet.
 This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live
 before his time. [Exit]

SCENE III Gloucester's castle

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDMUND

Glou Alack, alack, Edmund, I had not this un-
 natural dealing. When I desired their leave that I
 might pity him, they took from me the use

mine own house charged me on pain of their perpetual displeasure neither to speak of him entreat for him nor any way sustain him

Edm Most savage and unnatural!

Glou Go to say you nothing There's a division betwixt the Dukes and a worse matter than that I have received a letter this night 'tis dangerous to be spoken I have locked the letter in my closet These injuries the King now bears will be revenged home there's part of a power already footed We must incline to the King I will seek him and privily relieve him Go you and maintain talk with the Duke that my charity be not of him perceived If he ask for me I am ill and gone to bed Though I die for it as no less is threatened me the King my old master must be relieved There is some strange thing toward Edmund pray you be careful [*Exit* 21

Edm This courtesy forbid thee shall the Duke instantly know and of that letter too

This seems a fair deserving and must draw me

That which my father loses no less than all

The younger rises when the old doth fall [*Exit*

SCENE IV *The heath before a hotel*

Enter LEAR KENT and FOOL

Kent Here is the place my lord good my lord enter

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure

Storm still

LEAR Let me alone

Kent Good my lord enter here

LEAR Will't break my heart?

Kent I had rather break mine own Good my lord enter

LEAR Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin So 'tis to thee

But where the greater malady is fix'd

The lesser 'tis scarce felt Thou dost shun a bear

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea 10

Thou dost meet the bear at the mouth When the mind's free

The body's delicate The tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else

Save what bears there Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to't? But I will punish home

No I will weep no more In such a night

To shut me out! Pour on I will endure

In such a night as this! O Regan Goneril!

Your old kind father whose frank heart gave all—

O that way madness lies let me shun that 21
No more of that

Kent Good my lord enter here

LEAR Prithce go in thy self seek thine own ease

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more But I'll go in

[*To the roof*] In boy go first You houseless

poverty—

Nay get thee in I'll pray and then I'll sleep

FOOL goes in

Poor naked wretches wheresoe'er you are

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm 29

How shall your houseless heads and unfed

sides

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you

From reasons such as these? O I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic pomp

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel

That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them

And show the heavens more just

Edg [Within] Fathom and half fathom and half! Poor Tom!

The fool runs out from the hotel

Fool Come not in here nuncle here's a spirit

Help me help me! 40

Kent Give me thy hand Who's there?

Fool A spirit a spirit He says his name's poor

Tom

Kent What art thou that dost grumble there at the scraw? Come forth

Enter TOMAR disguised as a madman

Edg Away! the foul fiend follows me!

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind

Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee

LEAR Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?

And art thou come to this? 50

Edg Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom

the foul fiend hath led through fire and through

flame through ford and whirlpool 'er bog and

quagmire that hath laid knives under his pillow

and halters in his pew set ratsbane by his por-

ridge made him proud of heart to ride on a bay

trotting horse over four inch'd bridges to course

his own shadow for a traitor Bless thy five wits!

Torn's a cold—O do de do de do de Bless thee

from whirlwinds star-blasting and taking! Do

poor Tom some charity whom the foul fiend

vexes There could I have him now—and there—

and there again and there

Storm still

LEAR What have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all chann'd

Lear Now, all the plumes that in the pendulous air

Hang faced o'er men's faults light on thy daughters' 70

Lear He hath no daughters sir

Lear Death, traitor! no hungry could have subdued nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas thus flesh begot

Those pelican daughters

Edg Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill

Halloo halloo loo loo!

Fool This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen 81

Edg Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents, keep thy word justly, swear not, commit not with man's sworn spouse, set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold!

Lear What have thou been?

Edg A serving man proud in heart and mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress' heart and did the act of darkness with her, swore as many oaths as I spake words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand, hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend! 101

Stall through the hawthorn blows the cold wind

Says suum, mun ha, no, nonny

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.

Storm still

Lear Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on 's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself. Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here. [Tearing off his clothes]

Fool Prithce, nuncle, be contented, 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now 'a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small

spark, all the rest on 's body cold. Look here comes a walkin' fire 119

Lear *Enter* Gloucester, and his train

Ilg This is the foul fiend. Ilibbertigibbet. He begins at curfew and walks till the first cock. He gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare lip, micklew the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

"St. Withold I food thrice the old,

He met the ninth mare, and her nine fold,

But her alight,

And her troth plight,

An I am not thee, witch, about thee!"

Lear How fares your Grace? 130

Lear What's she?

Lear Who's there? What is it you seek?

Glou What are you there? Your names?

Ilg Poor Tom that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall newt, and the water, that in the fury of his heart when the foul fiend rages eats cow-dung for sallets, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool, who is whipped from tithing to tithing and stock punished and imprisoned, who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,

But mice and rats and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glou What, hath your Grace no better companions?

Ilg The prince of darkness is a gentleman.

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glou Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord, 150

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg Poor Tom's a cold.

Glou Go in with me, my duty cannot suffer.

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands.

Though their injunction be to bar my doors,

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventured to come seek you out,

And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear First let me talk with this philosopher.

What is the cause of thunder? 160

Kent Good my lord, take his offer, go into the house.

Lear I'll talk a word with this same learned

Theban.

What is your study?

Edg How to prevent the fiend, and to kill

vermin.

Lear Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent Importune him once more to go my lord
His wits begin to unsettle

Clou Canst thou blame him?

Storm still

His daughters seek his death Ah that good
Kent

He said it would be thus poor banish'd man!
Thou sayst the king grows mad I'll tell thee
friend 170

I am almost mad myself I had a son
Now outlaw'd from my blood he sought my life
But lately very late I loved him friend
No father his son dearer Truth to tell thee
The grief hath crazed my wits What a night's
this!

I do beseech your Grace—

Lear O cry you mercy sir
Noble philosopher your company

Edg Torn to a cold

Glou In, fellow there into the hovel keep
thee warm

Lear Come let's in all

Kent This way my lord
Lear With him 180

I will keep still with my philosopher

Kent Good my lord sooth him let him take
the fellow

Glou Take him you on

Kent Sirrah come on go along with us

Lear Come good Athenian

Glou No words no words hush

Edg Child Rowland to the dark tower came

His word was still Fie foh and fum

I smell the blood of a British man

[*Lear* exits]

SCENE V Gloucester's castle

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND

Corn I will have my revenge ere I depart his
house

Edm How my lord I may be censured that
nature thus gives way to loyalty something fears me
to think of

Corn I now perceive it was not altogether
your brother's evil disposition made him seek his
death but a provoking merit set a work by a
reproachable badness in himself 9

Edm How malicious is my fortune that I must
repent to be just! this is the letter he spoke of
which approves him an intelligent party to the
advantages of France O heavens! that this trea-
son were not or not I the detector!

Corn Go with me to the Duke's

Edm If the matter of this paper be certain
you have mighty business in hand

Corn True or false, it hath made thee Earl of

Gloucester Seek out where thy father is that
he may be ready for our apprehension 20

Edm [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the
king it will stuff his suspicion more fully—I
will persevere in my course of loyalty though
the conflict be sore between that and my blood

Corn I will lay trust upon thee and thou shalt
find a dearer father in my love [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle

Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR

Glou Here is better than the open air take it
thankfully I will piece out the comfort with
what addition I can I will not be long from
you

Kent All the power of his wits have given way
to his impatience The gods reward your kind-
ness! [*Exit* GLOUCESTER]

Edg Frateretto calls me and tells me Nero is
an angler in the lake of darkness Pray innocent
and beware the foul fiend

Fool Prithee nuncle tell me whether a mad
man be a gentleman or a yeoman? 11

Lear A king a king!

Fool No he's a yeoman that has a gentleman
to his son for he's a mad yeoman that sees his
son a gentleman before him

Lear To have a thousand with red burning
spits

Come hissing in upon em—

Edg The foul fiend bites my back

Fool He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a
wolf a horse's health a boy's love or a whore's
oath 21

Lear It shall be done I will arraign them
straight

[*To* EDGAR] Come sit thou here, most learned
justicer

[*To* the FOOL] Thou sapient sir sit here Now
you the foxes!

Edg Look where he stands and glares!
Wantest thou eyes at trial madam?

Come sit the bourn Bessy to me —

Fool Her boat hath a leak

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee 22

Edg The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the
voice of a nightingale Hopdance cries in Tom's
belly for two white herring Croak not black
angel I have no food for thee

Kent How do you sir? Stand you not so
amazed

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear I'll see their trial first Bring in the evi-
dence

[To EDGAR] Thou robed man of justice take thy place,

[To the room] And thou his vake fellow of equity,

Bow by his side [To EDGAR] You are o' the commission,

Stay you too

Edg Let us deal justly

"Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly s' epherd"

Thy sheep be in the corn

And for one blast of thy murrain mouth

Thy sheep shall take no harm

Put the cat is gray

Lear Arraign her first, 'tis Goneril I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father

To! Come hither, my mistress Is your name Goneril?

Lear She cannot deny it

To! Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool

Lear And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on Stop her there!

Arms, arms sword, fire! Corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg Bless thy five wits!

Lear O pity! Sir where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg [Aside] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting

Lear The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me

Edg Tom will throw his head at them Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite,

Massiff, grey hound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lyn,

Or bobtail rike or trundle tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail,

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled

Do de, de, de Sessa! come, march to wakes and fairs and market towns Poor Tom, thy horn is dry

Lear Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [To EDGAR] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred, only I do not like the fashion of your garments you will say they are Persian attire, but let them be changed

Lear Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile

Lear Make no noise make no noise, draw the curtain, so so so We'll go to supper at the morning So so, so

To! And I'll go to bed a noon

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

G! Come hither, friend, where is the king my master?

Lear Here, sir, but trouble him not his wits are gone

G! Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms,

I have overheard a plot of death upon him

There is a letter ready, lay him in it,

And drive towards Dover, friend where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection Take up thy master

If thou shouldst dally half an hour his life

With thine and all that offer to defend him

Stand in assured loss Take up take up

And follow me that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct

Lear Oppressed nature sleeps

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken

sineus

Which if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure [To the room] Come, help to bear thy master

Thou must not stay behind

G! Come, come away

[Exit all but LEAR]

I dg When we our betters see bearing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes

Who alone suffers, suffers most in the mind

Leaving free things and happy shows behind,

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship

I how light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend makes the

king bow,

He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!

Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the

king!

I urk, lurk

[Exit]

SCENE VII Gloucester's castle

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants

Corn Post speedily to my lord your husband
show him this letter The army of France is
landed Seek out the villain Gloucester

[Exeunt some of the Servants]

Reg Hang him instantly

Gon Pluck out his eyes

Corn Leave him to my displeasure Edmund
keep you our sister company The revenges we
are bound to take upon your traitorous father are
not fit for your beholding Advise the Duke
where you are going to a most festinate prepara-
tion we are bound to the like Our posts shall
be swift and intelligent betwixt us Farewell
dear sister farewell my Lord of Gloucester

Enter OSWALD

How now! where's the king?

Osw My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him
hence

Some five or six and thirty of his knights
Hor questrists after him met him at gate
Who with some other of the lord's dependants
Are gone with him towards Dover where they
boast

To have well armed friends

Corn Get horses for your mistress 20

Gon Farewell sweet lord and sister

Corn Edmund farewell

[Exeunt GONERIL EDMUND and OSWALD]

Go seek the traitor Gloucester

Pinion him like a thief bring him before us

[Exeunt other Servants]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath which men
May blame but not control Who's there? the
traitor?

*Enter GLOUCESTER brought in by two or three
SERVANTS*

Reg Ingrateful fox! 'tis he

Corn Bind fast his corky arms

Glon What mean your Graces? Good my
friends consider 30

You are my guests Do me no foul play friends

Corn Bind him I say

SERVANTS bind him

Reg Hard hard O filthy traitor!

Glon Unmerciful lady as you are I am none

Corn To this chair bind him Villain thou
shalt find—

REGAN plucks his beard

Glon By the kind gods 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard

Reg So white and such a traitor!

Glon Naughtly lady

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my
chin

Will quicken and accuse thee I am your host
With robbers hands my hospitable favours 40
You should not ruffle thus What will you do?

Corn Come sir what letters had you late from
France?

Reg Be simple answerer for we know the
truth

Corn And what confederacy have you with the
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg To whose hands have you sent the lunatic
king?

Speak

Glon I have a letter guessingly set down
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart
And not from one opposed

Corn Cunning

Reg And false

Corn Where hast thou sent the king? 50

Glon To Dover

Reg Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not
charged at peril—

Corn Wherefore to Dover? Let him first
answer that

Glon I am tied to the stake and I must stand
the course

Reg Wherefore to Dover sir?

Glon Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell black night endured would have bouy'd
up 60

And quench'd the stelled fires

Yet poor old heart he help'd the heavens to rain

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time

Thou shouldst have said Good porter turn the
key

All cruels else subscribed but I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children

Corn See it shalt thou never Fellows hold the
chair

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot

Glon He that will think to live till he be old

Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods! 70

Reg One side will mock another the other
too

Corn If you see vengeance—

1st Serv Hold your hand my lord

I have served you ever since I was a child

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold

Reg How now you dog!

1st Serv If you did wear a beard upon your chin

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Cor. My villain!

They draw and fight.

ii Ser. Nay, then, come on and take the chance of an' er

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus! 50

Takes a sword and thrusts him behind

ii Ser. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him. O! [Dies]

Cor. Lest it see more prevent it. Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quit this horrid act

Reg. Out treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he

That made the execution of thy treasons to us

Who is too good to pity thee 90

Glo. O my follies! then Edgar was abused

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates and let him smell

His way to Dover. [Exit one with CLOUDESTEN]

How is't, my lord? how look you?

Cor. I have received a hurt. I follow the lady

Turn out that eyeless villain, throw this slave

Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace

Untimely comes this hurt, give me your arm

[Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN]

2nd Ser. I'll never care what wickedness I do

If this man come to good

3rd Ser. If she live long, 100

And in the end meet the old course of death,

Women will all turn monsters

2nd Ser. Let's follow the old Earl and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would. His roguish madness

Allows itself to anything

3rd Ser. Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and

whites of eggs

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him! [Exit several]

ACT IV

SCENE I. The heath

Enter EDGAR

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,

Is still in esperance. Lives not in fear

The lamentable chance is from the best.

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!

The wretch that thou hast blown upon is the worst

Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

[Enter CLOUDESTEN, led by an old man]

My father poorly led? World, world! O world!

But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee

Life would not yield to age

O'ld Man. O my good lord, I have been your

tenant and your father's tenant, these fourscore years

Glo. Away get thee away, good friend, be gone

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee they may hurt

O'ld Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes 20

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen

Our natures secure us and our mere defects

Prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath!

Night I but live to see thee in my touch,

I'd say I had eyes again!

O'ld Man. How now! Who's there?

Edg. [Aside] O gods! Who is't can say "I am at the worst?"

I am worse than e'er I was

O'ld Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom

Edg. [Aside] And worse I may be yet, the worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst!" 30

O'ld Man. I fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar man?

O'ld Man. Madman and beggar too

Glo. He has some reason else he could not beg

I the last night's storm I such a fellow saw

Which made me think a man a worm. My son

Came then into my mind, and yet my mind

Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,

They'll use us for their sport

Edg. [Aside] How should this be?

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow, 40

Angering itself and others—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

O'ld Man. Ay, my lord

Glo. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If, for my sake

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,

I'll the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,

And bring some covering for this naked soul,

Who I'll entreat to lead me

Old Man Alack sir he is mad

Glou 'Tis the times plague when madmen lead the blind

Do as I bid thee or rather do thy pleasure

Above the rest be gone

50

Old Man I'll bring him the best parel that I have

Come on t what will

[Exit

Glou Sirrah naked fellow—

Edg Poor Tom's a cold [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further

Glou Come hither fellow

Edg [*Aside*] And yet I must—Bless thy sweet eyes they bleed

Glou Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg Both stile and gate horse way and foot path Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good

wits Bless thee good man's son from the foul fiend! five fiends have been in poor Tom at once

of lust as Obidicut Hobbididance prince of dumbness Mahu of stealing Modo of murder

Flibbertigibbet of mopping and mowing who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women

So bless thee master!

Glou Here take this purse thou whom the heavens plague

Have humbled to all strokes That I am wretched Makes thee the happier Heavens deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man

70

That slays your ordinance that will not see

Because he doth not feel feel your power quickly

So distribution should undo excess

And each man have enough Dost thou know Dover?

Edg Ay master

Glou There is a cliff whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep

Bring me but to the very brim of it

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me From that place I shall no leading need

Edg Give me thy arm

81

Poor Tom shall lead thee

[Exeunt

SCENE II Before the Duke of Albany's palace

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND

Gon Welcome my lord I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way

Enter OSWALD

Now where's your master?

Osw Madam within but never man so changed

I told him of the army that was landed

He smiled at it I told him you were coming

His answer was The worse of Gloucester's treachery

And of the loyal service of his son

When I inform'd him then he call'd me sot

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out

What most he should dislike seems pleasant in him

10

What like offensive

Gon [*To EDMUND*] Then shall you go no further

It is the cowardly terror of his spirit

That dares not undertake He'll not feel wrongs

Which tie him to an answer Our wishes on the way

May prove effects Back Edmund, to my brother

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers

I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands This trusty servant

Shall pass between us Ere long you are like to hear

If you dare venture in your own behalf

20

A mistress's command Wear this spare speech Giving a favour

Decline your head This kiss if it durst speak

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air

Conceive and fare thee well

Edm Yours in the ranks of death

Gon My most dear Gloucester

[Exit EDMUND

O the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due

My fool usurps my body

Osw Madam here comes my lord

[Exit

Enter ALBANY

Gon I have been worth the whistle

Alb O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind

30

Blows in your face I fear your disposition

That nature which contains it origin

Cannot be border'd certain in itself

She that herself will sliver and disbranch

From her material sap perforce must wither

And come to deadly use

Gon No more the text is foolish

Alb Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile

Filth's savour but themselves What have you done?

Tigers' not daughters what have you perform'd?

41

A father and a gracious aged man

Whose reverence even the foul hag would lick,
More barbarous, most detestable have you
made her!

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
Am I a prince by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gen. Milk liver'd man! 50
That bears a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs

Who hast not in thy brow an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering, that nor
know'st

Fools do thine villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief! Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,
While thou a moral fool, sit'st still and criest,
"Mack, why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend! 60
So horrid as in woman

Gen. O vain fool!
Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing, for shame,

Be monster not thy feature! Were't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones! How e'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gen. Marry, your manhood now—

Enter a MESSENGER

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
dead 70

Slain by his servant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester

Alb. Gloucester's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,

Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master, who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can vengeance! But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord 81

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer,
Tis from your sister

Gen. [Aside] One way I like this well,
But bear with me, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in a fancy pluck
Up my hateful life another way,
The news is not so tart—I'll read, and answer

[Reads]
III Where was his son when they did take his
eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither

Alb. He is not here 90

Mess. No, my good lord. I met him back again

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. As my good lord, twas he inform'd
a man of him

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course

Alb. Gloucester, I live

To thank thee for the love thou show'st the
king

And to revenge thine eyes! Come hither, friend

Tell me what more thou know'st [Exit mess.]

SCENE III The French camp near Dover

Enter KENT at a CISTERN

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly
gone back, know you the reason?

Gen. Something he left imperfect in the state,
which since his coming forth is thought of,
which imports to the kingdom so much fear and
danger, that his personal return was most re-
quired and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gen. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La
Far 10

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to
any demonstration of grief?

Gen. Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my
presence,

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down

Her delicate cheek. It seem'd she was a queen

Over her passion, who, most rebel like,

Sought to be king o'er her

Kent. O, then it moved her

Gen. Not to a rage, patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen

Sunshine and rain at once, her smiles and tears

Were like a better way, those happy smiles, 21

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know

What guests were in her eyes, which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,

If all could so become it

Kent Made she no verbal question?

Gent Faith once or twice she heaved the name
of father

Pantingly forth as if it press'd her heart

Cried Sisters' sisters' Shame of ladies' sisters'

Kent father's sisters' What is the storm? is the
night? 30

Let pity not be believed! There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes

And clamour moisten'd then away she started

To deal with grief alone

Kent It is the stars

The stars above us govern our conditions

Else one self mate and mate could not beget

Such different issues You spoke not with her
since?

Gent No

Kent Was this before the King returned?

Gent No since

Kent Well sir the poor distressed Lear is the
town

Who sometime in his better tune remembers

What we are come about and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter

Gent Why good sir?

Kent A sovereign shame so elbows him His
own unkindness

That stripp'd her from his benediction turn'd her

To foreign casualties gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters these things sting

His mind so venomously that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia

Gent Alack poor gentleman!

Kent Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not? 50

Gent 'Tis so they are afoot

Kent Well sir I'll bring you to our master
Lear

And leave you to attend him Some dear cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile

When I am known aright you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance I pray you go

Along with me (Exeunt)

SCENE IV The same a tent

Enter with drum and colours CORDELIA DOCTOR
and Soldiers

Cor Alack tis he Why he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea singing aloud

Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow weeds

With bur-docks hemlock nettles cuckoo-
flowers

Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn A century send forth

Search every acre in the high grown field

And bring him to our eye [Exit an Officer]

What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He that helps him take all my outward worth 10

Doct There is means madam

Our foster nurse of nature is repose

The which he lacks that to provoke in him,

Are many simples operative whose power

Will close the eye of anguish

Cor

All blest secrets

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth

Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate

In the good man's distress! Seek seek for him

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life

That wants the means to lead it

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess

News madam 20

The British powers are marching hitherward

Cor 'Tis known before our preparation stands

In expectation of them O dear father

It is thy business that I go about

Therefore great France

My mourning and important tears hath pitied

No blown ambition doth our arms incite

But love dear love and our aged father's right

Soon may I hear and see him! (Exeunt)

SCENE V Gloucester's castle

Enter REGAN and OSWALD

Reg But are my brother's powers set forth?

Osw Ay madam

Reg Himself in person there?

Osw Madam with much ado

Your sister is the better soldier

Reg Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at
home?

Osw No madam

Reg What might import my sister's letter to
him?

Osw I know not lady

Reg Faith he is posted hence on serious mat-
ter

It was great ignorance Gloucester's eyes being
out

To let him live where he arrives he moves 10

All hearts against us Edmund I think is gone

In pity of his misery to dispatch

His nighted life moreover to desery

The strength of the enemy

Osw I must needs after him, madam with my
letter

Reg Our troops set forth to-morrow Stay with
us

The ways are dangerous

Ors. I may not, madam.
My lady charge I my duty in this business?
Reg. Why should I she write to Edmund?
 Might not you
 Transport her purposes by word? Belike, 20
 Something—I know not what, I'll love thee
 much.
Let me unseal the letter.

Ors. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband,
 I am sure of that. And at her late birthday here
 She gave strange scillades and almost speaking
 looks.

To noble Edmund, I know you are of her bosom.
Ors. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding you are, I
 know it.
 Therefore I do advise you take this note
 My lord is dead, Edmund and I have talk'd, 30
 And more convenient is he for my hand
 Than for your lady's. You may grieve more
 If you do find him; pray you give him this.
 And when your mistress hears thus much from
 you

I pray desire her call her wisdom to her
 So fare you well.
 If you do chauce to hear of that blind traitor,
 Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Ors. Would I could meet him, madam! I should
 show

What party I do follow.
Reg. I are thee well. [*Exeunt*] 40

SCENE VI *Fields near Dover*

Enter GLOUCESTER, and is dressed like a peasant

Glor. When shall we come to the top of that
 same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we
 labour.

Glor. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glor. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow im-
 perfect.

By your eyes' anguish.

Glor. So may it be, indeed.
 Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
 In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd. In nothing am I
 changed.

But in my garments.

Glor. Methinks you're better spoken. 50

Edg. Come on, sir, here's the place. Stand still.
 How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
 Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
 Hang some that gather sap in phre, dreadful trade!
 Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
 The herbmen that walk upon the beach
 Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock, her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring
 surge

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, 25
 Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more.
 Lest my brain turn, and I the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Glor. See me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand. You are now within a
 foot

Of the extreme verge. For all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright.

Glor. Let go my hand.
 Here friend, 's another purse in it a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and
 goblins

Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off,
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going. 30

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glor. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
 Is done to cure it.

Glor. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!
 This world I do renounce, and in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off.
 If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
 My snuff and loathed part of nature should
 Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him! 40
 Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward*]

Edg. Gone, sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasury of life, when life itself
 Yields to the thief. Had he been where he
 thought

By this, had thought been past. Alive or dead?
 Ho you sir! friend! Hear you sir! speak!
 Thus might he pass indeed. Yet he revives.
 What are you, sir?

Glor. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,
 feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating, 50
 Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg. But thou dost
 breathe,

Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st,
 art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
 Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.

Thy life s a miracle Speak yet again

Glou But have I fall'n or no?

Edg From the dread summit of this chalky bourn

Look up a height the shrill gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard Do but look up

Glou Alack I have no eyes

60

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage

And frustrate his proud will

Edg Give me your arm

Up so How is it? Feel you your legs? You stand

Glou Too well too well

Edg This is above all strangeness

Upon the crown o' the cliff what thing was that

Which parted from you?

Glou A poor unfortunate beggar

Edg As I stood here below methought his eyes

Were two full moons he had a thousand noses 70

Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea

It was some fiend therefore thou happy father

Think that the clearest gods who make them

honours

Of men's impossibilities have preserved thee

Glou I do remember now Henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

Enough enough and die That thing you

speak of

I took it for a man often 'twould say

The fiend, the fiend He led me to that place

Edg Bear free and patient thoughts But who

comes here?

80

Enter LEAR fantastically dressed with wild flowers

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus

Lear No they cannot touch me for coming

I am the king himself

Edg O thou side piercing sight!

Lear Nature's above art in that respect There's

your press money That fellow handles his bow

like a crow keeper Draw me a clother's yard

Look look a mouse! Peace peace this piece

of toasted cheese will do it There's my gauntlet

I'll prove it on a giant Bring up the brown bills

O well flown bird! the clout the clout

Hew! Give the word

Edg Sweet marjoram

Lear Pass

Glou I know that voice

Lear Ha! Goneril with a white beard! They

flattered me like a dog and told me I had white

hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there

To say 'ay' and no to everything that I said!

— Ay and no too was no good divinity

When the rain came to wet me once and the
wind to make me chatter when the thunder
would not peace at my bidding there I found
em there I smelt em out Go in they are not
men o' their words They told me I was every
thing tis a lie I am notague proof

Glou The trick of that voice I do well remem-
ber

Is it not the king?

Lear Ay every inch a king!

When I do stare see how the subject quakes 110

I pardon that man's life What was thy cause?

Adultery?

Thou shalt not die Die for adultery! No

The wren goes to it and the small gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight

Let copulation thrive for Gloucester's bastard
son

Was I milder to his father than my daughters

Got 'twixt the lawful sheets

To it luxury pell mell for I lack soldiers

Behold yond simpering dame 120

Whose face between her forks presages snow

That minces virtue and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name

The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to it

With a more riotous appetite

Down from the waist they are Centaurs

Though women all above

But to the girdle do the gods inherit

Beneath it all the fiends

There's hell there's darkness there's the sul-

phurous pit 130

Burning scalding stench consumption sic he

he! pah! pah! Give me an ounce of civet good

apothecary to sweeten my imagination There's

money for thee

Glou O let me kiss that hand!

Lear Let me wipe it first it smells of mortality

Glou O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

shall so wear out to nought Dost thou know me?

Lear I remember thine eyes well enough

Dost thou squiny at me? No do thy worst blind

Cupid I'll not love Read thou this challenge

mark but the penning of it

Glou Were all the letters suns I could not see
one

Edg I would not take this from report it is

And my heart breaks at it

Lear Read

Glou What with the case of eyes?

Lear O ho are you there with me? No eyes

in your head nor no money in your purse? Your

eyes are in a heavy case your purse in a light

yet you see how this world goes 131

Glou I see it feelingly

Lear What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how 'good' justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places, and, hardly-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glou Ay, sir. 160

Lear And the creatures run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back.

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The wurer hangs the criterion.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear, Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks, Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it. 171 None does offend, none, I say, none. I'll able 'em.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes, And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now.

Pull off my boots harder, harder, so.
Edg O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes. 180

I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester. Thou must be patient; we came crying hither. Thou know'st, the first time that we smelt the air,

We wail'd and cry, I will preach to thee. Mark.

Glou Alack, alack the day!

Lear When we are born, we cry that we are

come To this great stage of fools. This's a good block, It were a delicate stratagem to shoe A troop of horse with felt. I'll put't in proof, And when I have stol'n upon these sons in law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! 191

Enter a GENTLEMAN, with Attendants

Gent O, here he is. Lay hand upon him. Sir, Your most dear daughter—

Lear No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even The natural fool of fortune. Use me well, You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons, I am cut to the brains.

Gent You shall have anything

Lear No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt, To use his eyes for garden water pots, 200 Ay, and having autumn's dust.

Gent Good sir—

Lear I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What?

I will be wial. Come, come, I am a king, My masters, know you that?

Gent You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear Then there's life in't. Nay, if you get it, you shall get it with running. Sa, sa, sa.

[Exit turning, after LEAR follows]

Gent A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter.

Who redeems nature from the general curse. 210 Which twain have brought her to.

Ldg Hail, gentle sir.

Gent Sir, speed you? What's your will?

Ldg Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent Most sure and vulgar. I very one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Ldg But, by your favour,

I know near's the other army?

Gent Near and on speedy foot, the main descends. Stands on the hourly thought.

Ldg I thank you, sir. That's all.

Gent Though that the Queen on special cause is here.

Her army is moved on.

Ldg I thank you, sir. 220
[Exit GENTLEMAN]

Glou You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me.

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again To die before you please!

Ldg Well pray you, father.

Glou Now, good sir, what are you?

Ldg A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some biding.

Glou Heartly thanks.

The bounty and the benison of Heaven To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD

Osw A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! 230 That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thy self remember, the sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glou Now let thy friendly hand

Put strength enough to t

EDGAR *interposes*

Ors. Wherefore bold peasant
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm

Edg. Chill not let go zir without vurther
casion 240

Ors. Let go slave or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman go your gait and let
poor folk pass. An chud ha bin zwaggered out
of my life twould not ha bin zo long as tis by a
vornight. Nay come not near th old man keep
out che vor ye or ise try whether your costard
or my ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with
you

Ors. Out dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth zir. Come no mat
ter vor your foins 251

They fight and EDGAR knocks him down

Ors. Slave thou hast slain me. Villain take my
purse

If ever thou wilt thrin bury my body
And give the letters which thou findst about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester seek him out
Upon the British party. O untimely death!

[Dies]

Edg. I know thee well. A serviceable villain
As durous to the ices of thy mistress
As badness would desire

Glou. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down father rest you 260
Let see these pockets. The letters that he
speaks of

May be my friends. He's dead. I am only sorry
He had no other death's man. Let us see
Leave gentle wax and manners blame us not
To know our enemies' minds we'd tip their
hearts

Their papers is more lawful

[Reads] Let our reciprocal vows be remem-
bered. You have many opportunities to cut him
off. If your will want not time and place will be
fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he
return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner
and his bed my gaol from the loathed warmth
whereof deliver me and supply the place for
your labour

Your—wife so I would say—

Affectionate servant

General

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life
And the exchange my brother! Here in the
sands

Thee I'll rake up the post unsanctified 281

Of murderous lechers. And in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sheet
Of the death practised Duke for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell
Glou. The King is mad. How stiff is my vile
sense

That I stand up and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my
griefs

And woes by wrong imaginations lose 290
The knowledge of themselves

Edg. Give me your hand

Drum afar off

Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum
Come father I'll bestow you with a friend

[Exeunt]

SCENE VII *A tent in the French camp* LEAR on a
leisleep *soft music playing* GENTLEMAN
and others attending

Enter CORDELLIA KENT and DOCTOR

Cor. O thou good Kent how shall I live and
worl

To match thy goodness? My life will be too
short

And every measure fail me

Kent. To be acknowledged madam is o'erpaid
All my reports go with the modest truth
Nor more nor slipp'd but so

Cor. Be better suited

These weeds are memories of those worse
hours

I prithee put them off

Kent. Pardon me dear madam

Yet to be known shortens my made intent

My boon I make it that you know me not

Till time and I think meet

Cor. Then be it so my good lord *[To the doc-
tor]* How does the King?

Doct. Madam sleeps still

Cor. O you kind gods

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!

The untuned and jarring senses. O wind up

Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your Majesty

That we may wake the King? He hath slept long

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge and pro-
ceed

I the sway of your own will. Is he array'd? 30

Gent. Ay madam in the heaviness of his sleep

We put fresh garments on him

Doct. Be by good madam when we do awake
him

I doubt not of his temperance

Cor. Very well

Doct Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!

Cor O my dear father! Restoration hang
This medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent Kind and dear Princess!
Cor Had you not been their father, these white
flakes 30

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and numble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor per-
du!—

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire, and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40

'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speak to him
Doct Madam, do you 'tis fittest

Cor How does my royal lord? How fares your
Majesty?

Lear You do me wrong to take me out o' the
grave

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead

Cor Sir, do you know me?

Lear You are a spirit, I know. When did you
die?

Cor Still, still, far wide! 50

Doct He's scarce awake. Let him alone awhile

Lear Where have I been? Where am I? Is air
daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see,
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Cor O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me
No, sir, you must not kneel

Lear Pray do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man, 60
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor
less,

And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this
man,

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia

Cor And so I am, I am 70

Lear Be your tears wet? yes, faith I pray,
weep not

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have no

Cor No cause, no cause

Lear Am I in France?

Kent In your own kingdom, sir

Lear Do not abuse me

Doct Be comforted, good madam. The great
races,

You see is kill'd in him, and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost 80

Desire him to go in, trouble him no more
I'll further settling

Cor Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive. I am old and
foolish

[*Exeunt all but KENT and a GENTLEMAN*]
Gent Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Corn-
wall was so slain?

Kent Most certain, sir

Gent Who is conductor of his people?

Kent As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester

Gent They say Edgar his banished son, is with
the Earl of Kent in Germany 90

Kent Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look
about, the powers of the kingdom approach
apace

Gent The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare
you well, sir [I exit]

Kent My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought [Exit]

ACT V

SCENE I *The British camp, near Dover*

*Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND,
REGAN, Gentlemen and Soldiers*

Edm Know of the Duke if his last purpose
hold

Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration
And self-reproving, bring his constant pleasure
[To a Gentleman, who goes out]

Reg Our sister's man is certainly miscarried

Edm 'Tis to be doubted, madam

Reg Now sweet lord
You know the goodness I intend upon you
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth
Do you not love my sister

Edm In honour'd love
Reg But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

Edm That thought abuses you
Reg I am doubtful that you have been conjurer
And bosom'd with her as far as we call hers

Edm No by mine honour madam
Reg I never shall endure her Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her

Edm Fear me not
She and the Duke her husband!

*Enter with drum and colours ALBANY
GONERIL, and Soldiers*

Gon [Aside] I had rather lose the battle than
that sister

Should loosen him and me

Alb Our very loving sister well be met 20

Sir this I hear the King is come to his daughter

With others whom the rigour of our state

Forced to cry out Where I could not be honest

I never yet was valiant for this business

It toucheth us as France invades our land

Nor bolder than him with others whom I fear

Most just and heavy causes make oppose

Edm Sir you speak nobly

Reg Why is this reason'd?

Gon Combine together 'gainst the enemy

For these domestic and particular broils 30

Are not the question here

Alb Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings

Edm I shall attend you presently at your tent

Reg Sister you'll go with us?

Gon No

Reg 'Tis most convenient pray you go with
us

Gon [Aside] O ho I know the riddle—I will
go

As they are going out enter EDGAR disguised

Edg If e'er your Grace had speech with man
so poor

Hear me one word

Alb I'll overtake you Speak

[Exit all but ALBANY and EDGAR]

Edg Before you fight the battle ope this letter 41

If you have victory let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it Wretched though I
seem

I can produce a champion that will prove

What is touched there If you miscarry
Your business of the world hath so an end
And machination ceases Fortune love you!

Alb Stay till I have read the letter

Edg I was forbid it

When time shall serve let but the herald cry

And I'll appear again

Alb Why fare thee well I will overlook thy
paper [Exit EDGAR] 36

Re-enter EDMUND

Edm The enemy is in view draw up your
powers

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery but your haste

Is now urged on you

Alb We will greet the time [Exit

Edm To both these sisters have I sworn my
love

Each jealous of the other as the stung

Are of the adder Which of them shall I take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd

If both remain alive To take the widow

Exasperates makes mad her sister Goneril 60

And hardly shall I carry out my side

Her husband being alive Now then we'll use

His countenance for the battle which being
done

Let her who would be rid of him devise

His speedy taking off As for the mercy

Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia

The battle done and they within our power

Shall never see his pardon for my state

Stands on me to defend not to debate [Exit] 69

SCENE II A field between the two camps

*Alarm within Enter with drum and colours
LEAR CORDELLA and Soldiers over the stage, and
exit*

Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER

Edg Here father take the shadow of this tree
For your good host pray that the right may
thrive

If ever I return to you again

I'll bring you comfort

Glou Grace go with you sir!
[Exit EDGAR]

Alarm and retreat within Re-enter EDGAR

Edg Away old man give me thy hand away!
King Lear hath lost he and his daughter ta'en

Give me thy hand come on

Glou No farther sir a man may rot even here

Edg What in all thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glor. And that's true too. *[Exit]*

SCENE III *The British camp near Dover*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND, LEAR and CORDELIA prisoners, Captains, Soldiers, &c

Edm. Some officers take them away. Good guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who with best meaning, have incur'd the
worst.

For thee, oppress'd king, am I cast down,
Myself could else outfrown false Fortune's
frown.

Shall we not see these daughters and these
sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison.

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage,
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness, so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them
too,

Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out,
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies, and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. I have I
caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes,
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see em
starve first.

Come. *[Exit LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded]*

Edm. Come hither, captain, hark.

Take thou this note *[giving a paper]*, go follow
them to prison.

One step I have advanced thee, if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
Are as the time is, to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employ-
ment

Will not bear question, either say thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Cap't. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy when thou hast
done.

Mark, I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Cap't. I can not draw a cart, nor eat dried oats.
If it be man's work, I'll do it. *[Exit]*

*Flourish. Enter ALBANA, CORNILL, REGAN,
and her CAPTAINS, and Soldiers*

All. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant
strain. 40

And fortune led you well. You have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife,
We do require them of you, to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard,
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
Queen. 50

My reason all the same, and they are ready
To-morrow or at further space to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed, the friend hath lost his
friend,

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a sifter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother. 60

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demand-
ed.

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person,
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot.
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you. 70

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well, else I should answer
From a full flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Dispose of them of me the walls are thine
Witness the world that I create thee here
My lord and master

Gon Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb The let alone lies not in your good will

Edm Nor in thine lord

Alb Half blooded fellow yes 80

Reg [To EDMUND] Let the drum strike and
prove my title thine

Alb Stay yet hear reason Edmund I arrest
thee

On capital treason and in thine attaint
This gilded serpent [pointing to GONERIL] For
your claim fair sister

I bar it in the interest of my wife

Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord

And I her husband contradict your bans

If you will marry make your loves to me

My lady is bespoke

Gon An interlude!

Alb Thou art arm'd Gloucester Let the trum-
pet sound 90

If none appear to prove upon thy head

Thy heinous manifest and many treasons

There is my pledge [throwing down a glove]

I'll prove it on thy heart

Ere I taste bread thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaimed thee

Reg Sick O sick!

Gon [Aside] If not I'll never trust medicine

Edm There's my exchange [throwing down a
glove] What in the world he is

That names me traitor villain like he hes

Call by thy trumpet he that dares approach

On him on you who not? I will maintain 100

My truth and honour firmly

Alb A herald ho!

Edm A herald ho a herald!

Alb Trust to thy single virtue for thy soldiers

All levied in my name have in my name

Took their discharge

Reg My sickness grows upon me

Alb She is not well convey her to my tent

[Exit REGAN led]

Enter a HERALD

Come hither herald Let the trumpet sound

And read out this

Capt Sound trumpet! [A trumpet sounds]

Her [Reads] If any man of quality or degree
within the lists of the army will maintain upon
Edmund supposed Earl of Gloucester that he is
a manifold traitor let him appear by the third
sound of the trumpet He is bold in his defence

Edm Sound! [First trumpet]

Her Again! [Second trumpet]

Her Again! [Third trumpet]

Trumpet answers within

Enter EDGAR at the third sound armed with
a trumpet before him

Alb Ask him his purposes why he appears

Upon this call o the trumpet

Her What art thou? 119

Your name your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?

Edg Know my name is lost

Illy treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker but

Yet am I noble as the adversary

I come to cope

Alb Which is that adversary?

Edg What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of
Gloucester?

Edm Himself What say'st thou to him?

Edg Draw thy sword

That if my speech offend a noble heart

Thy arm may do thee justice here is mine

Behold it is the privilege of mine honours

My oath and my profession I protest 130

Maugre thy strength youth place and emi-

nence

Despite thy victor sword and fire new fortune

Thy valour and thy heart thou art a traitor

False to thy gods thy brother and thy father

Conspirant against this high illustrious prince

And from the extremest upward of thy head

To the descent and dust below thy foot

A most toad spotted traitor Say thou! No

This sword this arm and my best spirits are

best

To prove upon thy heart whereto I speak 140

Thou liest

Edm In wisdom I should ask thy name

But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike

And that thy tongue some say of breeding

breathes

What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of knighthood I disdain and spurn

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head

With the hell hatred lie o'erw helm thy heart

Which for they yet glance by and scarcely

bruise

This sword of mine shall give them instant way

Where they shall rest for ever Trumpets speak!

Alum: They fight EDWARD falls

Alb Save him save him!

Gon This in practice Gloucester 151

By the law of arms thou wast not bound to an-

swer

An unknown opposite thou art not vanquish'd

But cozen'd and beguiled

Alb Shut your mouth dame

Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir.
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
Notearing lady, I perceive you know it.

Gressil le *171* *172* *173* *174* *175*

G— Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine.
Who can arraign me for it?

All Most monstrous! oh! *159*
know it thou this paper—

G— Ask me not what I know. *[Exit]*

Alb Go after her. She's desperate, govern her.
Edm What you have charged me with, that
have I done,

And more, much more, the time will bring it
out.

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou?
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund.
If more the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices *170*
Make instruments to plague us.

The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle, I am here.

Alb Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee.

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg Worthy Prince, I know it.
Alb Where have you hid yourself? *179*

How have you known the miseries of your fa-
ther?

Edg By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale,

And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would
burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives sweet-
ness!

That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd, and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings, *189*
Their precious stones new lost, became his
guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair,
Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd.
Not sure, though hoping of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!

'Twas two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

I *Edm* This speech of yours hath moved me
And shall perchance do good. But speak you on,
You look as you had something more to say. *201*

All If there be more, more woeful hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

I *Edg* This would have seem'd a period
To such a love, no sorrow, but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, it came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate *209*

Shunn'd my abhorred society, but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he did burst heaven, threw him on my father,

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received, which in recounting
His grief grew pleasant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sound-
ed.

And there I left him tranced.

Alb But who was this?

I *Edg* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent, who in dis-
guise

Follow'd his enemy, King, and did him serv-
ice. *220*

Improper for a slave.

Enter a GENTLEMAN, with a bloody knife

Gent Help, help, O, help!

I *Edg* What kind of help?

Alb Speak, man.

I *Edg* What means that bloody knife?

Gent 'Tis hot, it smokes,
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Alb Who dead? speak, man.

Gent Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister
By her is poisoned, she hath confess'd it.

Edm I was contracted to them both. All three
Now marry in an instant.

I *Edg* Here comes Kent. *229*

Alb Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead.
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity. *[Exit GENTLEMAN]*

Enter KENT

O, in this he?

The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent I am come
To bid my King and master aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb Great thing of us forgot!
Speak Edmund where's the king? and where's Cordelia?
See at thou this object *Kent*?
The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in
Kent Alack why thus?
Edm Yet Edmund was beloved
 The one the other poison'd for my sake 240
 And after slew herself
Alb Even so. Cover their faces
Edm I pant for life. Some good I mean to do
 Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send
 Be brief in it to the castle for my writ
 Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia
 Nay send in time
Alb Run run O run!
Edg To who my lord? Who hath the office?
 send
 Thy token of reprieve
Edm Well thought on. Take my sword 250
 Give it the captain
Alb Haste thee for thy life [Exit EDGAR
Edm He hath commission from thy wife and me
 To hang Cordelia in the prison and
 To lay the blame upon her own despair
 That she fordid herself
Alb The gods defend her! Bear him hence
 awhile [EDMUND is borne off]
Re-enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his arms
EDGAR CAPTAIN and others following
Lear Howl howl howl howl! O you are men
 of stones!
 Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so
 That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for
 ever! 259
 I know when one is dead and when one lives
 She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking glass
 If that her breath will must or stain the stone
 Why then she lives
Kent Is this the promised end?
Edg Or image of that horror?
Alb Fall and cease!
Lear This feather stirs she lives! if it be so
 It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
 That ever I have felt
Kent [Kneeling] O my good master!
Lear Prithce away
Edg 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend
Lear A plague upon you murderers traitors
 all!
 I might have saved her now she's gone for ever!
 Cordelia Cordelia! stay a little Ha! 271
 What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft
 Gentle and low an excellent thing in woman

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee
Capt 'Tis true my lords he did
Lear Did I not fellow?
 I have seen the day with my good biting falchion
 I would have made them skip. I am old now
 And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
 Mine eyes are not o' the best. I'll tell you
 straight
Kent If fortune brag of two she loved and
 hated 280
 One of them we behold
Lear This is a dull sight. Are you not *Kent*?
Kent The same
 Your servant *Kent*. Where is your servant
 Caius?
Lear He's a good fellow. I can tell you that
 He'll strike and quickly too. He's dead and
 rotten
Kent No my good lord. I am the very man—
Lear I'll see that straight
Kent That from your first of difference and
 decay
 Have follow'd your sad steps
Lear You are welcome hither
Kent Nor no man else. All's cheerless dark
 and deadly 290
 Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves
 And desperately are dead
Lear Ay so I think
Alb He knows not what he says and vain it is
 That we present us to him
Edg Very bootless

Enter a CAPTAIN

Capt Edmund is dead my lord
Alb That's but a trifle here
 You lords and noble friends know our intent
 What comfort to this great decay may come
 Shall be applied. For us we will resign
 During the life of this old majesty
 To him our absolute power [To EDGAR and
 KENT] you to your rights 300
 With boot and such addition as your honours
 Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue and all foes
 The cup of their deservings. O see see!
Lear And my poor fool is hang'd! No no no
 life!
 Why should a dog a horse a rat have life
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
 Never never never never never!
 Pray you undo this button. Thank you sir
 Do you see this? Look on her look her lips 310
 Look there look there! [Dies]
Edg He faints! My lord my lord!
Kent Break heart. I prithee break!

Edg. Look up my lord
Her. Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass! he
 hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer

Edg. He is gone indeed

Her. The wonder is he hath endured so long
 He but usurp'd his life

All. Bear them from hence. Our present busi-
 ness

Is eternal woe. *[To the rest of the king's friends.]* Friends of
 my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm and the gored state sustain

Her. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go, 321
 My master calls me. I must not say no

All. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
 Speak what we feel, no what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most, we that are young
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a deaf march.]

MACBETH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN	King of Scotland	A PORTER
MALCOLM	his sons	AN OLD MAN
DONALBAIN		A SERGEANT
MACBETH	generals of the King's army	TWO MESSENGERS
BANQUO		AN ATTENDANT on Macbeth
MACDUFF		A SERVANT to Lady Macbeth
LENNOX		THREE MURDERERS
ROSS	noblemen of Scotland	LADY MACBETH
MENTEITH		LADY MACDUFF
ANGUS		A GENTLEWOMAN attending on Lady Macbeth
CAITHNESS		HECATE
FLEANCE	son to Banquo	THREE WITCHES
SIWARD	Earl of Northumberland general of the English forces	THREE APPARITIONS
YOUNG SIWARD	his son	NON-SPEAKING Lords Ladies Officers Soldiers Ghosts and Attendants
SEYTON	an officer attending on Macbeth	SCENE Scotland England
BOY	son to Macduff	
AN ENGLISH DOCTOR		
A SCOTCH DOCTOR		
A LORD		

ACT I

SCENE I A desert place

Thunder and lightning Enter THREE WITCHES

1st Witch When shall we three meet again

In thunder lightning or in rain?

2nd Witch When the hurly burly's done

When the battle's lost and won

3rd Witch That will be ere the set of sun

1st Witch Where the place?

2nd Witch Upon the heath

3rd Witch There to meet with Macbeth

1st Witch I come, Gray malkin'

2nd Witch Paddock calls

3rd Witch Anon

All Fair is foul and foul is fair

Hover through the fog and filthy air [Exeunt

SCENE II A camp near Forres

Alarum bell Enter DUNCAN MALCOLM DONALBAIN LENNOX with Attendants meeting a bleeding SERGEANT

Dun What bloody man is that? He can report As seemeth by his plights of the revolt The newest state

Mal This is the sergeant Who like a good and hardy soldier fought Against my captivity Hail brave friend!

Say to the King the knowledge of the broil As thou didst leave it

Ser Doubtful it stood

As two spent swimmers that do cling together And choke their art The merciless Macdonwald—

Worthy to be a rebel for to that

The multiplying villanies of nature

Do swarm upon him—from the western isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied

And Fortune on his damned quarrel smiling

Show'd like a rebel's whore But all's too weak

For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—

Disdaining Fortune with his brandish'd steel

Which smok'd with bloody execution

Like valour's minion carved out his passage

Till he faced the slave

Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to

him

Till he unscam'd him from the nave to the chaps

And fix'd his head upon our battlements

Dun O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser As whence the sun gins his reflection

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to

come

Discomfort swells Mark King of Scotland

mark!

No sooner justice had with valour arm'd

Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their

heels

But the Norweyan lord surveying vantage

With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men

Began a fresh assault

SCENE II

Dum Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Set Yes,
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion
If I say so h I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks so
they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha 40
I cannot tell
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help
Dum So well thy words become thee as thy
wounds
They smack of honour both Go get him sur-
geons [*Exit SILENCIANT & ENDE*]
Who comes here?

Enter ROSS

Mal The worthy thane of Ross
Len What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look
That seems to speak things strange
Ross God save the king!
Dum Whence comest thou worthy thane?
Ross I come I from Iife, great king,
Where the Norwey an banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold Norway himself, 50
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm against arm,
Curb'd his lavish spirit, and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us
Dum Great happiness!
Ross That now
Sweno the Norway's king, craves composition,
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use
Dum No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-
ceive
Our bosom interest Go pronounce his present
death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth
Ross I'll see it done
Dum What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III A heath near Forres

Thunder Enter the THREE WITCHES

1st Witch Where hast thou been, sister?
2nd Witch Killing swine
3rd Witch Sister, where thou?

1st Witch A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her
lap
An I munn'd and munn'd and munn'd
'Give me' quoth I
'Aroint thee witch' the rump-fed rony on
cries
Her husband to Aleppo gone, master o' the
Tiger
But in a sieve I'll thither sail
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do I'll do, and I'll do 10
2nd Witch I'll give thee a wind
1st Witch Thou'rt kind
3rd Witch And I another
1st Witch I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card
I will drain him dry as hay
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent house lid, 20
He shall live a man forbid
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost
Look what I have
2nd Witch Show me show me
1st Witch Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come
Drum 2. drum
3rd Witch A drum a drum! 30
Macbeth doth come
All The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine
And thrice again to make up nine
Peace! the charm's wound up

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

Macb So foul and fair a day I have not seen
Ban How far is't call'd to Forres? What are
these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so
Macb Speak, if you can What are you?
1st Witch All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis!

2nd Witch All hail Macbeth! hail to thee
thane of Cawdor!
3rd Witch All hail Macbeth that shalt be
King hereafter! 50
Ban Good sir why do you start and seem to
fear
Things that do sound so fair? I the name of
truth
Are ye fantastical or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope
That he seem rapt withal To me you speak not
If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will
not
Speak then to me who neither beg nor fear 60
Your favours nor your hate
1st Witch Hail!
2nd Witch Hail!
3rd Witch Hail!
1st Witch Lesser than Macbeth and greater
2nd Witch Not so happy yet much happier
3rd Witch Thou shalt get kings though thou be
none
So all hail Macbeth and Banquo!
1st Witch Banquo and Macbeth all hail!
Macb Stay you imperfect speakers tell me
more 70
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor
lives
A prosperous gentleman and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief
No more than to be Cawdor Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak I charge
you {WITCHES crouch
Ban The earth hath bubbles as the water has
And these are of them Whither are they van-
ish'd? 80
Macb Into the air and what seem'd corporal
melted
As breath into the wind Would they had stay'd!
Ban Were such things here as we do speak
about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb Your children shall be kings
Ban You shall be King
Macb And thane of Cawdor too went it not so?
Ban To the selfsame tune and words Who's
here?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS

Ross The King hath happily received Mac-
beth
The news of thy success and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his Silenced with that
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day
He finds thee in the stout Norwey ranks
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make
Strange images of death As thick as hail
Came post with post and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence
And pour'd them down before him
Ang We are sent 100
To give thee from our royal master thanks
Only to herald thee into his sight
Not pay thee
Ross And for an earnest of a greater honour
He bade me from him call thee thane of Caw-
dor
In which addition hail most worthy thane!
For it is thine
Ban What can the devil speak true?
Macb The thane of Cawdor lives Why do you
dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang Who was the thane lives yet
But under heavy judgement bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose Whether he was
combined
With those of Norway or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck I know not
But treasons capital confess'd and proved
Have overthrown him
Macb [Aside] Glamis and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind [To ROSS and ANGUS]
Thanks for your pains
[To BANQUO] Do you not hope your children
shall be kings
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor me
Promised no less to them?
Ban That trusted home 120
Might yet enlidle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor But 'tis strange
And oftentimes to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths
Win us with honest trifles to betray's
In deepest consequence
Cousins a word, I pray you
Macb [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme—I thank you gentlemen
[Aside] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill cannot be good If ill

Why hath it given me earnest of success
 Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings.
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man that function
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is 141
 But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rape
 Hath [1st 4] If chance will have me King
 Whose chance may crown me

Without my stir

Ban. New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments cleave not to their
 mould

But with the aid of use

Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
 leisure

Macb. Give me your favour. My dull brain was
 wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your
 pains 150

Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the King
 [To Banquo] Think upon what hath chanced,
 and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other

Ban. Very gladly
Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV *Forbes the palace*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
 LENNOX, and Attendants

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
 Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die, who did report
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implored your Highness' pardon, and set forth
 A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it: he died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed 10
 As 'twere a careless trifle

Dun. There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face.
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, & LANGS

O worthy cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me. Thine art so far before
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less de-
 served!

That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine! only I have left to say, 20
 More is thy due than more than all can pay

Mal. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it pays itself. Your Highness' part
 Is to receive our duties, and our duties
 Are to your throne and state children and serv-
 ants

Which do but what they should, by doing every-
 thing

Safe toward your love and honour

Dun. Welcome hither

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
 To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserved nor must be known so
 No less to have done so, let me unfold thee
 And hold thee to my heart

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own

Dun. My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
 And you whose places are the nearest, know

We will establish our estate upon

Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter

The Prince of Cumberland, which honour must
 Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40

But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine

On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,

And bind us further to you

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for
 you

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful

The hearing of my wife with your approach,

So humbly take my leave

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland!

that is a step
 On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires, 50

Let not light see my black and deep desires,

The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see

[Exit]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo, he is full so valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed,

It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome

It is a peerless kinsman *[Flourish Exit]*

SCENE V *Inverness Macbeth's castle*

Enter LADY MACBETH reading a letter

Lady M They met me in the day of success
and I have learned by the perfectest report they
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When
I burn'd in desire to question them further they
made themselves air into which they vanished.
Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it came
missives from the King who all hail'd me
Thane of Cawdor by which title before, these
weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the
coming on of time with Hail King that shalt
be! This have I thought good to deliver thee
my dearest partner of greatness that thou
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay
it to thy heart and farewell.

Glamis thou art and Cawdor and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy na-
ture

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great

Art not without ambition but without 20
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly

That wouldst thou holily wouldst not play false
And y^e wouldst wrongly win. Thou dost have
great Glamis

That which cries Thus thou must do it thou
have it

And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee
hither

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical and doth seem 30
To have thee crown'd withal

Enter a MESSENGER

What is your tidings?

Mess The King comes here to-night

Lady M Thou art mad to say it!
Is not thy master with him? who were't o'
Would have inform'd for preparation

Mess So please you it is true our thane is com-
ing

One of my fellows had the speed of him
Who almost dead for breath had scarcely more
Than would make up his message

Lady M Give him tending
He brings great news *[Exit MESSENGER]*
The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood
Stop up the access and passage to remorse
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall you murdering
ministers

Wherever in your sightless substances 50
You wait on nature's mischief! Come thick night
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry Hold hold!

Enter MACBETH

Great Glamis' worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both by the all hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present and I feel now
The future in the instant

Macb My dearest love
Duncan comes here to-night

Lady M And when goes hence? 60

Macb To-morrow as he purposes

Lady M O never

Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time
Look like the time bear welcome in your eye
Your hand your tongue look like the innocent
flower

But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 70
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom

Macb We will speak further
Lady M Only look up clear
To alter favours ever is to fear

Leave all the rest to me *[Exit]*

SCENE VI *Before Macbeth's castle*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN MALCOLM
DONALBAIN BANQUO LENOX MACDUFF ROSS
ANGUS and Attendants*

Dun This castle hath a pleasant seat the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses

Ban This guest of summer
The temple haunting martlet does approve,
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here no jutting breeze

Buttress, nor cogn of vantage but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle
Where they have breed'd him, I have ob-
serv'd,
The air is delicate

Enter LADY MACBETH

DM See, see our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble

Lady M All our service
In every point twice done and then do it double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad where-

with
Your Majesty loads our house. I or those of old
And the late dignities heap'd up to them
We rest your hermits

DM Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coures'd him at the heels and had a purpose
To be his purvey or, but he rides well
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
him

To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night

Lady M Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs in
command,

To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own

DM Give me your hand
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him
By your leave, hostess *[Exit DM]*

SCENE VII *Macbeth's castle*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter a squire, and drives
servants with dishes and service, and piss over the
stage. Then enter MACBETH*

Macb If it were done when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust,
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,

Who should against his murderer shut the door
Not bear the knife it self. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off,
And pity like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim horsed
Upon the swift, silent couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other

Enter LADY MACBETH

How now! what news?

Lady M He has almost supp'd. Why have
you left the chamber?

Macb Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M Know you not he has?

Macb We will proceed no further in this busi-
ness

He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their new est
gloss,

Not cast aside so soon

Lady M Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept
since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macb Prithee, peace
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none

Lady M What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man,
And, to be more than what you were, you
would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both
They have made themselves, and that their fit-
ness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums

And dash'd the brains out had I so sworn as you
Have done to this

Macb If we should fail?

Lady M We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place 60

And we'll not fail! When Duncan is asleep—

Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassail so convince

That memory the warder of the brain

Shall be a fume and the receipt of reason

A limbeck only When in swinish sleep

Their drenched natures lie as in a death

What cannot you and I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70

His spongy officers who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

Macb Bring forth men children only,

For thy undaunted mettle should compose

Nothing but males Will it not be received

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy

two

Of his own chamber and used their very

daggers

That they have done?

Lady M Who darest receive it other

As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon his death?

Macb I am settled and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat 80

Away and mock the time with fairest show

False face must hide what the false heart doth

know

[*Exeunt*

ACT II

SCENE I *Court of Macbeth's castle*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him

Ban How goes the night, boy?

Fle The moon is down I have not heard the
clock

Ban And she goes down at twelve

Fle I take it is later, sir

Ban Hold, take my sword There's husbandry
in heaven

Their candles are all out Take thee that too

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me

And yet I would not sleep Merciful powers

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH and a Servant with a torch

Give me my sword

Who's there?

10

Macb A friend

Ban What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's
a bed

He hath been in unusual pleasure and

Sent forth great largess to your officers

This diamond he greets your wife withal

By the name of most kind hostess and shut up

In measureless content

Macb Being unprepared

Our will became the servant to defect

Which else should free have wrought

Ban All's well

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters 20

To you they have show'd some truth

Macb I think not of them

Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve

We would spend it in some words upon that

business

If you would grant the time

Ban At your kind st leisure

Macb If you shall cleave to my consent when

tis

It shall make honour for you

Ban So I lose none

In seeking to augment it but still keep

My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear

I shall be counsel'd

Macb Good repose the while!

Ban Thanks, sir, the like to you! 30

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE*

Macb Go bid thy mistress when my drink is

ready

She strike upon the bell Get thee to bed

[*Exit Servant*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me

clutch thee

I have thee not and yet I see thee still

Art thou not fatal vision sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind a false creation

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet in form as palpable 40

As this which now I draw

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going

And such an instrument I was to use

Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses

Or else worth all the rest I see thee still

And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,

Which was not so before There's no such

thing

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes Now 'ere the one half world

Nature seems dead and wicked dreams abuse 50

The curtain'd sleep witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings and wither'd murder

Alarm'd by his sentinel the wolf

Whose howls his watch, thus with his stealthy
pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides towards his
design
Moves like a ghost Thou sure and firm set
earth
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it Whiles I threat he
lives 60
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives
A bell rings
I go, and it is done, the bell invites me
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell *[Exit]*

SCENE II *The same**Enter LADY MACBETH*

Lady M That which hath made them drunk
hath made me bold
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire
Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman
Which gives the stern'st good night He is about
it
The doors are open and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die
Macb *[Within]* Who's there? what, ho! 9
Lady M Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 'tis not done The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us Hark! I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't

Enter MACBETH

My husband!

Macb I have done the deed Didst thou not hear
a noise?*Lady M* I heard the owl scream and the crickets
cry

Did not you speak?

Macb When?*Lady M* Now*Macb* As I descended?*Lady M* Ay*Macb* Hark!

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M Donalbain 20*Macb* This is a sorry sight*Looking on his hands**Lady M* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight*Macb* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cried "Murder!"That they did wake each other I stood and heard
them,But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep

Lady M There are two lodged together*Macb* One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen"
the other,As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"

When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M Consider it not so deeply 30*Macb* But wherefore could not I pronounce
"Amen"?

I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"

Stuck in my throat

Lady M These deeds must not be thought

After these ways, so it will make us mad

Macb Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no
more!"

Macbeth does murder sleep "the innocent sleep

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life sore labour's birth

Balm of hurt minds great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast—

Lady M What do you mean?*Macb* Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
house, 41

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore

Cawdor

Shall sleep no more Macbeth shall sleep no

more

Lady M Who was it that thus cried? Why,
worthy thine,

You do unbend your noble strength to think

So brainsickly of things Go get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there Go carry them, and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood

Macb I'll go no more 50

I am afraid to think what I have done,

Look on't again I dare not

Lady M Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers The sleeping and the dead

Are but as pictures, 'tis the eye of childhood

That fears a printed devil If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt

*[Exit Knocking within]**Macb* Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine

eyes

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will
rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red

Re-enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M My hands are of your colour but I
shame
To wear a heart so white [*Knocking within*] I
hear a knocking
At the south entry Retire we to our chamber
A little water clears us of this deed
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended [*Knocking within*]
Hark! more knocking
Get on your nightgown lest occasion call us 70
And show us to be watchers Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts
Macb To know my deed 'twere best not know
myself [*Knocking within*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *The same*

Knocking within Enter a PORTER

Porter Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were
porter of hell-gate he should have old turning
the key [*Knocking within*] Knock knock
knock! Who's there? the name of Beelzebub?
Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the ex-
pectation of plenty Come in time have napkins
enow about you here you'll sweat for it [*Knock-
ing within*] Knock knock! Who's there in
the other devil's name? Faith here's an equivoca-
tor that could swear in both the scales against
either scale who committed treason enough for
God's sake yet could not equivocate to heaven
O come in equivocator [*Knocking within*]
Knock knock knock! Who's there? Faith
here's an English tailor come hither for stealing
out of a French hose Come in rascal here you
may roast your goose [*Knocking within*] Knock
knock never at quiet! What are you? But this
place is too cold for hell I'll devil-porter it no
further I had thought to have let in some of all
professions that go the primrose way to the ever-
lasting bonfire [*Knocking within*] Anon anon! I
pray you remember the porter
Opens the gate

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX

Macd Was it so late friend ere you went to
bed
That you do lie so late?
Port Faith sir we were carousing till the

second cock And drink sir is a great provoker
of three things

Macd What three things does drink especially
provoke? 30

Port Marry sir nose painting sleep and
urine Lechery sir it provokes and unprovokes
it provokes the desire but it takes away the per-
formance therefore much drink may be said to
be an equivocator with lechery it makes him
and it mars him it sets him on and it takes him
off it persuades him and disheartens him makes
him stand to and not stand to in conclusion
equivocates him in a sleep and giving him the
lie leaves him 40

Macd I believe drink gave thee the lie last
night

Port That it did sir is the very throat on me
But I requited him for his lie and I think being
too strong for him though he took up my legs
sometime yet I made a shift to cast him
Macd Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH

Our knocking has awakened him here he comes
Len Good morrow noble sir

Macb Good morrow both

Macd Is the king stirring worthy thane

Macb Not yet 50

Macd He did command me to call timely on
him

I have almost slipp'd the hour

Macb I'll bring you to him

Macd I know this is a joyful trouble to you

But yet 'tis one

Macb The labour we delight in physics pain

This is the door

Macd I'll make so bold to call

For us my lum'd service [*Exit*]

Len Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb He does he did appoint so

Len The night has been unruly Where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down and as they
say

Lamentings heard in the air strange screams of
death 60

And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion and confused events

New hatch'd to the woeful time The obscure
bird

Clamour'd the livelong night some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake

Macb 'Twas a rough night

Len My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it

Re-enter MACDUFF

Mac. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart

Can not conceive nor name thee

Mac. { What's the matter? 70
Len. }

Mac. Confusion now hath made his master-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Mac. What it's you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his Majesty?

Mac. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon! Do not bid me speak,
See, and then speak for ourselves

[Enter MACBETH and LENNOX]
Awake, awake!

Ring the alarm bell! Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 80
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell
Bell rings

Enter LADY MACBETH

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

Mac. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak 90
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell

Enter BANQUO

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel anywhere
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say it is not so

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS

Mac. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality,
All is but toys! Renown and grace is dead,
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees 100
Is left this vault to brag of

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN

Don. What is amiss?

Mac. You are, and do not know't
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd, the very source of it is stopp'd

Mac. Your royal father's murder'd

Mal. O by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
done it

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows

They stared, and were distracted, no man's life
Was to be trusted with them 111

Mac. O yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them

Mac. Wherefore did you so?

Mac. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and
furious

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason! Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance, there, the murder-
ers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore! Who could re-
frain

That had a heart to love and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Mac. Look to the lady

Mal. *[Aside to DONALBAIN]* Why do we hold
our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. *[Aside to MALCOLM]* What should be
spoken here, where our fate

Is hid in an auger-hole, may rush and seize us?

Let's away, 129

Our tears are not yet brew'd

Mal. *[Aside to DONALBAIN]* Nor our strong sor-
row

Upon the foot of motion

Ban. Look to the lady,

[Lady MACBETH is carried out]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further! Fears and scruples shake us
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice

Mac. And so do I

All. So all

Mac. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together

All. Well contented 140

[Exit all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN]

Mal What will you do? Let us not consort with them

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy I'll to England

Don To Ireland I our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood

The nearer bloody

Mal This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim: Therefore to horse
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking 150
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left

[Exit]

SCENE IV Outside Macbeth's castle

Enter ROSS and an OLD MAN

Old M Threescore and ten I can remember
well

Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange: but this sore
night

Hath trifled former knowings

Ross Ah good father
Thou seest the heavens as troubled with man's
act

Threaten his bloody stage: By the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?

Old M 'Tis unnatural 10
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday
last

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd:
Ross And Duncan's horses—a thing most
strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out

Contending 'gainst obedience as they would
make

War with mankind

Old M 'Tis said they eat each other
Ross They did so to the amazement of mine
eyes

That look'd upon it: Here comes the good Mac-
duff 20

Enter MACDUFF

How goes the world with you now?

Macd Why see you not?

Ross Is't known who did this more than bloody
deed?

Macd Those that Macbeth hath slain

Ross Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd They were suborn'd

Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed

Ross 'Gainst nature still!

Thrifless ambition that will rav'n up

Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth 30

Macd He is already named, and gone to Scone

To be invested

Ross Where is Duncan's body?

Macd Carried to Colmekill

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors

And guardian of their bones

Ross Will you to Scone?

Macd No, cousin: I'll to Fife

Ross Well, I will thither

Macd Well may you see things well done
there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross Farewell, father

Old M God's benison go with you and with
tho' e 40

That would make good of bad and friends of
foes! *[Exit]*

ACT III

SCENE I Forres, the palace

Enter BANQUO

Ban Thou hast it now, King Cawdor, Glamis
all

As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet 'twas said
It should not stand in thy power

But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them—

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—

Why, by the verities on thee made good

May they not be my oracles as well

And set me up in hope? But hush! no more 10

Serret word d *Enter MACBETH as King, LADY
MACBETH as Queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords,
Ladies and Attendants*

Macb Here's our chief guest

Lady M If he had been forgotten

It had been as a gap in our great feast

And all thing unbecoming

Macd To-night we hold a solemn supper sir

And I'll request your presence

Ban Let your Highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit

Macb Ride you this afternoon?

Ban Ay, my good lord 20

Macb We should have else desired your good
advice

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council, but we'll take to-morrow
Is't far you ride?

Ban As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain

Macb Fail not our feast

Ban My lord, I will not

Macb We hear, our bloody cousins are be-
stow'd 30

In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse, adieu.
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban Ay, my good lord. Our time does call
upon's

Macb I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit BANQUO*] 40

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone, while then, God be with
you!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an ATTENDANT*
Sirrah a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten They are, my lord, without the palace
gate

Macb Bring them before us

[*Exit ATTENDANT*

To be thus in nothing,

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature 50
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked, as, it is said

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the
sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him, then prophet like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings, 60
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wretch'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so
I or Banquo's issue have I filed my mind
I or them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd,
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo
Kings! 70

Rather than so, come fate into the list
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two MURDERERS

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call
[*Exit Attendant*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1st Mur It was, so please your Highness

Macb Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with
you, 80

How you were borne in hand, how cross'd the
instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that
might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

1st Mur You made it known to us

Macb I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1st Mur We are men, my liege. 90

Macb Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and grey hounds, mongrels, spaniels,
curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves are clept
All by the name of dogs, the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
Particular addition from the bill 100
That writes them all ah! e, and so of men
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say't,

And I will put that business in your bottoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off
Grapples you to the heart and love of us
Who wear our health but sickly in his life
Which in his death were perfect
2nd Mur I am one my liege
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110
I do to spite the world

1st Mur And I another
So weary with disasters tugg'd with fortune
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it or be rid on it

Macb Both of you
know Banquo was your enemy
Both Mur True my lord
Macb So is he mine and in such bloody dis-
tance

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my nearst of life and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it yet I must not 120
For certain friends that are both his and mine
Whose loves I may not drop but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons

2nd Mur We shall my lord,
Perform what you command us

1st Mur Though our lives—
Macb Your spirits shine through you Within
this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time 130
The moment on it for it must be done to-night
And something from the palace always thought
That I require a clearness and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son that keeps him company
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour Resolve yourselves apart
I'll come to you anon

Both Mur We are resolved my lord

Macb I'll call upon you straight abide
within [Exit MURDERERS 140

It is concluded Banquo thy soul's flight
If it find heaven must find it out to-night [Exit

SCENE II The palace

Enter LADY MACBETH and a SERVANT

Lady M Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv Ay madam but returns again to-night

Lady M Say to the king I would attend his
leisure

For a few words

Serv Madam I will [Exit
Lady M Nought is had all spent
Where our desire is got without content
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy

Enter MACBETH

How now my lord why do you keep alone
Of sorriest fancies your companions making
Using those thoughts which should indeed have
died 10

With them they think on? Things without all
remedy
Should be without regard what is done is done
Macb We have scotch'd the snake not kill'd it
She'll close and be herself whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth
But let the frame of things disjoint both the
worlds suffer

Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to
peace

Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21
In restless ecstasy Duncan is in his grave
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well
Treason has done his worst nor steel nor poison
Malice domestic foreign levy nothing
Can touch him further

Lady M Come on
Gentle my lord sleek o'er your rugged looks
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
night

Macb So shall I love and so I pray be you
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo 30
Present him eminence both with eye and tongue
Unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams
And make our faces vizards to our hearts
Disguising what they are

Lady M You must leave this
Macb O full of scorpions is my mind dear
wife

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives

Lady M But in their nature's copy is not eternal
Macb There's comfort yet they are assailable
Then be thou jocund ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloister'd flight ere to black Hecate's sum-
mons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal there shall be
done

A deed of dreadful note

Lady M What is to be done?

Mac Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Carcel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the
crow 50
Makes wing to the rooky wood,
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do
rouse
Thou marvell'st at my words, but hold thee still,
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill
So, prithee go with me *[Exit]*

SCENE III *A park near the palace**Enter THREE MURDERERS*

1st Mur But who did bid thee join with us?
3rd Mur Macbeth
2nd Mur He needs not our mistrust, since he
delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just
1st Mur Then stand with us
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
day,
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch
3rd Mur Hark! I hear horses
Ban *[Within]* Give us a light there, ho!
2nd Mur Then 'tis he, the rest 10
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court
1st Mur His horses go about
3rd Mur Almost a mile, but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk
2nd Mur A light, a light!
Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch
3rd Mur 'Tis he
1st Mur Stand to't
Ban It will be rain to-night
1st Mur Let it come down
They set upon BANQUO
Ban O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave!
[Dies FLEANCE escapes]
3rd Mur Who did strike out the light?
1st Mur Was't not the way?
3rd Mur There's but one down, the son is fled
2nd Mur We have lost 20
Best half of our affair

1st Mur Well, let's away, and say how much is
done *[Exit]*

SCENE IV *The same hall in the palace*

*A Larquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MAC-
BETH, ROSS, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants*
Mac You know your own degrees, sit down
At first
And last the hearty welcome
Lords Thanks to your Majesty
Mac Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome
Lady M Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome

FIRST MURDERER appears at the door

Mac See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks
Both sides are even here I'll sit i' the midst 10
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round *[Approaching the door]* There's
blood upon thy face
1st Mur 'Tis Banquo's then
Mac 'Tis better thee without than he within
Is he dispatch'd?
1st Mur My lord, his throat is cut, that I did
for him
Mac Thou art the best o' the cut-throats, yet
he's good
That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil
1st Mur Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped 20
Mac Then comes my fit again. I had else been
perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air,
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
1st Mur Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he
bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature
Mac Thanks for that
There the grown serpent lies, the worm that s
fed
Hath nature that in time will venom breed, 30
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone, to-
morrow
We'll hear, ourselves, again *[Exit MURDERER]*
Lady M My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a maling,

'Tis given with welcome To feed were best at home

I from thence the sauce to meat in ceremony

Meeting were bare without it

Macb Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite

And health on both!

Len May I please your Highness sit

The Ghost of Banquo enters and sits in

Macbeth's place

Macb Here had we now our country's honour roof'd 40

Were the graced person of our Banquo present

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance!

Ross His absence sir

Lays blame upon his promise Please your Highness

To grace us with your royal company

Macb The table's full

Len Here is a place reserved sir

Macb Where?

Len Here my good lord What is 't that moves your Highness?

Macb Which of you have done this?

Lords What my good lord?

Macb Thou canst not say I did it Never shake 50

Thy gory locks at me

Ross Gentlemen rise his Highness is not well

Lady M Sit worthy friends my lord is often thus

And hath been from his youth Pray you keep seat

The fit is momentary upon a thought

He will again be well If much you note him

You shall offend him and extend his passion

I feed and regard him not Are you a man?

Macb Ay and a bold one that dare look on that

Which might appal the devil

Lady M O proper stuff! 60

This is the very painting of your fear

This is the air-drawn dagger which you said

Led you to Duncan O these flaws and starts

Impostors to true fear would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire

Authorized by her grandam Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You look but on a stool

Macb Prithce see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why what care I? If thou canst nod speak too

If chancel houses and our graves must send 70

Those that we bury back our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites [Ghost vanishes

Lady M What quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb If I stand here I saw him

Lady M Fie for shame!

Macb Blood hath been shed ere now in the olden time

Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal,

Ay and since too murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear The time has been

That when the brains were out the man would die,

And there an end but now they rise again 80

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns

And push us from our stools This is more strange

Than such a murder is

Lady M My worthy lord

Your noble friends do lack you

Macb I do forget

Do not muse at me my most worthy friends

I have a strange infirmity which is nothing

To those that know me Come love and health to all

Then I'll sit down Give me some wine fill full

I drink to the general joy of the whole table 89

And to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss

Would he were here! to all and him we thirst

And all to all

Lords Our duties and the pledge

Re-enter Ghost

Macb Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless thy blood is cold

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou do glare with!

Lady M Think of this good peers

But as a thing of custom 'tis no other

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time

Macb What man dare I dare

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear 100

The arm'd rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger

Take any shape but that and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble Or be alive again

And dare me to the desert with thy sword

If trembling I inhabit then protest me

The baby of a girl Hence horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery hence! [Ghost vanishes

Why so being gone

I am a man again Pray you sit still

Lady M You have displaced the mirth broke

the good meeting

With most admired disorder

Macb Can such things be 110

And overcome us like a summer's cloud

Without our special wonder? You make me

strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear

Ross What sights, my lord?

Lady M I pray you, speak not, he grows worse
and worse,

Question enrages him. At once good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going.

But go at once

Lei Good night, and better health 120

Attend his Majesty!

Lady M A kind good night to all!

[Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH]

Macb It will have blood, they say, blood will
have blood

Stones have been known to move and trees to
speak,

Augurs and understood relations have

By magic pies and choughs and rooks brought
forth

The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M Almost at odds with morning, which
is which

Macb How say'st thou that Macduff denies his
person

At our great bidding?

Lady M Did you send to him, sir?

Macb I hear it by the way, but I will send
There's not a one of them but in his house 131

I keep a servant feed I will to-morrow,

And betimes I will to the weird sisters

More shall they speak, for now I am bent to
know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own
good,

All causes shall give way. I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd

Lady M You lack the season of all natures,
sleep

Macb Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and
self abuse 141

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use

We are yet but young in deed *[Exeunt]*

SCENE V A Heath

Thunder Enter the THREE WITCHES,
meeting HECATE

1st Witch Why, how now, Hecate! you look
angrily

Hec Have I not reason, beldams as you are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death,

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or e'ow the glory of your art?

And which is worse, all you have done 10

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful, who as others do,

Loves for his own end, not for you

But make amends now, get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me: the morning, thither he

Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and every thing beside

I am for the air, this night I'll spend 20

Unto a dismal and a fatal end,

Great business must be wrought ere noon

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound,

I'll catch it ere it come to ground,

And that distill'd by magic sleights

Shall raise such artificial sprites

As by the strength of their illusion

Shall draw him on to his confusion

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear,

And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy

Music and a song within "Come away, come
away," &c

Hark! I am call'd, my little spirit, see

Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me

[1st Witch] Come, let's make haste, she'll soon 11 11

be back again

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI Forres the palace

Enter LEONOR and another LORD

Len My former speeches have but hit your
thoughts,

Which can interpret further, only, I say,

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth, marry, he was dead

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late,

Whom you may say, if it please you, I'll cease
kill'd,

For I'll cease fled. Men must not walk too late

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear,

That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive

To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As an please heaven he shall not—they should
find
What twere to kill a father so should Fleance 20
But peace! for from broad words and cause he
fail d

His presence at the tyrant's feast I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace Sir can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord The son of Duncan
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth
Lives in the English court and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of Fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy King upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward
That by the help of these—with him above
To ratify the work—we may again
Give to our tables meat sleep to our nights
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives
Do faithful homage and receive free honours
All which we pine for now And this report
Hath so exasperate the King that he
Prepares for some attempt of war

Len Sent he to Macduff?

Lord He did and with an absolute Sir
not I 40

The cloudy messenger turns me his back
And hums as who should say You'll rue the
time

That clogs me with this answer

Len And that well might
Advise him to a caution to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord I'll send my prayers with him
[Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I *A cavern in the middle a boiling
cauldron*

Thunder Enter the THREE WITCHES

1st Witch Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd

2nd Witch Thrice and once the hedge pig
whined

3rd Witch Harpier cries tis time tis time

1st Witch Round about the cauldron go

In the poison'd entrails throw

Toad that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got

Boil thou first the charmed pot
All Double double toil and trouble 10
Fire burn and cauldron bubble
2nd Witch Fillet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake
Eye of newt and toe of frog
Wool of bat and tongue of dog
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell broth boil and bubble

All Double double toil and trouble 20

Fire burn and cauldron bubble
3rd Witch Scale of dragon tooth of wolf
Witches mummy maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt sea shark
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark
Liver of blaspheming Jew
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab 30
Make the gruel thick and slab
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron
For the ingredients of our cauldron
All Double double toil and trouble
Fire burn and cauldron bubble
2nd Witch Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good

Enter HECATE to the other THREE WITCHES

Hee O well done! I commend your pains 40
And every one shall share i' the gains
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring
Enchanting all that you put in

Musick and a song Black spirits &c
[HECATE retires]

2nd Witch By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes
Open locks
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH

Macb How now you secret black and mid
night hags!

What is't you do?

All A deed without a name 49

Macb I conjure you by that which you profess
Howe'er you come to know it answer me
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown
down

Though castles topple on their warders' heads,
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations, though the
treasure

Of nature's gemmens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me 60

To what I ask you

1st Witch Speak

2d Witch Demand

3d Witch We'll answer

1st Witch Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from
our mouths,

Or from our masters?

Macb Call em let me see em

1st Witch Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten

Her nine farrow, grease that's sweeten

From the murderer's gibbet throw

Into the flame

Macb Come, high or low,

This self and office deftly show!

Thunder FIRST APPARITION *an armed Head*

Macb Tell me, thou unknown power—

1st Witch He knows thy thought

Hear his speech but say thou nought 70

1st App Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Macduff,

Beware the thane of Fife Dismiss me Enough
[Descends]

Macb Where'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks,

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright But one word
more—

1st Witch He will not be commanded Here's
another,

More potent than the first

Thunder SECOND APPARITION *a bloody Child*

2nd App Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb Had I three ears, I'd hear thee

2nd App Be bloody, bold, and resolute, laugh
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth *[Descends]*

Macb Then live, Macduff, what need I fear of
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate Thou shalt not live,

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

And sleep in spite of thunder

Thunder THIRD APPARITION *a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand*

What is this

That rises like the issue of a king,

And wears upon his baby-brow the round

And top of sovereignty?

Macb I listen, but speak not to't
3rd App Be lion mettled, proud, and take no
care 90

Who chafes, who frets or where conspirers are

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill

Shall come against him *[Descends]*

Macb That will never be

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree

Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!
good!

Rebellion's head rise never till the wood

Of Birnam rise and our high-placed Macbeth

Shall live the lease of nature pay his breath

To time and mortal custom Yet my heart 100

Throbs to know one thing Tell me if your art

Can tell so much shall Banquo's issue ever

Reign in this kingdom

Macb Seek to know no more

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know

Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[Exit Witches]

1st Witch Show!

2nd Witch Show!

3rd Witch Show!

Macb Show his eyes and grieve his heart, 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

*A storm of lightnings the last with a glass in
his hand, Banquo's Ghost following*

Macb Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo,
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye balls And thy
hair

Thou other gold-bound brow is like the first

A third is like the former Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!

What will the line stretch out to the crack of
doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass

Which shows me many more, and some I see 120

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true,

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his *[Apparitions vanish]*
What, is this so?

1st Witch Ay, sir, all this is so But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,

And show the best of our delights

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round,

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay

[*Music The WITCHES dance and then
vanish with HECATE*]

Macb Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!

Come in without there!

Enter LENNOX

Len What's your Grace's will?

Macb Saw you the weird sisters?

Len No my lord

Macb Came they not by you?

Len No indeed my lord

Macb Infected be the air whereon they ride
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse who was t' came by? 140

Len 'Tis two or three my lord that bring you
word

Macduff fled to England

Macb Fled to England!

Len Ay my good lord

Macb Time thou anticipatest my dread
exploits

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts be it thought
and done

The castle of Macduff I will surprise 150
Seize upon Fife give to the edge o' the sword
His wife his babes and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line No boasting like a
fool

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool
But no more sights! Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *Fife Macduff's castle*

Enter LADY MACDUFF her SON and ROSS

L. Macd What had he done to make him fly
the land?

Ross You must have patience madam

L. Macd He had none
His flight was madness When our actions do
not

Our fears do make us traitors

Ross You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear

L. Macd Wisdom? to leave his wife to leave
his babes

His mansion and his titles in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not
He wants the natural touch for the poor wren
The most diminutive of birds will fight 20

Her young ones in her nest against the owl
All is the fear and nothing is the love
As little is the wisdom where the flight
So runs against all reason

Ross My dearest coz
I pray you school yourself but for your husband

He is noble wise judicious and best knows
The fits o' the season I dare not speak much
further

But cruel are the times when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves when we hold ru-
mour

From what we fear yet know not what we fear
But float upon a wild and violent sea 25
Each way and move I take my leave of you
Shall not be long but I'll be here again
Things at the worst will cease or else climb up-
ward

To what they were before My pretty cousin
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd Father'd he is and yet he's fatherless

Ross I am so much a fool should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort
I take my leave at once [*Exit*]

L. Macd Sirrah your father's dead 30
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son As birds do mother

L. Macd What with worms and flies?

Son With what I get I mean and so do they

L. Macd Poor bird! thou dost never fear the net
nor him

The pitfall nor the gin

Son Why should I mother? Poor birds they
are not set for

My father is not dead for all your saying

L. Macd Yes he is dead How wilt thou do for
a father?

Son Nay how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd Why I can buy me twenty at any
market 40

Son Then you'll buy em to sell again

L. Macd Thou speakest with all thy wit and
yet a faith

With wit enough for thee

Son Was my father a traitor mother?

L. Macd Ay that he was

Son What is a traitor?

L. Macd Why one that swears and lies

Son And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd Every one that does so is a traitor and
must be hanged 50

Son And must they all be hanged that swear
and lie?

L. Macd Every one

Son Who must hang them?

L. Mac. Why, the honest men
Sen. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for
 there are liars and swearers enow to beat the
 honest men and hang up them

L. Mac. Now God help thee poor monkey!
 But how wilt thou do for a father? 60

Sen. If he were dead you'd weep for him, if
 you would not, it were a good sign that I should
 quickly have a new father

L. Mac. Poor prattler how thou talk'st!

Enter a MURDERER

Mac. Bless you fair dame! I am not to you
 known
 Though in your state of honour I am perfect
 I doubt some danger does approach you nearly
 If you will take a homely man's advice
 Be not found here, hence with your little ones
 To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage, 70
 To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve
 you!

I dare abide no longer. *[Exit]*

L. Mac. Whither should I fly?
 I have done no harm. But I remember now
 I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
 Is often laudable, to do good sometime
 Accounted dangerous folly. Why then alas,
 Do I put up that womanly defence,
 To say I have done no harm?

Enter MURDERERS

What are these faces?
1st Mur. Where is your husband? 80

L. Mac. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
 Where such as thou may'st find him

1st Mur. He's a traitor

Sen. Thou liest, thou shag hair'd villain!

1st Mur. What, you eggs?

Stabbing him

Young fry of treachery!

Sen. He has kill'd me, mother

Run away, I pray you! *[Dies]*

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder!"

Exeunt MURDERERS, following her

SCENE III *England before the King's palace*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
 there

Weep our sad bosoms empty

Mac. Let us rather
 Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
 Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
 New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sor-
 rows

Strike heaven on the face that it resounds
 As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
 Like syllable of doleour

Mal. What I believe I'll wail,
 What know believe and what I can redress,
 As I shall find the time to frize I will 10
 What you have spoke it may be so perchance
 This tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues
 Was once thought honest, you have lov'd him
 well

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but
 something
 You may deserve of him through me and wisdom
 To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
 To appease an angry god

Mac. I am not treacherous

Mal. But Macbeth is
 A good and virtuous nature may recoil
 In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
 pardon 20

That which you are my thoughts cannot trans-
 pose

Angels are bright still though the brightest fell
 Though all things foul would wear the brows of
 grace,

Yet grace must still look so

Mac. I have lost my hopes

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my
 doubts

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
 Those precious motives, those strong knots of
 love

Without leave taking? I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours, 29
 But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think

Mac. Bleed bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dare not check thee. Wear thou
 thy wrongs,

The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot

Mal. Be not offended
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you
 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke,
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
 Is added to her wounds. I think withal

There would be hands uplifted in my right,
 And here from gracious England have I offer
 Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
 When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
 Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
 Shall have more vices than it had before
 More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,

By him that shall succeed

Mal What should he be?
Mal It is myself I mean in whom I know 50
 All the particulars of vice so grafted
 That when they shall be open'd black Macbeth
 Will seem as pure as snow and the poor state
 Esteem him as a lamb being compared
 With my confineless harms

Macd Not in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
 In evils to top Macbeth

Mal I grant him bloody
 Luxurious avaricious false deceitful
 Sudden malicious smacking of every sin
 That has a name but there's no bottom none 60
 In my voluptuousness Your wives your daughters

Your matrons and your maids could not fill up
 The cistern of my lust and my desire
 All continent impediments would o'erbear
 That did oppose my will Better Macbeth
 Than such an one to reign

Macd Boundless intemperance
 In nature is a tyranny it hath been
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne
 And fall of many kings But fear not yet
 To take upon you what is yours you may 70
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty
 And yet seem cold the time you may so hoodwink

We have willing dames enough there cannot be
 That vulture in you to devour so many
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves
 Finding it so inclined

Mal With this there grows
 In my most ill compos'd affection such
 A stanchless avarice that were I king
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands
 Desire his jewels and this other's house 80
 And my more having would be as a sauce
 To make me hunger more that I should forge
 Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal
 Destroying them for wealth

Macd This avarice
 Stricks deeper grows with more pernicious root
 Than summer seeming lust and it hath been
 The sword of our slain kings Yet do not fear
 Scotland hath fountains to fill up your will
 Of your mere own All these are portable
 With other graces weigh'd

Mal But I have none The king becoming
 graces

As justice verity temperance stableness
 Bounty perseverance mercy lowliness
 Devotion, patience courage fortitude,
 I have no relish of them, but abound

In the division of each several crime
 Acting it many ways Nay had I power I should
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell
 Upbraid the universal peace confound
 All unity on earth

Macd O Scotland Scotland! 100

Mal If such a one be fit to govern speak
 I am as I have spoken

Macd Fit to govern!
 No not to live O nation miserable
 With an uncuted tyrant bloody scepter'd
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd
 And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king the queen that bore
 thee

Often upon her knees than on her feet 110
 Died every day she lived Fare thee well!
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland O my breast
 Thy hope ends here!

Mal Macduff this noble passion,
 Child of integrity hath from my soul
 Wiped the black scruples reconciled my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over credulous haste But God above 120
 Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myself to thy direction and
 Unspeak mine own detraction here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself
 For strangers to my nature I am yet
 Unknown to woman never was forsworn
 Scarcely have covet'd what was mine own
 At no time brot in my faith would not betray
 The devil to his fellow and delight
 No less in truth than life My first false speaking
 Was this upon myself what I am truly 131
 Is thine and my poor country's to command
 Whither indeed before thy here approach
 Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men
 Already at a point was setting forth
 Now we'll together and the chance of goodness
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
 silent?

Macd Such welcome and unwelcome thins at
 once

90 'Tis hard to reconcile

Enter a DOCTOR

Mal Well more anon — Comes the king forth
 I pray you? 140

Doct Ay sir there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure Their malady convinces

The great assay of art, but at his touch—
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—
They presently amend

Mal I thank you doctor [*Exit doctor*]

Mal What's the disease he means?

Mal 'Tis call'd the evil,

A most miraculous work in this good king
Which often since my here remain in England
I have seen him do: How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows, but strangely visited
people,

All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye, 151

The mere despair of surgery, he cures

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,

Put on with holy prayers: And 'tis spoken

To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction: With this strange virtue

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,

And sundry blessings hang about his throne

That speak him full of grace

Enter ROSS

Macd See, who comes here?

Mal My countryman, but yet I know him 160

Mal My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither

Mal I know him now: Good God, betimes remove

The means that makes us strangers!

Ross Sir, amen

Macd Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself: It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave, where nothing

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the

Air
Are made, not mark'd, where violent sorrow

seems
A modern ecstasy: The dead man's knell 170

Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good men's

lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken

Macd O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal What's the new-est grief?

Ross That of an hour's age doth huss the speaker,

Each minute teems a new one

Macd How does my wife?

Ross Why, well

Macd And all my children?

Ross Well too

Macd The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross No, they were well at peace when I did leave em

Macd Be not a niggard of your speech, how goes it? 180

Ross When I came hither to transport the tidings

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out,

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather

For that I saw the tyrant's power a foot

Now is the time of help, your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers: make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses

Mal Be it their comfort

We are coming thither: Gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men, 190

An older and a better soldier none

That Christendom gives out

Ross Would I could answer

This comfort with the like! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not latch them

Mal What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief

Due to some single breast?

Ross No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe, though the main part

Pertains to you alone

Macd If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it 200

Ross Let not your ears despise my tongue for

ever

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound

That ever yet they heard

Macd Hum! I guess at it

Ross Your castle is surprised, your wife and

bibes

Savagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner

Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you

Mal Merciful heaven!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,

Give sorrow words: The grief that does not

speak

Whispers the other-fraught heart and bids it break

Macd My children too?

Ross Wife, children, servants, all 211

That could be found

Macd And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Ross I have said

Mal

Be comforted

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge

To cure this deadly grief

Mal He has no children All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell kite! All?

What all my pretty chickens and their dam

At one fell swoop?

Mal Dispute it like a man

Macd I shall do so 20

But I must also feel it as a man

I cannot but remember such things were

That were most precious to me Did heaven look

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am

Not for their own demerits but for mine

Fell slaughter on their souls Heaven rest them

Mal Be this the whetstone of your sword let

Convert to anger blunt not the heart enrage it

Macd O I could play the woman with mine

And braggart with my tongue! But gentle

Cut short all intermission front to front

Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and my self

Within my sword's length set him if he scape

Heaven forgive him too!

Mal This tune goes manly

Come go we to the King our power is ready

Our lack is nothing but our leave Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking and the powers above

Put on their instruments Receive what cheer you

The night is long that never finds the day 240

[Exit

ACT V

SCENE 1 Dunsinme into room in the castle

Enter a DOCTOR OF PHYSIC and a WAITING-GENTLE
WOMAN

Doct I have two nights watched with you but
can perceive no truth in your report When was
it she last walked?

Gent Since his Majesty went into the field I
have seen her rise from her bed throw her night
gown upon her unlock her closet take forth
paper fold it write upon it read it afterwards
seal it and again return to bed yet all this while
in a most fast sleep 9

Doct A great perturbation in nature to receive
at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of
watching! In this slumb'ry agitation besides her
walking and other actual performances what at
any time have you heard her say?

Gent That sir which I will not report after her

Doct You may to me and tis most meet you
should

Gent Neither as you nor any one having no
witness to confirm my speech 21

Enter LADY MACBETH with a taper

Lo you here she comes! This is her very guise
and upon my life fast asleep Observe her
stand close

Doct How came she by that light?

Gent Why it stood by her She has light by her
continually tis her command

Doct You see her eyes are open

Gent Ay but their sense is shut

Doct What is it she does now? Look how she
rubs her hands 31

Gent It is an accustomed action with her to
seem thus washing her hands I have known her
continue in this a quarter of an hour

Lady M Yet here's a spot

Doct Mark! she speaks I will set down what
comes from her to satisfy my remembrance the
more strongly

Lady M Out damned spot! out I say! One
two Why then tis time to do it Hell is murky!
Fie my lord fie! a soldier and afeard! What
need we fear who knows it when none can call
our power to account? Yet who would have
thought the old man to have had so much blood
in him

Doct Do you mark that?

Lady M The thane of Fife had a wife Where
is she now? What will these hands never be
clean? No more that my lord no more o that!
You mar all with this starting 39

Doct Go to go to you have known what you
should not

Gent She has spoke what she should not I am
sure of that Heaven knows what she has known

Lady M Here's the smell of the blood still All
the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this
little hand Oh oh oh!

Doct What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
charged 60

Gent I would not have such a heart in my bosom
for the dignity of the whole body

Doct Well well well—

Gent Pray God it be sir

Doct This disease is beyond my practice Yet I
have known those which have walked in their
sleep who have died holily in their beds

Lady M Wash your hands put on your night
gown look not so pale I tell you yet again
I am quotha buried he cannot come out on's grave 72

Doct Even so?

Lady M To bed, to bed! there's knocking at

the gate Come, come, come, come, give me your
hand What's done cannot be undone To bed to
bed, to bed! [Exit

Dor Will she go now to bed?

Gert Directly

Dor Ioul whisperings are abroad Unnatural
deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles Infected minds So
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets
More needs she the divine than the physician
God, God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her So good night
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight
I think but dare not speak

Gert Good night, good doctor
[Exit

SCENE II The country near Dunsinane

Drum and colours Enter MENTITH, CAITHNESS,
ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers

Ment The English power is near, led on by
Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff
Revenge burn in them, for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man

Ang Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they
coming

Caith Who knows if Donalbain be with his
brother?

Len For certain, sir, he is not, I have a file
Of all the gentry There is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now
Protest their first of manhood

Ment What does the tyrant?

Caith Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies
Some say he's mad, others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury, but, for certain
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule

Ang Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands,
Now minutely revolts upbraids his faith-breach,
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love, now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief

Ment Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us

Len Or so much as it needs

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the
weeds

Make we our march towards Birnam

[Exit, marching

SCENE III Dunsinane a room in the castle

Enter MACHETH, DOCTOR and His Lants

Mal Bring me no more reports, let them fly
all

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear What's the boy Mal-
colm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me
thus

'I fear not, Macbeth, no man that's born of
woman

Shall ever have power upon thee' Then fly, false
thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures

The mind I sway by and the heart I bear

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear

Enter a SERVANT

The devil damn thee black, thou cream faced
loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv There is ten thousand—

Malch

Geese, villain?

Serv

Soldiers, sir

Malch Go prick thy face, and over red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy What soldiers, patch?

Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear What soldiers, whey-
face?

Serv The English force, so please you

Malch Take thy face hence [Exit SERVANT
Sev ton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Sev ton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now

I have lived long enough, my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,

And that which should accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have, but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
not

Sev ton!

Enter SEYTON

Sey What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb What news more? 30
Sey All is confirm'd my lord which was reported
Macb I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd
 Give me my armour
Sey 'Tis not needed yet
Macb I'll put it on
 Send out more horses skirr the country round
 Hang those that talk of fear Give me mine armour
 How does your patient doctor?
Doct Not so sick my lord
 As she is troubled with thick coming fancies
 That keep her from her rest
Macb Cure her of that
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased 40
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct Therein the patient
 Must minister to himself
Macb Throw physic to the dogs I'll none of it
 Come put mine armour on give me my staff
 Seyton send out Doctor the thanes fly from me 49
 Come sir dispatch If thou couldst doctor cast
 The water of my land find her disease
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health
 I would applaud thee to the very echo
 That should applaud again — Pull t'off I say —
 What rhubarb senna or what purgative drug
 Would scour these English hence? Hear at thou
 of them?
Doct Ay my good lord your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something
Macb Bring it after me
 I will not be afraid of death and bane
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane 60
Doct [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear
 Profit again should hardly draw me here

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV Country near Birnam wood

Drum and colours Enter MALCOLM OLD SEWARD and his son MACDUFF MENTEITH CAITHNESS ANGUS LENOX ROSS and Soldiers marching

Mal Cousins I hope the days are near at hand
 That chambers will be safe

Ment We doubt it nothing
Srw What wood is this before us?

Ment The wood of Birnam
Mal Let every soldier hew him down a bough
 And bear t' before him thereby shall we shadow
 The numbers of our host and make discovery
 Err in report of us
Soldiers It shall be done
Srw We learn no other but the confident tyrant
 Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure
 Our setting down before it
Mal 'Tis his main hope 10
 For where there is advantage to be given
 Both more and less have given him the revolt
 And none serve with him but constrained things
 Whose hearts are absent too
Macd Let our just censures
 Attend the true event and put we on
 Industrious soldiership
Srw The time approaches
 That will with due decision make us know
 What we shall say we have and what we owe
 Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate
 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate 20
 Towards which advance the war
 [Exeunt marching]

SCENE V Dunsinane within the castle

Enter MACBETH SEYTON and Soldiers with drum and colours

Macb Hang out our banners on the outward walls
 The cry is still They come Our castle's
 strength
 Will laugh a siege to scorn here let them lie
 Till famine and the ague eat them up
 Were they not forced with those that should be
 ours
 We might have met them dareful beard to beard
 And beat them backward home
A cry of women within

What is that noise?

Sey It is the cry of women my good lord [Exit]

Macb I have almost forgot the taste of fears
 The time has been my senses would have cool'd
 To hear a night shriek and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in it I have supp'd full with horrors
 Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts
 Cannot once start me

Re-enter SEYTON

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey The Queen my lord is dead
Macb She should have died hereafter
 There would have been a time for such a word
 To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day 20
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a MESSENGER

Thou comest to use thy tongue, thy story
quickly
Mess Gracious my lord, 30
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Mach Well say, sir.
Mess As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon methought,
The wood began to move.
Mach Liar and slave!
Mess Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so
Within this three mile may you see it coming,
I say, a moving grove.
Mach If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee. If thy speech be sooth, 40
I care not if thou dost for me as much
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane', and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be awearry of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
done 50
Rung the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI *Dunsinane before the castle*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, OLD SIWARD,
MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs*
Mal Now near enough. Your leafy screens
throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy
uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Srw Fare you well
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Mac I Make all our trumpets speak, give them
all breath 9
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII *Another part of the field*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH

Mac They have tied me to a stake, I cannot
fly,
But, bear like, I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter YOUNG SIWARD

Jo Srw What is thy name?
Mac Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Jo Srw No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter
name
Than any is in hell.
Mac My name's Macbeth.
Jo Srw The devil himself could not pronounce
a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Mac No, nor more fearful.
Jo Srw Thou liest, abhorred tyrant, with my
sword 10
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain
Mac Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF

Macd That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy
face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves. Either thou, Mac-
beth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst
be, 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit *Alarums*]

Enter MALCOLM and OLD SIWARD

Srw This way, my lord, the castle's gently
render'd.
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONA

MARK ANTONY		ALEXAS	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR		MARDIAN a eunuch	
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS	<i>triumvirs</i>	SELPUCIUS	<i>attendants on Cleopatra</i>
SEXTUS POMPEIUS		DIOMEDES	
DOMITIUS ENOBARRUS		A SOOTHAYER	
VENTIDIUS		A CLOWN	
IRUS		FIVE MESSENGERS	
SCARUS	<i>friends to Antony</i>	AN EGYPTIAN	
DERCETAS		TWO SERVANTS in Pompey	
DEMETRIUS		A CAPTAIN of Antony's army	
PHILO		FOUR SOLDIERS of Antony's army	
MECENAS		FOUR SOLDIERS of Cæsar's army	
AGRIPPA	<i>friends to Cæsar</i>	TWO GUARDS to Cæsar	
DOLABELLA		THREE GUARDS of Antony's army	
PROCIUS		TWO ATTENDANTS on Antony	
THYREUS		ONE ATTENDANT on Cleopatra	
GALLUS		CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt	
MENAS		OCTAVIA sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony	
MENEKRATES	<i>friends to Pompey</i>	CHARMIAN	<i>attendants on Cleopatra</i>
VARRIUS		IRAS	
TALPUS lieutenant-general to Cæsar		NON-SPEAKING Officers, Soldiers, Guards, Servitors, and Attendants	
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony		SCENE In several parts of the Roman Empire	
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius army			
EUPHRONTUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar			



ACT I

SCENE I Alexandria a room in Cleopatra's palace

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO

Phi Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
turn,

The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front, his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust

Flourish Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies,
the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her

Look, where they come! 10

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool Behold and see

Cleo If it be love indeed, tell me how much
Ant There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd

Cleo I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved

Ant Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth

Enter an ATTENDANT

Att News, my good lord, from Rome

Ant Grates me the sum

Cleo Nay, hear them, Antony

Fulvia perchance is angry, or, who knows 20

If the scarce bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this,

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that,

Perform it, or else we damn thee"

Ant How, my love!

Cleo Perchance! nay, and most like

You must not stay here longer, your dismission

Is come from Cæsar, therefore hear it, Antony

Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say?

Both?

Call in the messengers As I am Egypt's queen,

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine

Is Cæsar's homager, else so thy cheek pays

shame 31

When shrill tongued Fulvia scolds The messen-

gers!

Ant Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space

Kingdoms are clay, our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man, the nobleness of life
Is to do thus when such a mutual pair

Embracing

And such a twain can do t in which I bind
On pain of punishment the world to weet
We stand up peerless

Cleo Excellent falsehood! 40
Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not Antony
Will be himself

Ant But stirr'd by Cleopatra
Now for the love of Love and her soft hours
Let's not confound the time with conference
harsh

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now What sport to-
night?

Cleo Hear the ambassadors

Ant Fie wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes to chide to laugh
To weep whose every passion fully strives 50
To make itself in thee fair and admired!
No messenger but thine and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and
note

The qualities of people Come my queen
Last night you did desire it Speak not to us

[*Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA with their train*
Dem Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi Sir sometimes when he is not Antony
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony

Dem I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow Rest you happy!
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II *The same another room*

Enter CHARMIAN IRAS ALEXAS and a SOOTHSAYER

Char Lord Alexas sweet Alexas most any
thing Alexas almost most absolute Alexas
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the
Queen? O that I knew this husband which you
say must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex Soothsayer!

Sooth Your will?

Char Is this the man? Is't you sir that know
things?

Sooth In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read

Alex Show him your hand 10

Enter PLOARBUS

Eno Bring in the banquet quickly wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink

Char Good sir give me good fortune

Sooth I make not but foresee

Char Pray then foresee me one

Sooth You shall be yet far fairer than you are

Char He means in flesh

Iras No you shall paint when you are old

Char Wrinkles forbid!

Alex Vex not his prescience be attentive

Char Hush! 21

Sooth You shall be more beloved than beloved

Char I had rather heat my liver with drinking

Alex Nay hear him

Char Good now some excellent fortune! Let
me be married to three kings in a forenoon and
widow them all Let me have a child at fifty to
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage Find me
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar and compan-
ion me with my mistress 30

Sooth You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve

Char O excellent! I love long life better than
figs

Sooth You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach

Char Then belike my children shall have no
names Prithce how many boys and wenches
most I have?

Sooth If every of your wishes had a womb
And fertile every wish a million

Char Out fool! I forgive thee for a witch 40

Alex You think none but your sheets are privy
to your wishes

Char Nay come tell Iras hers

Alex We'll know all our fortunes

Eno Mine and most of our fortunes to-night
shall be—drunk to bed

Iras There's a palm presages chastity if nothing
else

Char Even as the overflowing Nilus presageth
famine 50

Iras Go, you wild bedfellow you cannot sooth
say

Char Nay if an olive palm be not a fruitful pro-
nostication I cannot scratch mine ear Prithce
tell her but a worky-day fortune

Sooth Your fortunes are alike

Iras But how but how? give me particulars

Sooth I have said

Iras Am I not an inch of fortune better than
she? 60

Char Well if you were but an inch of fortune
better than I where would you choose it?

Iras Not in my husband's nose

Char Our worse thoughts heavens mend!
Alexas—come his fortune his fortune! O let

him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty fold a cuckold! Good Isis hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!

Isis Amen Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart breaking to see a handsome man loose wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded, therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum and fortune him accordingly!

Char Amen 79

Alex Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't!

Ero Hush! here comes Antony

Char Not he, the Queen

Enter CLEOPATRA

Cleo Saw you my lord?

Ero No, lady

Cleo Was he not here?

Char No, madam

Cleo He was disposed to mirth, but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him Enobarbus!

Ero Madam?

Cleo Seek him, and bring him hither Where's Alexas?

Alex Here, at your service My lord approaches 90

Cleo We will not look upon him Go with us
[*Exeunt*]

Enter ANTONY with a MESSENGER and ATTENDANTS

Mess Fulvia thy wife first came into the field

Ant Against my brother Lucius?

Mess Ay

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Caesar,

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drave them

Ant Well, what worst?

Mess The nature of bad news infects the teller 99

Ant When it concerns the fool or coward On Things that are past are done with me 'Tis thus,

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatters d

Mess Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force Extended Asia from Euphrates,

His conquering banner shook from Syria To Lydia and to Ionia,

Whilst—

Ant Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mess O, my lord!

Ant Speak to me home mince not the general tongue

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome, 110

Rail thou in Iulius's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice

I have power to utter O then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick minds lie still, and our ills told us

Is as our earing Fare thee well awhile

Mess At your noble pleasure [Exit

Ant I from Sicily on ho the news! Speak there!

1st 1st The man from Sicily on—is there such an one?

2nd 1st He stays upon your will

Ant Let him appear These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, 120 Or lose my self in dotage

Enter another MESSENGER

What are you?

2nd *Mess* Iulius thy wife is dead

Ant Where died she?

2nd *Mess* In Sicily on

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears

Gives a letter

Ant Forbear me

[Exit SECOND MESSENGER]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again, the present pleasure, 129

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself She's good, being gone,

The hand could pluck her brick that shov'd her on

I must from this enchanting queen break off, Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, My idleness doth hatch How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS

Eno What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant I must with haste from hence

Eno Why, then, we kill all our women We see how mortal an unkindness is to them, if they suffer our departure, death's the word

Ant I must be gone 140

Eno Under a compelling occasion, let women die It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though, between them and a great cause, they

should be esteemed nothing Cleopatra catching
but the least noise of this dies instantly I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer mo-
ment I do think there is mettle in death which
commits some loving act upon her she hath such
a celerity in dying

Ant She is cunning past man's thought 150

Eno Alack sir no her passions are made of
nothing but the finest part of pure love We can
not call her winds and waters sighs and tears
they are greater storms and tempe is than alma-
nacs can report This cannot be cunning in her
if it be she makes a shower of rain as well as
Jove

Ant Would I had never seen her!

Eno O sir you had then left unseen a wonder-
ful piece of work which not to have been blest
withal would have discredited your travel

Ant Fulvia is dead

Eno Sir?

Ant Fulvia is dead

Eno Fulvia!

Ant Dead

Eno Why sir give the gods a thankful sacri-
fice When it pleaseth their deities to take the
wife of a man from him it shows to man the
tailors of the earth comforting therein that
when old robes are worn out there are members
to make new If there were no more women but
Fulvia then had you indeed a cut and the case
to be lamented This grief is crowned with con-
solation your old smock brings forth a new
petticoat and indeed the tears live in an onion
that should water this sorrow

Ant The business she hath broached in the
state

Cannot endure my absence 179

Eno And the business you have broached here
cannot be without you especially that of Cleo-
patra's which wholly depends on your abode

Ant No more light answers Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part For not alone
The death of Fulvia with more urgent touches
Do strongly speak to us but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home Sextus Pompeius 190
Hath given the date to Caesar and commands
The empire of the sea Our slippery people
Whose love is never link'd to the deceiver
Till his deserts are past begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son who high in name and power
Higher than both in blood and life stands up
For the main soldier whose quality going on,

The sides o' the world may danger Much is
breeding 199
Which like the courser's hair hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison Say our plea ure
To such whose place is under us requires
Our quick remove from hence
Eno I shall do it [Exit]

SCENE III The same and her room

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS and ALEXAS

Cleo Wh' re is he?

Char I did not see him since

Cleo See where he is who's with him what he
does

I did not send you If you find him sad
Say I am dancing if in mirth report
That I am sudden sick Quick and return

[Exit ALEXAS]

Char Madam methinks if you did love him
dearly

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him

Cleo What should I do I do not?

Char In each thing give him way cross him in
nothing

Cleo Thou teachest like a fool the way to lose
him 10

Char Tempt him not so too far I wish forbear
In time we hate that which we often fear
But here comes Antony

ENTER ANTONY

Cleo I am sick and sullen

Ant I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-
pose—

Cleo Help me away dear Charmian I shall
fall

It cannot be thus long the sides of nature
Will not sustain it

Ant Now my dearest queen—

Cleo Pray you stand farther from me

Ant What's the matter?

Cleo I know by that same eye there's some
good news

What says the married woman? You may go 20
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say tis I that keep you here
I have no power upon you hers you are

Ant The gods best know—

Cleo O never was there queen
So mightily betray'd yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted

Ant Cleopatra—

Cleo Why should I think you can be mine and
tru
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous mad
ness,
To be entangled with those mouth made vows so
Which break themselves in swearing.¹

Ant Most sweet queen—

Cleo Nay, pray you seek no colour for your
going,

But bid farewell, and go. When you sued stay-
ing,

Then was the time for words: no going then,
Dexterity was in our lips and eyes.

Bliss in our brows bent, none our parts so poor
But was a race of heaven. They are so still
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant How now, lady?

Cleo I would I had thy inches, thou shouldst
know. 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant Hear me, Queen.

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile, but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords, Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome,
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction, the hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love, the condemn'd Pom-
pey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace. 50
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten,
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my
going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

Ant She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read. 60
The garboils she awaked, at the last, best,
See when and where she died.

Cleo O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear, which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice. By the fire

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence. 70

Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war.

As thou affect'st

Cleo Cut my lace, Charmian, come!

But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant My precious queen forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
In honourable trial.

Cleo So Fulvia told me

I prithee turn aside and weep for her,

Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears

Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling, and let it look

Like perfect honour.

Ant You'll hear my blood. No more. 80

Cleo You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Ant Now, by my sword—

Cleo And target. Still he mends,

But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,

How this Hercules Roman does become

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it.

Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it,

That you know well. Something it is I would—

O my oblivion is a very Antony, 90

And I am all forgotten.

Ant But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you

For idleness itself.

Cleo 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart.

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not.

Live well to you. Your honour calls you hence,

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory, and smooth success. 100

Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant Let us go. Come,

Our separation so abides, and flies,

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

Away! [Exit *Ant*]

SCENE IV. Rome. Caesar's house.

Enter OCTAVIUS CAESAR, reading a letter,
LEPIDUS, and their Train.

Caes You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate

Our great competitor. From Alexandria

This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes

The lamps of night in revel, is not more manlike

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy

More womanly than he, hardly gave audience or

Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall

find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow

Lep I must not think there are 10
Evils enow to darken all his goodness
His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven
More fiery by night's blackness hereditary
Rather than purchased what he cannot change
Than what he chooses

Cæs You are too indulgent Let us grant it is
not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy
To give a kingdom for a mirth to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave 19
To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffer
With knives that smell of sweat say this be
comes him—

As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish—} et must
Antony

No way excuse his soils when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness If he fill d
His vacancy with his voluptuousness
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for it but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as
loud

As his own state and ours—tis to be chid 30
As we rate boys who being mature in knowl
edge

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure
And so rebel to judgement

Enter a MESSENGER

Lep Here's more news
Mess Thy biddings have been done and every
hour

Most noble Cæsar shalt thou have report
How tis abroad Pompey is strong at sea
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar To the ports
The discontents repair and men's reports
Give him much wrong d

Cæs I should have known no less 41
It hath been taught us from the primal state
That he which was wish'd until he were
And the ebb'd man ne'er loved till ne'er worth
love

Comes dear'd by being lack'd This common
body

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream
Goes to and back lackeying the varying tide
To rot itself with motion

Mess Cæsar I bring thee word
Meneceates and Menas famous pirates
Make the sea serve them which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind Many hot inroads 50
They make in Italy the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't and flush youth revolt
No vessel can peep forth but tis as soon
Taken as seen for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted

Cæs *Antony*
Leave thy lascivious wassails When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa consuls at thy heel
Did famine follow whom thou fought'st against
Though daintily brought up with patience more
Than savages could suffer Thou didst drink 61
The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge
Yea like the stag when snow the pasture sheets
The barks of trees thou browsed'st on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh
Which some did die to look on and all this—
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek 70
So much as lank'd not

Lep 'Tis pity of him
Cæs Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome 'Tis time we remain
Did show ourselves in the field and to that end
Assemble we immediate council Pompey
Thrives in our idleness

Lep To-morrow Cæsar
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time

Cæs Till which encounter 80
It is my business too Farewell

Lep Farewell my lord What you shall know
meantime

Of stirs abroad I shall beseech you sir
To let me be partaker

Cæs Doubt not sir 85
I knew it for my bond [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V Alexandria Cleopatra's palace

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS and MARDIAN

Cleo Charmian!

Char Madam?

Cleo Ha ha!

Give me to drink mandragora

Char Why madam?

Cleo That I might sleep out this great gap of
time

My Antony is away

Char You think of him too much

Cleo O tis treason!

Char Madam I trust not so

Cleo Thou eunuch Mardian!
Mar What's your Highness' pleasure?
Cleo Not now to hear thee sing, I take no
 pleasure
 In aught an eunuch has 'Tis well for thee, 10
 That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
 May not fly forth of Egypt I hast thou affections?
Mar Yes gracious madam
Cleo Indeed!

Mar Not in deed madam, for I can do nothing
 But what indeed is honest to be done
 Yet have I fierce affections, and think
 What Venus did with Mars

Cleo O Charmian
 Where, think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
 sits he?
 Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20
 O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
 Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
 movest?

The demi Atlas of this earth the arm
 And burget of men He's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
 Nile?"

For so he calls me Now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison Think on me,
 That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Broad fronted

Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30
 A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my
 brow,

There would he anchor his aspect and die
 With looking on his life

Enter ALEXAS

Alex Sovereign of Egypt hail!
Cleo How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee
 How goes it with my brave Mark Antony? 39

Alex Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd—the last of many, doubled kisses—
 This orient pearl His speech sticks in my heart

Cleo Mine ear must pluck it thence

Alex "Good friend," quoth he,
 "Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster, at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms, all the East,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress" So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arm gaunt steed,
 Who neigh'd so high that what I would have
 spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him

Cleo What was he sad or merry? 50
Alex Like to the time o' the year between the
 extremes

Of hot and cold he was nor sad nor merry

Cleo O well-divided disposition! Note him,
 Note him good Charmian, 'tis the man, but
 note him

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his, he was not merry,
 Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy, but between both
 O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes 60
 So does it no man else Met'st thou my posts?

Alex A madam twenty several messengers
 Why do you send so thick?

Cleo Who's born that day
 When I forget to send to Antony,
 Shall die a beggar Ink and paper, Charmian
 Welcome, my good Alexas Did I, Charmian
 Ever love Cæsar so?

Char O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo Be choked with such another emphasis!
 Say, the brave Antony

Char The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with Cæsar paragon again 71
 My man of men

Char By your most gracious pardon
 I sing but after you

Cleo My salad days
 When I was green in judgement, cold in blood
 To say as I said then! But, come, away,
 Get me ink and paper
 He shall have every day a several greeting
 Or I'll unpeople Egypt *[Exit]*

ACT II

SCENE I Messina Pompey's house

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES and MENAS, in war-
 like manner*

Pom If the great gods be just, they shall assist
 The deeds of justest men

Mene Know, worthy Pompey,
 That what they do delay, they not deny

Pom Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
 decays

The thing we sue for

Mene We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good, so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers

Pom I shall do well
 The people love me, and the sea is mine,
 My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to the full Mark Antony 11
In Egypt sits at dinner and will make
No wars without doors Caesar gets money
where

He loses hearts Lepidus flatters both
Of both ■ flatter d but he neither loves
Nor either cares for him

Men Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field a mighty strength they carry
Pom Where have you this? tis fal e

Men From Silvius sir
Pom He dreams I know they are in Rome
together

Looking for Antony But all the charms of
love,

Salt Cleopatra soften thy waned lip' 21
Let witchcraft join with beauty lust with
both'

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts
Keep his brain fuming Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe d dullness'

Enter VARRIUS

How now Varrius!
Var This is most certain that I shall deliver
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected since he went from Egypt tis 30
A space for further travel

Pom I could have given less matter
A better ear Menas I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn d his
helm

I or such a petty war His soldiership
Is twice the other twain but let us rear
The higher our opinion that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt s widow pluck
The ne er lust wearied Antony

Men I cannot hope
Caesar and Antony shall well greet together
His wife that s dead did trespasses to Caesar
His brother warr d upon him although I think
Not moved by Antony

Pom I know not Menas
How lesser enmities may give way to greater
Were t not that we stand up against them all
Twere pregnant they should square between
themselves

I or they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference we vet not know
Be t as our gods will have t' It only stands 30
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands
Come Menas [Exeunt

SCENE II Rome the house of Lepidus

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS

Lep Good Enobarbus tis a worthy deed
And shall become you well to entreat your cap-
tain

To soft and gentle speech

Eno I shall entreat him
To answer like himself If Caesar move him
Let Antony look over Caesar s head
And speak as loud as Mars By Jupiter
Were I the wearer of Antonius beard
I would not shave t to-day

Lep Tis not a time
For private stomaching

Eno Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in t

Lep But small to greater matters must give
way

Eno Not if the small come first

Lep Your speech is passion
But pray you stir no embers up Here comes
The noble Antony

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS

Eno And yonder Caesar

Enter CAESAR MECENAS and AGRIPPA

Ant If we compose well here to Parthia!
Hark Ventidius

Ces I do not know

Meccenas ask Agrippa

Lep Noble friends
That which combined us was most great and let
not

A leaner action rend us What s amiss
May it be gently heard when we debate 30

Our trivial diffidence loud we do commit
Murder in healing wounds then noble partners
The rather for I earnestly beseech

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
terms

Nor curstness grow to the matter

Ant Tis spoken well
Were we before our armies and to fight
I should do thus

Flourish

Ces Welcome to Rome

Ant Thank you

Ces Sit

Ant Sit sir

Ces Nay then

Ant I learn you take things all which are not so

Or being concern you not 30

Ces I must be laugh d at

If or for nothing or a little I

Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world, more laugh'd at that I
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me

Ant My being in Egypt, Caesar,

What was't to you?

Ces No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt, yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question

Ant How intend you, practis'd? 40

Ces You may be pleas'd to catch at mine
intent

By what did here befall me Your wife and brother

Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you you were the word of war

Ant You do mistake your business my brother
never

Did urge me in his yet I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach, 50
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this

Ces You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me but
You patch'd up your excuses

Ant Not so, not so,
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60
Which fronted mine own peace As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another
The third o' the world is yours, which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife
Eno Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women!

Ant So much uncurbable, her garboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet For that you must 70
But say, I could not help it

Ces I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria, you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience

Ant Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted Then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning, but next day
I told him of my self, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife, if we contend, 80
Out of our question wipe him

Ces You have bro't en
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with

Lep Soft, Caesar!
Ant No,

Lepidus, let him speak
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it But, on, Caesar,
The article of my oath

Ces To lend me arms and aid when I required
them,

The which you both denied
Ant Neglected rather,
And then when poison'd hours had bound me
up 90

From mine own knowledge As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you, but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
power

Work without it Truth is that Fulvia
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here,
For which my self, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case

Lep 'Tis noble spoken
Mec If it might please you, to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye to forget them quite 100
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you

Lep Worthily spoken, Meccenas
I no Or, if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey, return it again You shall
have time to wrangle in when you have nothing
else to do

Ant Thou art a soldier only, speak no more
Eno That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot 110

Ant You wrong this presence, therefore speak
no more

Eno Go to, then, your considerate stone
Ces I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech, for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it

Ag Give me leave Caesar—
Ces Speak Agrippa
Ag Thou hast a sister by the mother's side
 Admired Octavia Great Mark Antony 121
 Is now a widower
Ces Say not so Agrippa
 If Cleopatra heard you your reproof
 Were well deserved of rashness
Ant I am not married Caesar Let me hear
 Agrippa further speak
Ag To hold you in perpetual amity
 To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
 With an unshippin knot take Antony
 Octavia to his wife whose beauty claims 130
 No worse a husband than the best of men
 Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
 That which none else can utter By this marriage
 All little jealousies which now seem great
 And all great fears which now import their
 dangers
 Would then be nothing Truths would be tales
 Where now half tales be truths Her love to both
 Would reach to other and all loves to both
 Draw after her Pardon what I have spoke
 For tis a studied not a present thought 140
 By duty ruminated
Ant Will Caesar speak?
Ces Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already
Ant What power is in Agrippa
 If I would say Agrippa be it so
 To make this good?
Ces The power of Caesar and
 His power unto Octavia
Ant May I never
 To this good purpose that so fairly shows
 Dream of impediment? Let me have thy hand
 Further this act of grace and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150
 And sway our great designs!
Ces There is my hand
 A sister I bequeath you whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly Let her live
 To join our kingdoms and our hearts and never
 Fly off our loves again!
Lep Happily amen!
Ant I did not think to draw my sword against
 Pompey
 For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
 Of late upon me I must thank him only
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report
 At heel of that defy him
Lep Time calls upon us 160
 Of us must Pompey presently be sought
 Or else he seeks out us
Ant Where lies he?

Ces About the mount Misenum
Ant What is his strength by land?
Ces Great and increasing but by sea
 He is an absolute master
Ant So is the fame
 Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it
 Yet ere we put ourselves in arms dispatch we
 The business we have talk'd of
Ces With most gladness
 And do invite you to my sister's view 170
 Whither straight I'll lead you
Ant Let us Lepidus
 Not lack your company
Lep Noble Antony
 Not sickness should detain me
 [Flourish. *Exeunt* CESAR, ANTONY and LEPIDUS
Mec Welcome from Egypt sir
Eno Half the heart of Caesar worthy Mecæ-
 nas! My honourable friend Agrippa!
Ag Good Enobarbus!
Mec We have cause to be glad that matters are
 so well digested You stayed well by t'm
 Egypt 180
Eno Ay sir we did sleep day out of counte-
 nance and made the night light with drinking
Mec Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
 fast and but twelve persons there is this true?
Eno This was but as a fly by an eagle We had
 much more monstrous matter of feast which
 worthily deserved noting
Mec She's a most triumphant lady if report be
 square to her 190
Eno When she first met Mark Antony she
 purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus
Ag There she appeared indeed or my re-
 porter devised well for her
Eno I will tell you
 The barge she sat in like a burnish'd throne
 Burn'd on the water The poop was beaten gold
 Purple the sails and so perfumed that
 The winds were love sick with them the oars
 were silver
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster 201
 As amorous of their strokes For her own person
 It beggar'd all description she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 Or picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature On each side her
 Stood pretty dappled boys like smiling Cupids
 With dicers colour'd fans whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool
 And what they undid did
Ag O rare for Antony! 210
Eno Her gentlewomen like the Nereides
 So many mermaids tended her i' the eyes

And made their bends adornings At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers, the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That rarely frame the office I rom the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market place, did sit alone, 220
Whistling to the air, which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature

*Ag*r Rare Egyptian!

Eno Upon her landing Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper She replied
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard
speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart 230
For what his eyes eat only

*Ag*r Royal wench!

She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed
He plough'd her and she cropp'd

Eno I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street
And having lost her breath she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth

Mec Now Antony must leave her utterly

Eno Never, he will not

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240

Her infinite variety Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies, for vilest things

Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish

Mec If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him

*Ag*r Let us go

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 249

Whilst you abide here

Eno Humbly sir, I thank you [*Exeunt*

SCENE III The same Caesar's house

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA between them, and
Attendants

Ant The world and my great office will some-
times

Distend me from your bosom

Octa All which time

Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers

To them for you

Ant Good night, sir My Octavia,

Read not my blemishes in the world's report

I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule Good night, dear
lady

Good night, sir

Cæs Good night

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA*

Enter SOOTHSAYER

Ant Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in

Egypt?

Sooth Would I had never come from thence, 10

nor you

Thither!

Ant If you can, your reason?

Sooth I see it in

My motion have it not in my tongue, but yet

I lie you to Egypt again

Ant Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or
mine?

Sooth Cæsar's

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side

Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps
thee is

Noble, courageous, high unmatchable, 20

Where Cæsar's is not, but, near him, thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd there-
fore

Make space enough between you

Ant Speak this no more

Sooth To none but thee no more, but when to

thee

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to lose and, of that natural luck,

He beats thee against the odds Thy lustre

thickens,

When he shines by I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him,

But, he away, 'tis noble

Ant Get thee gone 30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him

[*Exit* SOOTHSAYER

He shall to Parthia Be it art or hap,

He hath spoken true The very dice obey him,

And in our sports my better cunning faints

Under his chance If we draw lots, he speeds,

His cocks do win the battle still of mine,

When it is all to nought, and his quails ever

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds I will to Egypt,

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

I' the East my pleasure lies

Enter VENTIDIUS

O, come, Ventidius, 40

You must to Parthia Your commission's ready,

Follow me, and receive't

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV *The same a street**Enter a MESSENGER**Enter LEPIDUS MEGENAS and AGRIPPA*

Lep Trouble yourselves no further pray you hasten

Your generals after

Agri Sir Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia and we'll follow

Lep Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress

Which will become you both farewell

Meg We shall
As I conceive the journey be at the Mount
Before you Lepidus

Lep Your way is shorter
My purposes do draw me much about
You'll win two days upon me

Meg Sir good success!
Agri {
Lep Farewell {*Exeunt* 10

SCENE V *Alexandria Cleopatra's palace**Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS and ALEXAS*

Cleo Give me some music music moods food
Of us that trade in love

Attend The music ho!

Enter MARDIAN the eunuch

Cleo Let it alone let's to billiards Come
Charmian

Char My arm is sore best play with Mardian

Cleo As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman Come you'll play with me
sir?

Mard As well as I can madam

Cleo And when good will is show'd though't
come too short

The actor may plead pardon I'll none now
Give me mine angle we'll to the river there
My music playing far off I will betray 11
Tawny fin'd fishes my bended hook shall
piece

Their slimy jaws and as I draw them up
I'll think them every one an Antony
And say Ah ha! you're caught

Char 'Twas merry when
You wagger'd on your angling when you dived
Did hang a salt fish on his hook which he
With fervency drew up

Cleo That time—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience and that night
I laugh'd him into patience and next morn' 12
Dre the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed
Then put my tires and mantles on him whilst
I wore his sword Philippan

O from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears
That long time have been barren

Mess Madam madam—

Cleo Antonius dead?—If thou say so villain

Thou kill'st thy mistress but well and free

If thou so yield him there is gold and here

My bluest veins to kiss a hand that kings

Have lipp'd and trembled kissing 13

Mess First madam he is well

Cleo Why there's more gold

But sirrah mark we use

To say the dead are well Bring it to that

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour

Down thy ill uttering throat

Mess Good madam hear me

Cleo Well go to I will

But there's no goodness in thy face If Antony

Be free and healthful—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
snakes 14

Not like a formal man

Mess Will't please you hear me?

Cleo I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak'st

Yet if thou say Antony lives is well

Or friends with Cæsar or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold and hail

Rich pearls upon thee

Mess Madam he is well

Cleo Well said

Mess And friends with Cæsar

Cleo Thou art an honest man

Mess Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever

Cleo Make thee a fortune from me

Mess But yet madam—

Cleo I do not like But yet it does allay 15

The good precedence lie upon But yet

But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor Prishee friend

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear

The good and bad together He's friends with

Cæsar

In state of health thou say'st and thou say'st
free

Mess Free madam! no I made no such re-
port

He's bound unto Octavia

Cleo For what good turn?

Mess For the best turn the best

Cleo I am pale Charmian

Mess Madam he's married to Octavia 16

Cleo The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
Strikes him down
Mess Good madam, patience
Cleo What say you? Hence,
Strikes him again
 Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
 Like balls before me, I'll unhair thy head
She takes him up and down
 Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
 brine,
 Smarting in lingering pickle
Mess Gracious madam,
 I that do bring the news made not the match
Cleo Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
 And make thy fortunes proud, the blow thou
 hadst
 Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage, 70
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside
 Thy modesty can beg
Mess He's married, madam
Cleo Rogue, thou hast lived too long
Draws a knife
Mess Nay, then I'll run
 What mean you, madam? I have made no fault
 [Exit
Char Good madam, keep yourself within your-
 self
 The man is innocent
Cleo Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt
 Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
 Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him
 Call 80
Char He is afraid to come
Cleo I will not hurt him
 [Exit CHARMIAN
 These hands do lack nobility that they strike
 A meaner than myself, since I myself
 Have given my self the cause
 Re-enter CHARMIAN and MESSENGER
 Come hither, sir
 Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news Give to a gracious message
 An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves when they be felt
Mess I have done my duty
Cleo Is he married?
 I cannot hate thee worse than I do, 90
 If thou again say "Yes"
Mess He's married, madam
Cleo The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
 there still?
Mess Should I lie, madam?
Cleo O, I would thou didst,
 So half my Egypt were submerged and made
 A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
 Thou wouldst appear most ugly He is married?
Mess I crave your Highness pardon
Cleo He is married?
Mess Take no offence that I would not offend
 you
 To punish me for what you make me do 100
 Seems much unequal He's married to Octavia
Cleo O, that his fault should make a knave of
 thee,
 That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence
 The merchandise which thou hast brought from
 Rome
 Are all too dear for me, lie they upon thy hand,
 And be undone by 'em! [Exit MESS
Char Good your Highness, patience
Cleo In praising Antony I have dispraised
 Caesar
Char Many times, madam
Cleo I am paid for't now
 Lead me from hence,
 I faint O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter 110
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
 Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
 Her inclination, let him not leave out
 The colour of her hair Bring me word quickly
 [Exit ALEXAS
 Let him for ever go, let him not—Charmian,
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 The other way 's a Mars Bid you Alexas
 [To MARDIAN
 Bring me word how tall she is Pity me, Char-
 mian,
 But do not speak to me Lead me to my chamber
 [Exit

SCENE VI Near Museum

*Flourish Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side,
 with drum and trumpet, at another, CAESAR, AN-
 TONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MEFENAS with
 Soldiers marching*
Pom Your hostages I have, so have you mine,
 And we shall talk before we fight
Caes Most meet
 That first we come to words, and therefore have
 we
 Our written purposes before us sent,
 Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us I now
 If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
 And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
 That else must perish here
Pom To you all three,
 The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods, I do not I now 120
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son and friends, since Julius Caesar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted
There saw you labouring for him What was t
That moed pale Cassius to conspire and what
Made the all honour d honest Roman Brutus
With the arm d rest courtiers of beauteous free
dom

To drench the Capitol but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it 19
Hath made me rig my navy at whose burthen
The anger d ocean foams with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father

Cæs Take your time
Ant Thou canst not fear us Pompey with thy
sails
We'll speak with thee at sea At land thou
know'st

How much we do o'er count thee
Pom At land indeed
Thou dost o'er count me of my father's house
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself
Remain in't as thou may'st

Lep Be pleased to tell us—
For this is from the present—how you take 30
The offers we have sent you

Cæs There's the point
Ant Which do not be entreated to but weigh
What 'tis worth embrac'd

Cæs And what may follow
To try a larger fortune

Pom You have made me offer
Of Sicily Sardinia and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates then to send
Measures of wheat to Rome this greed upon
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back
Our rarges undinted

Cæs Ant Lep That's our offer
Pom know then 40

I came before you here a man prepared
To take this offer but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience Though I lose
The praise of it by telling you must know
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly

Ant I have heard it Pompey
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you

Pom Let me have your hand
I did not think sir to have met you here 50

Ant The beds the East are soft and thanks
to you

That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither
For I have gain'd by't

Cæs Since I saw you last
There is a change upon you

Pom Well I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face
But in my bosom shall she never come
To make my heart her vassal

Lep Well met here
Pom I hope so Lepidus Thus we are agreed
I crave our composition may be written

And seal'd between us
Cæs That's the next to do 60

Pom We'll feast each other ere we part and
let's

Draw lots who shall begin

Ant That will I Pompey
Pom No Antony take the lot but first

Or last your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame I have heard that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there
Ant You have heard much

Pom I have fair meanings sir
Ant And fair words to them

Pom Then so much have I heard
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

Fno No more of that he did so
Pom What I pray you? 70

En? A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress
I met I know thee now How farest thou

soldier?
Eno Well

And well am like to do for I perceive
Four feasts are toward

Pom Let me shake thy hand
I never hated thee I have seen thee fight

When I have envied thy behaviour
Eno Sir

I never loved you much but I have praised ye
When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did
Pom Enjoy thy plainness 80

It nothing ill becomes thee
Aboard my gally I invite you all

Will you lead lords?
Cæs Ant Lep Show us the way sir

Pom Come
[Exeunt all but MENAS and ENOBARBUS]

Men [Aside] Thy father Pompey would ne'er
have made this treaty You and I have known
sir

Fno At sea I think

Men We have sir

Eno You have done well by water

Men And you by land 90

Eno I will praise any man that will praise me
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
land

Men Nor what I have done by water

Eno Yes, something you can deny for your own safety. You have been a great thief by sea.

Men And you by land.

Eno There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas. If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing. 101

Men All men's faces are true, whosoever their hands are.

Eno But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men No slander, they steal hearts.

Eno We came hither to fight with you.

Men For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune. 110

Eno If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men True, sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men Pray you, sir? 120

Eno 'Tis true.

Men Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation. 131

Men Who would not have his wife so?

Eno Not he that himself is not so, which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again. Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is, he married but his occasion here. 140

Men And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno I shall take it, sir. We have used our throats in Egypt.

Men Come, let's away. [Exeunt]

SCENE VII On board Pompey's galley, off
Museum.

Music plays. Enter two or three SERVANTS with a banquet.

1st Serv Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2nd Serv Lepidus is high-coloured.

1st Serv They have made him drink alms-drink.

2nd Serv As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "No more", reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1st Serv But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 11

2nd Serv Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

1st Serv To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGrippa, MEGANAS, ENOBARDUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant [To CÆSAR] Thus do they, sir, they take the flow o' the Nile. 20

By certain scales i' the pyramid they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean. If dearth Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises, as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep You've strange serpents there.

Ant Ay, Lepidus.

Lep Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun. So is your crocodile. 31

Ant They are so.

Pom Sir—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno Not till you have slept, I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things, without contradiction, I have heard that. 41

Men [Aside to POMPEY] Pompey, a word.

Pom [Aside to MENAS] Say in mine ear what is't?

Men [Aside to POMPEY] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom [Aside to MENAS] Forbear me till anon. 'Tis wine for Lepidus!

Lep What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth, it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs, it lives by that

which nourisheth it and the elements once out
of it it transmigrates 51

Lep What colour is it of?

Ant Of its own colour too

Lep 'Tis a strange serpent

Ant 'Tis so And the tears of it are wet

Ces Will this description satisfy him?

Ant With the health that Pompey gives him
else he is a very epicure

Pom [*Aside to MENAS*] Go hang sir hang!

Tell me of that away!

Do as I bid you Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men [*Aside to POMPEY*] If for the sake of merit
thou wilt hear me 61

Rise from thy stool

Pom [*Aside to MENAS*] I think thou art mad

The matter? [*Rises and walks aside*]

Men I have ever held my cap off to thy four
tunes

Pom Thou hast served me with much faith

What's else to say?

Pe jolly lords

Ant These quick sands Lepidus

keep off them for you sink

Men Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom What say'st thou?

Men Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice

Pom How should that be?

Men But entertain it 69

And though thou think me poor I am the man

Will give thee all the world

Pom I fast thou drunk well?

Men No Pompey I have kept me from the
cup

Thou art if thou darest be the earthly Jove

Whate'er the ocean pales or sky inclips

Is thine if thou wilt have it

Pom Show me which way

Men These three world sharers these com-
petitors

Are in thy vessel Let me cut the cable

And when we are put off fall to their throats

All there is thine

Pom Ah this thou shouldst have done

And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villainy 80

In thee 't had been good service Thou must
know

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour

Mine honour it Repent that in thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act being done un-

known

I should have found it afterwards well done

But must condemn it now Desist and drink

Men [*Aside*] For this

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more

Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis
offer'd

Shall never find it more

I am This health to Lepidus! 90

Ant Bear him ashore I'll pledge it for him

Pompey

Eno Here's to thee Menas!

Men Enobarbus welcome

Pom Fill till the cup be hid

Eno There's a strong fellow Menas

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries
off LEPIDUS*]

Men Why?

Eno A bears the third part of the world I man
see'st not?

Men The third part then is drunk Would it
were all

That it might go on wheels!

Eno Drink thou increase the reels 100

Men Come

Pom This is not yet an Alexandrian feast

Ant It ripens towards it Strike the vessels ho!

Here is to Caesar!

Ces I could well forbear it

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler

Ant Be a child in the time

Ces Possess it I'll make answer

But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one

Eno Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANTONY*]

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals

And celebrate our drink?

Pom Let's have that good soldier 111

Ant Come let's all take hands

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe

Eno All take hands

Make battery to our ears with the loud music

The while I'll place you then the boy shall sing

The holding every man shall bear as loud

As his strong sides can volley

Music plays ENOBARBUS places them hand in
hand

THE SONG

Come thou monarch of the vine 120

Plump Bacchus with pink eyne!

In thy fars our cares be drown'd

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd

Cup us till the world go round

Cup us till the world go round!

Ces What would you more? Pompey good
night Good brother

Let me request you off, our graver business
Frowns at this levity Gentle lords, let's part,
You see we have burnt our cheeks Strong Lno-
barb

Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks, the wild disguise hath
almost 131

Antick'd us all What needs more words? Good
night

Good Antony, your hand

Pom I'll try you on the shore

Ant And shall, sir, give's your hand

Pom O Antony,
You have my father's house—But, what? we are
friends

Come, down into the boat

Eno Take heed you fall not

[*Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS and MENAS*]

Menas, I'll not on shore

Men No, to my cabin

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows Sound and be hang'd,
sound out!

Sound a flourish, with drums

Eno Ho! say's a! There's my cap 141

Men Ho! Noble captain, come [*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I A plain in Syria

*Enter VENTIDIUS as if he were in triumph, with SILIUS,
and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers, the dead
body of PACORUS borne before him*

Ven Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck, and
now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

Make me revenger Bear the King's son's body

Before our army Thy Pacorus, Orodes,

Pays this for Marcus Crassus

Sil Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow, spur through

Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly, so thy grand captain Antony

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10

Put garlands on thy head

Ven O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough, a lower place, note well

May make too great an act, for learn this, Silius,

Better to leave undone, than by our deed

Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's

away

Cæsar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown, 19

Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour

Who does it the wars more than his captain can

Becomes his captain's captain, and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,

Than gain which darkens him

I could do more to do Antonius good,

But would offend him, and in his offence

Should my performance perish

Sil Thou hast, Ventidius that

Without the which a soldier and his sword,

Grants scarce distinction Thou wilt write to

Antony?

Ven I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30

That magical word of war we have effected,

How, with his banners and his well paid ranks,

The never-yet beaten horse of Parthia

We have jaded out o' the field

Sil Where is he now?

Ven He purposeth to Athens, whither, with

what haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit,

We shall appear before him On, there, pass

along! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II Rome an ante-chamber in

Cæsar's house

Enter ACRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS

at another

Agr What, are the brothers parted?

Eno They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is
gone,

The other three are sealing Octavia weeps

To part from Rome, Cæsar is sad, and Lepidus,

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled

With the green sickness

Agr 'Tis a noble Lepidus

Eno A very fine one O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark An-
tony!

Eno Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men

Agr What's Antony? The god of Jupiter 10

Eno Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar",
go no further

Agr Indeed he plied them both with excellent
praises

Eno But he loves Cæsar best, yet he loves An-
tony

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,

poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing number, ho!

His love to Antony But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down kneel down and wonder

Agr Both he loves

Eno They are his shards and he their beetle

[*Trumpets within*] So 20

This is to horse Adieu noble Agrippa

Agr Good fortune worthy soldier and fare well

Enter CESAR ANTONY LEPIDUS and OCTAVIA

Ant No further sir

Ces You take from me a great part of my self

Use me well in t Sister prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee and as my farthest band

Shall pass on thy approval Most noble Antony

Let not the piece of virtue which is set

Between us as the cement of our love

To keep it builded be the ram in batter 30

The fortress of it for better might we

Have loved without this mean if on both parts

This be not cherish d

Ant Make me not offended

In your distrust

Ces I have said

Ant You shall not find

Though you be therein curious the least cause

For what you seem to fear So the gods keep you

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends'

We will here part

Ces Farewell my dearest sister fare thee well

The elements be kind to thee and make 40

Thy spirits all of comfort fare thee well

Oct My noble brother'

Ant The Aprils in her eyes it is love's spring

And these the showers to bring it on Be cheerful

Oct Sir look well in my husband's house and—

Ces What

Octavia?

Oct I'll tell you in your ear

Ant Her tongue will not obey her heart nor can

Her heart inform her tongue—the swan's down feather

That stands upon the swell at full of tide

And neither way inclines 50

Eno [*Aside to AGRIPPA*] Will Caesar weep?

Agr [*Aside to ENOBARBUS*] He has a cloud in his face

Eno [*Aside to AGRIPPA*] He were the worse for that were he a horse

So is he being a man

Agr [*Aside to ENOBARBUS*] Why Enobarbus

When Antony found Julius Caesar dead

He cried almost to roaring and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain

Eno [*Aside to AGRIPPA*] That year indeed he was troubled with a rheum

What willingly he did confound he wail d

Believe t till I wept too

Ces No sweet Octavia

You shall hear from me still the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you

Ant Come sir come 61

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love

Look here I have you thus I let you go

And give you to the gods

Ces Adieu be happy'

Lep Let all the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way'

Ces Farewell farewell' [*Exeunt OCTAVIA*

Ant Farewell'

[*Trumpets sound Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Alexandria Cleopatra's palace*

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS and

ALEXAS

Cleo Where is the fellow?

Alex Half afeard to come

Cleo Go to go to

Enter the MESSENGER as before

Come hither sir

Alex Good Majesty

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleased

Cleo That Herod's head

I'll have but how when Antony is gone

Through whom I might command it? Come thou near

Mess Most gracious Majesty—

Cleo Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess Ay dread queen

Cleo Where? 10

Mess Madam in Rome

I look'd her in the face and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony

Cleo Is she as tall as me?

Mess She is not madam

Cleo Didst hear her speak? as she shrill tongued or low?

Mess Madam I heard her speak she is low voiced

Cleo That's not so good He cannot like her long?

Char Like her? O Isis!

Cleo I think so Ch impossible

dwarfish!

What majesty is in

If e'er thou look'st

Mess

She shows a body rather than a life,

A statue than a breather

Cleo Is this certain?

Mess Or I have no observance

Char Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note

Cleo He's very knowing,

I do perceive 't There's nothing in her yet

The fellow has good judgement

Char Excellent

Cleo Guess at her years, I prithee

Mess Madam,

She was a widow —

Cleo Widow? Charmian, hark 30

Mess And I do think she's thirty

Cleo Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess Round even to faultiness

Cleo For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so

Her hair, what colour?

Mess Brown, madam, and her forehead

As low as she would wish it

Cleo There's gold for thee

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill

I will employ thee back again, I find thee

Most fit for business Go make thee ready, 40

Our letters are prepared [*Exit MESSENGER*]

Char A proper man

Cleo Indeed he is so I repent me much

That so I harried him Why, methinks by him,

This creature's no such thing

Char Nothing, madam

Cleo The man hath seen some majesty, and should know

Char Hath he seen majesty? Is it else defend, And serving you so long!

Cleo I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian,

But 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write All may be well enough 50

Char I warrant you, madam [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV Athens A room in Antony's house

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA

Ant Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that— That were excusable, that and thousands more Of semblable import—but he hath waged New wars 'gainst Pompey, made his will, and read it

To public ear, Spoke scantily of me, when perforce he could not But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly He vented them, most narrow measure lent me, When the best hint was given him, he not took 't, Or did it from his teeth

Oct

O my good lord,

10

Believe not all, or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all A more unhappy lady.

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts

The good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray, O bless my lord and husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

"O, bless my brother!" I husband win, win

brother,

Pray'st, and destroy'st the prayer, no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all

Ant Gentle Octavia, 20

Let your best love draw to that point which seeks

Best to preserve it If I lose mine honour,

I lose myself better I were not yours

Than yours so branchless But, as you requested,

Yourself shall go between's The mean time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother Make your soonest haste,

So your desires are yours

Oct Thanks to my lord

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men 30

Should solder up the rift

Ant When it appears to you where this begins,

Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults

Can never be so equal that your love

Can equally move with them Provide your going,

Choose your own company, and command what cost

Your heart has mind to

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V The same another room

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting

Eno How now friend Eros!

Eros There's strange news come, sir

Eno What, man?

Eros Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey

Eno This is old What is the success?

Eros Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey, upon his own appeal, seizes him So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine

Eno Then world thou hast a pair of chaps no more
And throw between them all the food thou hast
They'll grind the one the other Where's Antony?

Eros He's walking in the garden—thus and spurns
The rush that lies before him cries Fool Lepidus!

And threatens the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey

Eno Our great navy's rigg'd 20

Eros For Italy and Cæsar More Domitius
My lord desires you presently my news
I might have told hereafter

Eno T will be naught

But let it be Bring me to Antony

Eros Come sir [Exit

SCENE VI *Rome Cæsar's house*

Enter CÆSAR AGRIPPA and MECÆNAS

Cæs Contemning Rome he has done all this and more

In Alexandria Here's the manner of't
I the market place on a tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned At the feet sat
Cæsarion whom they call my father's son
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them Unto her
He gave the establishment of Egypt made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus Lydia 10
Absolute queen

Mec This in the public eye?

Cæs I the common show place where they exercise

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings
Great Media Parthia and Armenia
He gave to Alexander to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria Cilicia and Phœnicia She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd and oft before gave audience
As tis reported so

Mec Let Rome be thus

Inform'd

Agri Who queasy with his insolence 20

Already will their good thoughts call from him
Cæs The people know it and have now received

His accusations

Agri Who does he accuse?

Cæs Cæsar and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd we had not rated him
His part o' the isle Then does he say he lent me
Some shipping unreturned Lastly he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be deposed and being that we detain
All his revenue

Agri Sir this should be answer'd 30

Cæs 'Tis done already and the messenger gone
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel
That he his high authority abused
And did deserve his change For what I have con-
quer'd

I grant him part but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms I
Demand the like

Mec He'll never yield to that

Cæs Nor must not then be yielded to in this

Enter OCTAVIA with her train

Oct Hail Cæsar and my lord! hail most dear
Cæsar! 39

Cæs That ever I should call thee castaway!

Oct You have not call'd me so nor have you
cause

Cæs Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear the trees by the way
Should have borne men and expectation faint'd
Longing for what it had not nay the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven 49
Raised by your populous troops But you are
come

A market maid to Rome and have prevented
The ostentation of our love which left unshown
Is often left unloved We should have met you
By sea and land supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting

Oct Good my lord
To come thus was I not constrain'd but did it
On my free will My lord Mark Antony
Hearing that you prepared for war acquainted
My griev'd ear withal whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return

Cæs Which soon he granted 60
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him

Oct Do not say so my lord

Cæs I have eyes upon him
And his affairs come to me on the wind
Where is he now?

Oct My lord in Athens

Cæs No my most wrong'd sister Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her He hath given his em-
pire

Up to a whore who now are levying
The kings on the earth for war He hath assem-
bled

Bocchus the King of Libya Archelaus

Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos, King 70
Of Paphlagonia, the Thracian king, Adallas,
King Malchus of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Jewry, Mithridates, King
Of Comagene, Polemon and Amyntas,
The Kings of Medea and Lycania,
With a more larger list of sceptres

On Alas me most wretched,
That have my heart parted between two friends
That do afflict each other!

Ces Welcome hither
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth, 79
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
Our your content these strong necessities,
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us. 90

Agr Welcome, lady
Alec Welcome, dear madam
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us

On Is it so, sir?
Ces Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister! 100
[Exeunt]

SCENE VII *Near Actium. Antony's camp**Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS*

Cleo I will be even with thee, doubt it not
Eno But why, why, why?

Cleo Thou hast forspoke my being in these
wars,
And say'st it is not fit

Eno Well, is it, is it?
Cleo If not denounced against us, why should
not we
Be there in person?

Eno [Aside] Well, I could reply
If we should serve with horse and mares to-
gether,
The horse were merely lost, the mares would
bear

A soldier and his horse

Cleo What is it you say? 10
Eno Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from s
time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traded for levity, and 'tis said in Rome
That Phornius an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war

Cleo Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear in the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind

Iro Nay, I have done 20
Here comes the Emperor

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS

Ant Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundisium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on't,
sweet?

Cleo Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent

Ant A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of
men,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea

Cleo By sea! what else?
Can Why, will my lord do so?

Ant For that he dares us to't 30
Eno So hath my lord dared him to single fight

Can Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey, but these
offers,

Which serve not for his advantage, he shakes off,
And so should you

Eno Your ships are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress, in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought
Their ships are yare, yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 40
Being prepared for land

Ant By sea, by sea

Eno Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land,
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security

Ant I'll fight at sea

Cleo I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better 50

Ant Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching *Cæsar* But if we fail
We then can do t at land

Enter a MESSENGER

Thy business?

Mess The news is true my lord he is descried
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*

Ant Can he be there in person? tis impossible
Strange that his power should be *Canidius*
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse We'll to our
ship
Away my *Thetis*!

Enter a SOLDIER

How now worthy soldier? 61

Sold O noble emperor do not fight by sea
Trust not to rotten planks Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the *Egyptians*

And the *Phœnicians* go a-ducking we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth
And fighting foot to foot

Ant Well well away!
[*Exeunt ANTONY CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS*]

Sold By *Hercules* I think I am the right
Can Soldier thou art but his whole action
grows
Not in the power on t So our leader's led 70
And we are women's men

Sold You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole do you not?

Can *Marcus Octavius* *Marcus Junius*
Publicola and *Cælius* are for sea
But we keep whole by land This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries beyond belief

Sold While he was yet in *Rome*
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguiled all spies

Can Who's his lieutenant hear you?

Sold They say one *Taurus*

Can Well I know the man

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess The Emperor calls *Canidius* 80

Can With news the time's with labour and
throes forth

Each minute some [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VIII A plain near Actium

Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS with his army
marching

Cæs *Taurus*!
Taur My Lord?

Cæs Strike not by land keep whole provoke
not battle

Till we have done at sea Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll our fortune lies
Upon this jump [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IX Another part of the plain

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS

Ant Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the
hill

In eye of *Cæsar's* battle from which place
We may the number of the ships behold
And so proceed accordingly [*Exeunt*]

SCENE X Another part of the plain

CANIDIUS marcheth with his last army one way
over the stage and *TAURUS* the lieutenant of
CÆSAR the other way After their going in is
heard the noise of a sea fight

Alarum *Enter ENOBARBUS*

Eno Naught naught all naught! I can behold
no longer

The *Antoniad* the Egyptian admiral
With all their sixty fly and turn the rudder
To see t mine eyes are blasted

Enter SCARUS

Scar Gods and goddesses
All the whole synod of them!

Eno What's thy passion?

Scar The greater canle of the world is lost
With very ignorance we have liss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces

Eno How appears the fire?

Scar On our side like the token'd pestilence
Where death is sure 'Yon ribaudred nag of
Egypt—

Whom leprosy or errake!—the mudst o' the
fight

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd

Both as the same or rather ours the elder

The breeze upon her like a cow in June

Hoists sails and flies

Eno That I beheld

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight and could not
Endure a further view

Scar She once being loof'd
The noble ruin of her magic *Antony*
Claps on his sea wing and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in heaven flies after her 21

I never saw an action of such shame

Experience manhood honour ne'er before

Did violate so itself

Eno Alack alack!

Enter CANIDIUS

Cam Our fortune on the sea is out of breath
And sinks most lamentably I had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well
O he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!

Ero Ay are you thereabouts?
Why, then, good night indeed 30

Cam Toward Peloponnesus are they fled
Scar 'Tis easy to't, and there I will attend
What further comes

Cam To Caesar will I render
My legions and my horse Six kings already
Show me the way of yielding

Ero I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason

Sits in the wind against me [Exit

SCENE VI Alexandria Cleopatra's
palace

Enter ANTONY with ATTENDANTS

Ant Hark! the land bids me tread no more
upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever I have a ship
Laden with gold, take that, divide it, fly,
And make your peace with Caesar

All Fly! not we

Ant I have fled myself, and have instructed
cowards

To run and show their shoulders Friends, be
gone,

I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you, be gone 10
My treasure's in the harbour, take it O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting Friends, be gone, you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness Take the hint
Which my despair proclaims, let that be left
Which leaves itself To the sea-side straightway,
I will possess you of that ship and treasure 21
Leave me, I pray, a little, pray you now
Nay, do so, for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you I'll see you by and by
Sits down

Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS,
EROS following

Eros Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him

Ir Do, most dear queen

Char Do! why, what else?

Cleo Let me sit down O Juno!

Ant No, no, no, no, no

Ir See you here, sir?

Ant O fie, fie, fie!

Ch Madam!

Ir Madam, O good empress!

Eros Sir, sir—

Ant Yes, my lord, yes, he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended He alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war, yet now—No
matter

Cleo Ah, stand by

Eros The Queen, my lord, the Queen

Ir Go to him, madam, speak to him,
He is unqualified with very shame

Cleo Well then, sustain me O!

Eros Most noble sir, arise, the Queen ap-
proaches

Her head's declined, and death will seize her,
but

Your comfort makes the rescue

Ant I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving

Eros Sir, the Queen

Ant O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? 50
See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour

Cleo O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd

Ant Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60
Command me

Cleo O, my pardon!

Ant Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleased,

Making and marring fortunes You did know
How much you were my conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause

Cleo Pardon, pardon!

Ant Fall not a tear, I say, one of them rates

All that is won and lost Give me a kiss, 70
Even this repays me We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead

Some wine within there and our vintands! For
tune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE XII *Egypt Caesar's camp*

Enter CESAR, DOLOBELLA, THYREUS with others

Ces Let him appear that's come from Antony
know you him?

Dol Caesar 'tis his schoolmaster
An argument that he is bluck'd when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing
Which had superfluous kungs for messengers
Not many moons gone by

Enter EUPHONIUS ambassador from Antony

Ces Approach and speak

Euph Such as I am I come from Antony

I was of late as petty to his ends

As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf

To his grand sea

Ces Be it so declare thine office to

Euph Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee and

Requires to live in Egypt which not granted

He lets his requests and to thee sues

To let him breathe between the heavens and
earth

A private man in Athens This for him
Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness
Submits her to thy might and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs
Now hazarded to thy grace

Ces For Antony

I have no ears to his request The Queen 10

Of audience nor desire shall fail so she

From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend

Or take his life there This if she perform

She shall not sue unheard So to them both

Euph Fortune pursue thee!

Ces Bring him through the bands

[*Exit EUPHONIUS*]

[*To THYREUS*] To try thy eloquence now 'tis
time dispatch

From Antony win Cleopatra promise

And in our name what she requires add more,

From thine invention offers Women are not

In their best fortunes strong but want will
perjure 30

The new touch'd vestal Try thy cunning Thy
reus

Make thine own edict for thy pains which we
Will answer as a law

Thyr Caesar I go

Ces Observe how Antony becomes his slave
And what thou think'st of his very action speaks
In every posture that moves

Thyr

Caesar I shall [*Exeunt*]

SCENE XIII *Alexandria Cleopatra's
palace*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN and
IRAS*

Cleo What shall we do Enobarbus?

Eno Think and die

Cleo Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno Antony only that would make his will
Lord of his reason What though you fled
From that great face of war whose several
ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then

Have nick'd his captainship at such a point

When half to half the world opposed he being

The meered question 'Twas a shame no less 10

Than was his loss to course your flying flags

And leave his navy gazing

Cleo Prithce, peace

Enter ANTONY with EUPHONIUS the Ambassador

Ant Is that his answer?

Euph Ay my lord

Ant The Queen shall then have courtesy so
she

Will yield us up

Euph He says so

Ant Let her know it

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head

And he will fill thy wishes to the brim

With principalities

Cleo That head my lord? 15

Ant To him again Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him from which the world should
note

Something particular His coin ships' legions

May be a coward's whose ministers would
prevail

Under the service of a child as soon

As the command of Caesar I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart

And answer me declined sword against sword

Ourselves alone I'll write it Follow me

[*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHONIUS*]

Eno [*Aside*] Yes like enough high barded 25

Caesar will

Unstate his happiness and be starr'd to the show

Against a sword! I see men's judgments are

A parcel of their fortunes and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them

To suffer all alike That he should dream

knowing all measures the full Caesar will

Answer his emptiness! Caesar thou hast sub-
dued

His judgment too

Enter an ATTENDANT

Att A messenger from Cæsar

Cleo What, no more ceremony? See, my women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds Admit him, sir 40

[*Exit ATTENDANT*]

Eno [*Aside*] Mine honesty, and I begin to square

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly, yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story

Enter THYREUS

Cleo Cæsar's will?

Thyr Hear it apart

Cleo None but friends, say boldly

Thyr So, haply, are they friends to Antony

Eno He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has, 50
Or needs not us If Cæsar please, our master

Will leap to be his friend For us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's

Thyr So

Thus then, thou most renown'd Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar

Cleo Go on right royal

Thyr He knows that you embrace not Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him

Cleo O!

Thyr The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved

Cleo He is a god and knows 60

What is most right Mine honour was not
yielded,

But conquer'd merely

Eno [*Aside*] To be sure of that,

I will ask Antony Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,

That we must leave thee to thy sinking for

Thy dearest quit thee [*Exit*

Thyr Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him? for he partly begs

To be desired to give It much would please him

That of his fortunes you should make a staff

To lean upon, but it would warm his spirits 70

To hear from me you had left Antony,

And put yourself under his shroud,

The universal landlord

Cleo What's your name?

Thyr My name is Thyreus

Cleo Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this in deputation

I kiss his conquering hand Tell him I am prompt
To lay my crown at's feet and there to kneel
I call him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt

Thyr 'Tis your noblest course

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can, 80

No chance may shake it Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand

Cleo Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS

Ant Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest
To have command obey'd

Eno [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd

Ant Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now,
gods and devils!

Authority n elts from me Of late, when I cried
"Ho!" 90

Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet

Enter Attendants

Take hence this Jack, and whip him

Eno [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's
whelp

Than with an old one dying

Ant Moon and stars!

Whip him Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here—what's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till like a boy, you see him cringe his face 100

And whine aloud for mercy Take him hence

Thyr Mark Antony!

Ant Tug him away Being whipp'd,
Bring him again, this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him

[*Exeunt Attendants with THYREUS*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you, ha!

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,

Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused

By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo Good my lord—

Ant You have been a boggler ever, 110
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—

O misery on t'—the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth drop our clear judgments
make us

Adore our errors laugh at s while we strut
To our confusion

Cleo O is t come to this?

Ant I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Cæsar s trencher nay you were a frag
ment

Of Cneius Pompey s besides what hotter hours

Unregister d in vulgar fame you have

Luxuriously pick d out for I am sure 120

Though you can guess what temperance should
be

You know not what it is

Cleo Wherefore is this?

Ant To let a fellow that will take rewards

And say God quit you! be familiar with

My play fellow your hand this kingly seal

And plighter of high hearts! O that I were

Upon the hill of Basan to outroar

The horned herd! for I have savage cause

And to proclaim it civilly were like

A halter d neck which does the hangman thank

For being you are about him

Re-enter ATTENDANTS with THYREUS

Is he whipp d? 131

1st Att Soundly my lord

Ant Cried he? and begg d a pardon?

1st Att He did ask favour

Ant If that thy father live let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter and be thou
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph since

Thou hast been whipp d for following him
henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee

Shake thou to look on — Get thee back to
Cæsar

Tell him thy entertainment Look thou say 140

He makes me angry with him for he seems

Proud and disdainful harping on what I am

Not what he knew I was He makes me angry

And at this time most easy tis to do r

When my good stars that were my former
guides

Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires

Into the abyss of hell If he mislike

My speech and what m done tell him he has

Hipparchus my enfranchised bondman whom

He may at pleasure whip or hang or torture

As he shall like to quit me Urge it thou 151

Hence with thy stripes begone! [*Exit THYREUS*]

Cleo Have you done yet?

Ant Alack our terrene moon

Is now eclipsed and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo I must stay his time

Ant To flatter Cæsar would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo Not know me yet?

Ant Cold hearted toward me?

Cleo Ah dear if I be so
From my cold heart let heav en engender hail
And poison it in the source and the first stone
Drop in my neck as it determines so 161

Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!

Till by degrees the memory of my womb

Together with my brave Egyptians all

By the discandy ing of this pelteted storm

Lie graveless till the flies and gnats of Nile

Have buried them for prey!

Ant I am satisfied

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria where

I will oppose his fate Our force by land

Hath nobly held our sever d navy too 170

Have knut again and fleet threatening most sea
like

Where hast thou been my heart? Dost thou
hear lady?

If from the field I shall return once more

To kiss these lips I will appear in blood

I and my sword will earn our chronicle

There s hope in t yet

Cleo That s my brave lord!

Ant I will be treble sinew d hearted breathed

And fight maliciously for when mine hours

Were nice and lucky men did ransom lives 180

Of me for jests but now I ll set my teeth

And send to darkness all that stop me Come

Let s have one other gaudy night Call to me

All my sad captains fill our bowls once more

Let s mock the midnight bell

Cleo It is my birth-day

I had thought to have held it poor but since my
lord

Is Antony again I will be Cleopatra

Ant We will yet do well

Cleo Call all his noble captains to my lord

Ant Do so we ll speak in them and to-night

I ll force 190

The wine peep through their scars Come on
my queen

There s sap in t yet The next time I do fight

I ll make death love me for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe

[*Exeunt all but CLEOPATRA*]

Eno Now he ll outstare the lightning To be
furious

Is to be frighted out of fear and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge and I see still

A diminution in our captain's brain
 Restores his heart When valour prevails on reason,
 It eats the sword it fights with I will seek 200
 Some way to leave him [Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I Before Alexandria Caesar's camp

Enter CESAR, ACRIPPA, and METRUS, with his
 Army, CESAR reading a letter

Ces He calls me boy, and chides, as he had
 power
 To beat me out of Egypt, my messenger
 He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal
 combat,

Cesar to Antony Let the old ruffian know
 I have many other ways to die, meantime
 Laugh at his challenge

Met Caesar must think,
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
 Even to falling Give him no breath but now
 Make boot of his distraction Never anger
 Made good guard for itself

Ces Let our best heads 10
 know that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight Within our files there are,
 Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in See it done,
 And feast the army, we have store to do't,
 And they have earn'd the waste Poor Antony!
 [Exeunt

SCENE II Alexandria Cleopatra's palace

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHAR-
 MIAN, IRAS, ALFAS, with others

Ant He will not fight with me, Domitius

Eno No

Ant Why should he not?

Eno He thinks, being twenty times of better
 fortune,

He is twenty men to one

Ant To-morrow, soldier,
 By sea and land I'll fight, or I will live

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
 Shall make it live again Woo't thou fight well?

Eno I'll strike, and cry, "Take all"

Ant Well said, come on
 Call forth my household servants, let's to-night
 Be bounteous at our meal

Enter three or four Servitors

Give me thy hand, 10
 Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
 Thou, and thou, and thou, you have served me
 well,
 And kings have been your fellows

Cleo [Aside to ENOBARBUS] What means this?

Eno [Aside to CLEOPATRA] 'Tis one of those odd
 tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind

Ant And thou art honest too

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony, that I might do you service

So good as you have done

All The gods forbid!

Ant Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
 night, 20

Scant not my cups, and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too,

And suffer'd my command

Cleo [Aside to ENOBARBUS] What does he
 mean?

Eno [Aside to CLEOPATRA] To make his fol-
 lowers weep

Ant Tend me to-night,

May be it is the period of your duty,

Haply you shall not see me more, or if,

A mangled shadow, perchance to-morrow

You'll serve another master I look on you

As one that takes his leave Mine honest friends, 30

I turn you not away, but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for't!

Eno What mean you, sir,
 To give them this discomfort? Look, they

weep,

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed For shame,

Transform us not to women

Ant Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
 friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,

For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire
 you

To burn this night with torches Know, my
 hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration [Exeunt

SCENE III The same before the palace

Enter TWO SOLDIERS to their guard

1st Sold Brother, good night, to-morrow is the
 day

2nd Sold It will determine one way, fare you
 well

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1st Sold Nothing What news?

2nd Sold Belie us but a rumour Good night
to you

1st Sold Well sir good night

Enter TWO other SOLDIERS

2nd Sold Soldiers have careful watch

3rd Sold And you Good night good night

They place themselves in every corner of the stage

4th Sold Here we And if to-morrow

Our navy thrive I have an absolute hope 10

Our landmen will stand up

3rd Sold 'Tis a brave army

And full of purpose

Music of the hautboys as under the stage

4th Sold 'Peace! what noise?

1st Sold List List!

2nd Sold Hark!

1st Sold Music: the air

3rd Sold Under the earth

4th Sold It signs well does it not?

3rd Sold No

1st Sold Peace I say!

What should this mean?

2nd Sold 'Tis the god Hercules whom Antony
loved

Now leaves him

1st Sold Walk let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do

They advance to another post

2nd Sold How now masters!

All *[Speaking together]* How now!

How now! do you hear this?

1st Sold Ay is't not strange? 20

3rd Sold Do you hear masters? do you hear?

1st Sold Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter

Let's see how it will give off

All Content 'Tis strange *[Exeunt]*

SCENE IV *The same a room in the palace*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN and
others attending*

Ant Eros! mine armour Eros!

Cleo Sleep a little

Ant No my chuck Eros come mine armour
Eros!

Enter EROS with armour

Come good fellow put mine iron on

If fortune be not ours to-day it is

Because we brave her Come

Cleo Nay I'll help too

What's this for?

Ant Ah let be let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart False false thus thus

Cleo Sooth I'll help Thus it must be

Ant

We shall thrive now Sc'est thou my good fellow?

Go put on thy defences

Eros Briefly, sir 10

Cleo Is not this buckled well?

Ant Rarely rarely

He that unluckies thus till we do please

To daff't for our repose shall hear a storm

Thou fumblest Eros and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou Dispatch O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day and

knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

A workman in't

Enter an armed SOLDIER

Good morrow to thee welcome

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike

charge

To business that we love we rise betime, 20

And go to't with delight

Sold A thousand sir

Early though't be have on their riveted trim

And at the port expect you

Shout Trumpets flourish

Enter CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS

Capt The morn is fair Good morrow general

All Good morrow general

Ant 'Tis well blown lads

This morning lil'd the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note begins betimes

So so come give me that This way well said

Fare thee well dame whatever becomes of me

This is a soldier's kiss rebukeable *[Kisses her]*

And worthy shameful check it were to stand

On more mechanic compliment I'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel You that will fight

Follow me close I'll bring you to ' Adieu

*[Exeunt ANTONY EROS CAPTAINS and
SOLDIERS]*

Char Please you retire to your chamber

Cleo Lead me

He goes forth gallantly That he and Caesar

might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony—but now—Well on *[Exeunt]*

SCENE V *Alexandria Antony's camp*

Trumpets sound Enter ANTONY and EROS a

SOLDIER meeting them

Sold The gods make this a happy day to An

tony!

Ant Would thou and those thy scars had once

prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels

Ant Who's gone this morning?

Sold Who?
One ever near thee Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee, or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine"

Ant What say'st thou?

Sold Sir,
He is with Cæsar

Eros Sir his chests and treasure 10
He has not with him

Ant Is he gone?

Sold Most certain

Ant Go, Eros, send his treasure after, do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee Write to him—
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings,
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI *Alexander Cæsar's camp*

Flourish Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENO-
BARBUS, and others

Cæs Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight
Our will is Antony be took alive,
Make it so known

Agr Cæsar, I shall [Exit]

Cæs The time of universal peace is near
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-hoof'd
world
Shall bear the olive freely

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Antony

Is come into the field

Cæs Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
Upon himself [*Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS*]

Eros Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony, there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony, for thus pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more

Enter a SOLDIER of CÆSAR'S

Sold Enobarbus Antony 20
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His bounty overplus The messenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules

Eros I give it you

Sold Mock not, Enobarbus

I tell you true Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host, I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't my self Your emperor
Continues still a Jove [Exit]

I no I am alone the villain of the earth, 30

And feel I am so most O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my
heart

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought, but thought will do 't, I
feel

I fight against thee! No! I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die, the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life [Exit]

SCENE VII *Field of battle between the camps*

Alarum Drums and trumpets Enter AGRIPPA
and others

Agr Retire, we have engaged ourselves too
far

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected [Exit]

Alarums Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded

Scar O my brave emperor, this is fought in-
deed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them
home

With clouts about their heads

Ant Thou bleed'st apace

Scar I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H

Ant They do retire

Scar We'll beat 'em into bench holes I have
yet

Room for six scotches more 10

Enter EROS

Eros They are beaten, sir, and our advantage
serves

For a fair victory

Scar Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares behind
'Tis sport to maul a runner

Ant I will reward thee

Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour Come thee on

Scar I'll halt after [Exit]

SCENE VIII *Under the walls of Alexandria*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY in a march, SCARUS with others

Ant We have beat him to his camp Run one before

And let the Queen know of our gestic To-morrow

Before the sun shall see s we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped I thank you all
For doughty handed are you and have fought
Not as you served the cause but ~~as~~ it had been
Each man s like mine you have shown all Hec-
tors

Enter the city clip your wives your friends
Tell them your feats whilst they with joyful
tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds and
kiss 10

The honour d gash's whole [*To SCARUS*] Give
me thy hand

Enter CLEOPATRA attended

To this great fair I'll commend thy acts
Make her thanks bless thee [*To CLEOPATRA*] O
thou day o the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck leap thou attire and all
Through proof of harness to my heart and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant My nightingale
We have beat them to their beds What girl!
though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown
yet ha we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves and can
Get goal for goal of youth Behold this man
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand
Kiss it my warrior He hath fought to-day
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape

Cleo I'll give thee friend
An armour all of gold it was a king's

Ant He has deserved it were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus ear Give me thy hand
Through Alexandria make a jolly march 30
Beat our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate
Which promises royal peril Trumpeters
With b'azen din blast you the city's ear
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together

Applauding our approach [*Exeunt* 39

SCENE IX *Cæsar's camp*

Sentinels at their post

1st Sold If we be not relieved within this hour
We must return to the court of guard The night
Is shyn and they say we shall embattle

By the second hour i the morn
2nd Sold This last day was
A shrewd one to s

Enter ENOBARBUS

Eno O bear me witness night—

3rd Sold What man is this?

n i Sold Stand close and list him

Eno Be witness to me O thou blessed moon

When men revolted shall upon record

Bear hateful memory poor Enobarbus did

Before thy face repent!

1st Sold Enobarbus!

3rd Sold Peace! 10

Hark further

Eno O sovereign mistress of true melancholy
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon
me

That life a very rebel to my will
May hang no longer on me Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault
Which being dried with grief will break to
powder

And finish all foul thoughts O Antony
Nobler than my revolt is infamous
Forgive me in thine own particular 20
But let the world rank me in register
A master leaver and a fugitive

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies*]

2nd Sold Let s speak

To him

1st Sold Let s hear him for the things he speaks

May concern Cæsar

3rd Sold Let s do so But he sleeps

1st Sold Swoons rather for so bad a prayer as
his

Was never yet for sleep

2nd Sold Go we to him

3rd Sold Awake sir awake speak to us

2nd Sold Hear you sir?

1st Sold The hand of death hath raught him

[*Drums afar off*] I hark! the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers Let us bear him 3!

To the court of guard he is of note Our hour

Is fully out

3rd Sold Come on then

He may recover yet [*Exeunt with the body*]

SCENE X *Between the two camps**Enter ANTONY and SCARUS with their Army**Ant* Their preparation is to-day by sea,*We* please them nor by land*Scar* For both my lord*Ant* I would they 'd fight in the fire or in the air,*We* 'd fight there too But thus it is, our foot*Upon* the hills adjoining to the city,*Shall* stay with us, order for sea is given,*They* have put forth the haven [Go we up]*Where* their appointment we may best discover,*And* look on their endeavour [Exeunt 9]SCENE XI *Another part of the same**Enter CÆSAR, and his Army**Cæs* But being charged, we will be still by land,*Which*, as I take 't, we shall, for his best force*Is* forth to man his galleys To the vales,*And* hold our best advantage [Exeunt]SCENE XII *Another part of the same**Enter ANTONY and SCARUS**Ant* Yet they are not join'd Where yond pine
does stand,*I* shall discover all I'll bring thee word*Straight*, how 'tis like to go [Exit]*Scar* Swallows have built*In* Cleopatra's sails their nests The augurers*Say* they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,*And* dare not speak their knowledge. Antony*Is* valiant, and dejected, and, by starts,*His* fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,*Of* what he has, and has not*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight**Re-enter ANTONY**Ant* All is lost,*This* foul Egyptian hath betrayed me 10*My* fleet hath yielded to the foe and yonder*They* cast their caps up and carouse together*Like* friends long lost Triple-turn'd whore 'tis*thou**Hast* sold me to this novice, and my heart*Makes* only wars on thee Bid them all fly,*For* when I am revenged upon my charm,*I* have done all Bid them all fly, begone

[Exit SCARUS]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more,*Fortune* and Antony part here, even here*Do* we shake hands All come to this? The hearts*That* spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave 21*Their* wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets*On* blossoming Cæsar, and this pine is bark'd,*That* overtopp'd them all Betray'd I am*O* this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm—*Whose* eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home,*Whose* bosom was my crown, my chief end—*Like* a right gipsy, hath at fast and loose*Beguiled* me to the very heart of loss*What*, Eros, Eros!*Enter CLEOPATRA**Ah*, thou spell! Avaunt! 30*Cleo* Why is my lord enraged against his love?*Ant* Vanish or I shall give thee thy deserving*And* blemish Cæsar's triumph Let him take thee*And* hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians*Follow* his chariot, like the greatest spot*Of* all thy sex, most monster-like, be shown*For* poor'st diminutives, for dolts, and let*Patient* Octavia plough thy visage up*With* her prepared nails

[Exit CLEOPATRA]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,*If* it be well to live, but better 'twere 40*Thou* fell'st into my fury, for one death*Might* have prevented many Eros ho!*The* shirt of Nessus is upon me Teach me,*Aleides* thou mine ancestor, thy rage*Let* me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon,*And* with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest*club**Subdue* my worthiest self The witch shall die*To* the young Roman boy she hath sold me and*I* fall*Under* this plot, she dies for 't Eros, ho! [Exit]SCENE XIII *Alexandria Cleopatra's palace**Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN**Cleo* Help me, my women! O, he is more mad*Than* Telamon for his shield, the boar of Thes-*saly**Was* never so emboss'd*Char* To the monument!*There* lock yourself, and send him word you are*dead**The* soul and body give not more in parting*Than* greatness going off*Cleo* To the monument!*Mardian*, go tell him I have slain my self,*Say*, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"*And* word it, prithee piteously Hence, Mardian,*And* bring me how he takes my death To the*monument!* [Exeunt 10]SCENE XIV *The same another room**Enter ANTONY and EROS**Ant* Eros, thou yet behold'st me?*Eros**Ay*, noble lord*Ant* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion
 A tower'd citadel a pendent rock
 A forked mountain or blue promontory
 With trees upon it that nod unto the world
 And mock our eyes with air Thou hast seen
 these signs

They are black vesper's pageants

Eros *As my lord*

Ant That which is now a horse even with a
 thought

The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct 10
 As water is in water

Eros It does my lord

Ant My good knave *Eros* now thy captain is
 Even such a body Here I am Antony
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape my knave
 I made these wars for Egypt and the Queen—
 Whose heart I thought I had for she had mine
 Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto it
 A million more now lost—she *Eros* has
 Pack'd cards with *Cæsar* and false play'd my
 glory

Unto an enemy's triumph 20

Nay weep not gentle *Eros* there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves

Enter MARDIAN

O thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword

Mard No Antony
 My mistress loved thee and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely

Ant Hence saucy cunuch peace!

She hath betray'd me and shall die the death

Mard Death of one person can be paid but once
 And that she has discharged What thou wouldst
 do

Is done unto thy hand The last she spake
 Was: Antony! most noble Antony! 30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of Antony it was divided
 Between her heart and lips She render'd life

Thy name so buried in her

Ant Dead then?

Mard Dead

Ant Unarm *Eros* the long day's task is done
 And we must sleep [*To MARDIAN*] That thou de-
 part st hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly go [*Exit MARDIAN*]

Off pluck off!

The even fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart O cleave my
 sides!

Heart once be stronger than thy contentment 40

Crack thy frail case! Apace *Eros* apace

No more a soldier Bruised pieces go

You have been nobly borne From me awhile

[*Exit EROS*]

I will undertake thee *Cleopatra* and
 Weep for my pardon So it must be for now
 All length is torture since the torch is out
 Lie down and stray no farther Now all labour
 Mars what it does yea very force entangles
 Itself with strength Seal then and all is done
Eros!—I come my queen—*Eros*!—Stay for me!
 Where souls do couch on flowers we'll hand in 51

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
 gaze

Dido and her *Aeneas* shall want troops

And all the haunt be ours Come *Eros* *Eros*!

Re enter EROS

Eros What would my lord?

Ant Since *Cleopatra* died,
 I have lived in such dishonour that the gods
 Detest my baseness I that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world and o'er green *Neptune's*
 back

With ships made cities condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman less noble mind 60

Than she which by her death our *Cæsar* tells

I am conqueror of myself Thou art sworn,
Eros

That when the exigent should come which
 now

Is come indeed when I should see befund me
 The inevitable prosecution of

Disgrace and horror that on my command
 Thou then wouldst kill me Do't the time is
 come

Thou strik'st not me tis *Cæsar* thou defeat at
 Put colour in thy cheek

Eros The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that which all the *Parthian* darts 70

Though enemy lost aim and could not?

Ant *Eros*

Wouldst thou be window'd in great *Rome* and
 see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms bending
 down

His corrigible neck his face subdued
 To penetrative shame whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate *Cæsar* drawn before him branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros I would not see it

Ant Come then for with a wound I must be
 cured

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
 worn

Most useful for thy country

Eros O sir pardon me! 80

Ant When I did make thee free, sworest thou
not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do *it* at once,
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed Draw, and come
Eros Turn from me, then, that noble counte-
nance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies

Ant Lo thee! [*Turning from him*]

Eros My sword *is* drawn

Ant Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it

Eros My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90

Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell

Ant 'Tis said, man, and farewell

Eros Farewell, great chief Shall I strike now?

Ant Now *Eros*

Eros Why, there then [*Kills himself*] Thus I
do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death

Ant Thrice-nobler than myself

Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what

I should, and thou couldst not My queen and

Eros

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record, but I will be 100

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't

As to a lover's bed Come, then, and, *Eros*,

Thy master dies thy scholar to do thus

Falling on his sword

I learn'd of thee How! not dead? not dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCEAS and GUARD

1st Guard What's the noise?

Ant I have done my work ill, friends O, make

an end

Of what I have begun

2nd Guard The star *is* fall'n

1st Guard And time *is* at his period

All Alas, and woe!

Ant Let him that loves me strike me dead

1st Guard Not I

2nd Guard Nor I 109

3rd Guard Nor any one [*Exeunt GUARD*]

Der Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers

fly

This sword but shewn to *Cæsar*, with this tid-

ings,

Shall enter me with him

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio Where's Antony?

Der There, *Diomed* there

Dio Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCEAS*]

Ant Art thou there, *Diomed*? Draw thy sword,

and give me

Sufficing strokes for death

Dio Most absolute lord,

My mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee

Ant When did she send thee?

Dio Now, my lord

Ant Where *is* she?

Dio Lock'd in her monument She had a

prophesying fear 120

Of what hath come to pass, for when she saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had disposed with *Cæsar*, and that your rage

Would not be purged, she sent you word she was

dead,

But fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,

I dread, too late

Ant Too late, good *Diomed* Call my guard, I

prithce

Dio What, ho, the Emperor's guard! The

guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls! 130

Enter four or five of the GUARD of Antony

Ant Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra*

bides,

'Tis the last service that I shall command you

1st Guard Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not

live to wear

All your true followers out

All Most heavy day!

Ant Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp

fate

To grace it with your sorrows Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly Take me up

I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all 140

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY*]

SCENE XV *The same a monument*

Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with

CHARMIAN and IRAS

Cleo O *Charmian*, I will never go from hence

Char Be comforted, dear madam

Cleo No, I will not

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise, our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes it

Enter, below, DIOMEDES

How now! *is* he dead?

Dio His death's upon him, but not dead

Look out o' the other side your monument
His guard have brought him thither

Enter below. ANTONY borne by the GUARD

Cleo O sun
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling
stand 10

The varying shore o' the world O Antony
Antony Antony! Help Charmian help Iras
help

Help friends below let's draw him hither
Ant Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself

Cleo So it should be that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony but woe 'tis so!

Ant I am dying Egypt dying only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 30
I lay upon thy lips

Cleo I dare not dear—
Dear my lord pardon—I dare not
Lest I be taken Not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me if knife drugs serpents
have

Edge sting or operation I am safe
Your wife Octavia with her modest eyes
And still conclusion shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me But come come Antony—
Help me my women—we must draw thee up
Assist good friends 31

Ant O quick or I am gone
Cleo Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness
That makes the weight Had I great Juno's
power

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
up

And set thee by Jove's side Yet come a little—
Wishers were ever fools—O come come come

They hear ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA
And welcome welcome! die where thou hast
lived

Quicken with kissing Had my lips that power
Thus would I wear them out

All A heavy sight! 40
Ant I am dying Egypt dying

Give me some wine and let me speak a little
Cleo No let me speak and let me rail so high

That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel

Provoked by my offence

Ant One word, sweet queen
Of Caesar seek your honour with your safety O!

Cleo They do not go together

Ant Gentle hear me
None about Caesar trust but Proculeius

Cleo My resolution and my hands I'll trust
None about Caesar 50

Ant The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o' the
world

The noblest and do now not basely die
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd Now my spirit is going
I can no more

Cleo Noblest of men woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60
In this dull world which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O see my women

[ANTONY dies]
The crown o' the earth doth melt My lord!
O wither'd is the garland of the war
The soldier's pole is fall'n young boys and girls
Are level now with men the odds is gone
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon [Faints]

Char O quietness lady!
Iras She is dead too our sovereign

Char Lady!
Iras Madam!

Char O madam madam madam!
Iras Royal Egypt 70

Empress
Char Peace peace Iras!
Cleo No more but even a woman and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stol'n our jewel All's but naught
Patience is sorrowsh and impatience does 80
Become a dog that's mad Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you women?
What what! good cheer! Why how now Cha-
mian!

My noble girls! Ah women women look,
Our lamp is spent it's out! Good sirs take
heart

We'll bury him and then what's brave what's
noble

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us Come away,
This case of that huge spirit now is cold
Ah, women women! come we have no friend

But resolution and the briefest end 91
*[Exeunt, those above bearing off
 Antony's body]*

ACT V

SCENE I Alexandria Caesar's camp

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MICHÆNAS,
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of
 war

Cæs Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield,
 Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
 The pauses that he makes

Dol Caesar, I shall *[Exit]*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY

Cæs Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
 darest

Appear thus to us?

Der I am call'd Dercetas,
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
 Best to be served Whilst he stood up and spoke,
 He was my master, and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him 10
 I'll be to Cæsar, if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life

Cæs What is't thou say'st?

Der I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead

Cæs The breaking of so great a thing should
 make

A greater crack The round world
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dead The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom, in the name lay
 A moiety of the world

Der He is dead, Cæsar 20
 Not by a public minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife, but that self hand
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend
 it,

Splitted the heart This in his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it, behold it stain'd

With his most noble blood

Cæs Look you sad, friends? 25
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings

Agr And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds

Mec His taints and honours 30
 Waged equal with him

Agr A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity, but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men Cæsar is touch'd

Mec When such a spacious mirror's set before
 him,

He needs must see himself

Cæs O Antony!
 I have follow'd thee to this, but we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine, we could not stall together
 In the whole world But yet let me lament, 40
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our
 stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this I hear me, good friends—
 But I will tell you at some meetest season

Enter an EGYPTIAN

The business of this man looks out of him, 50
 We'll hear him what he says Whence are you?

Egyp A poor Egyptian yet The Queen my
 mistress,

Confined in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forced to

Cæs Bid her have good heart
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourable and how kindly we
 Determine for her, for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungente

Egyp So the gods preserve thee! *[Exit]* 60

Cæs Come hither, Proculius Go and say,
 We purpose her no shame Give her what com-
 forts

The quality of her passion shall require,
 Lest in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
 She do defeat us, for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph Go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her

Pro Caesar, I shall *[Exit]*

Cæs Gallus, go you along *[Exit GALLUS]*
 Where's Dolabella,
 To second Proculius?

All Dolabella! 70

Cæs Let him alone, for I remember now
 How he's employ'd, he shall in time be ready
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war,
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writtings Go with me, and see
 What I can show in this *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II *Alexandria a room in the monument*

Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN and IRAS

Cleo My desolation does begin to make
A better life 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar,
Not being Fortune he's but Fortune's knave
A minister of her will and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change
Which sleeps and never palates more the dug
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's

*Enter to the gates of the monument PROCULEIUS
GALLUS and Soldiers*

Pro Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt
And bids thee study on what fair demands 10
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee

Cleo What's thy name?

Pro My name is Proculeius

Cleo Antony

Did tell me of you bade me trust you but
I do not greatly care to be deceived
That have no use for trusting If your master
Would have a queen his beggar you must tell
him

That majesty to keep decorum must
No less beg than a kingdom If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son
He gives me so much of mine own as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks

Pro Be of good cheer
You're fall'n into a princely hand fear nothing
Make your full reverence freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneel'd to

Cleo Pray you tell him
I am his fortune's vassal and I send him
The greatness he has got I hourly learn 30
A doctrine of obedience and would gladly
Look him in the face

Pro This I'll report dear lady
Have comfort for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it

Gal You see how easily she may be surprised

*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend
the monument by a ladder placed against a
window and having descended come behind
CLEOPATRA Some of the Guard unbar and open
the gates*

[To PROCULEIUS and the Guard] Guard her till
Cæsar come *[Exit*

Iras Royal queen!

Char O Cleopatra! thou art taken Queen

Cleo Quick quick good hands

Drawing a dagger

Pro Hold worthy lady hold

Seizes and disarms her

Do not yourself such wrong who are in this 40
Relieved but not betray'd

Cleo What of death too
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro Cleopatra

Do not abuse my master's bounty by

The undoing of yourself Let the world see

His nobleness well acted which your death

Will never let come forth

Cleo Where art thou Death?

Come hither come! Come come and take a
queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro O temperance lady!

Cleo Sir I will eat no meat I'll not drink sir

If idle talk will once be necessary 50

I'll not sleep neither This mortal house I'll
ruin

Do Cæsar what he can know sir that I

Will not wait prison'd at your master's court

Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia Shall they hoist me up

And show me to the shouting varletry

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus mud

Lay me stark naked and let the water flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60

My country's high pyramids my gibber

And hang me up in chains!

Pro You do extend

These thoughts of horror further than you

shall

Find cause in Cæsar

Enter DOLABELLA

Dol Proculeius

What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows

And he hath sent for thee For the Queen,

I'll take her to my guard

Pro So Dolabella,

It shall content me best Be gentle to her

[To CLEOPATRA] To Cæsar I will speak what you
shall please

If you'll employ me to him

Cleo Say I would die 70

[Exit PROCULEIUS and Soldiers]

Dol Most noble empress you have heard of
me?

Cleo I cannot tell

Dol Assuredly you know me

Cleo No matter, sir, what I have heard or known
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams,
Is it not your trick?

Dol I understand not, madam
Cleo I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol If it might please ye—
Cleo His face was as the heavens, and therein
stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
lighted 80
The little O, the earth

Dol Most sovereign creature—
Cleo His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Crested the world, his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends,
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't, an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above
The element they lived in. In his lively 90
Walk'd crowns and crowns, realms and islands
were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket
Dol Cleopatra!
Cleo Think you there was, or might be, such a
man

As thus I dream'd of?
Dol Gentle madam, no
Cleo You lie, up to the hearing of the gods
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy, yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite

Dol Hear me, good madam 100
Your loss is as yourself great, and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might
never

O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root

Cleo I thank you, sir
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol I am loath to tell you what I would you
knew

Cleo Nay, pray you, sir—
Dol I though he be honourable—

Cleo He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol Madam, he will, I know 't 110

*Flourish, and shout within, "Make way there
Cæsar!"*

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MÆCENAS,
SELEUCUS, and others of his train*

Cæs Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol It is the Emperor, madam

CLEOPATRA kneels

Cæs Arise, you shall not kneel

I pray you, rise, rise, Egypt

Cleo Sir, the gods
Will have it thus, my master and my lord
I must obey

Cæs Take to you no hard thoughts
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance

Cleo Sole sir o' the world, 120
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear, but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex

Cæs Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall
find

A benefit in this change, but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave

Cleo And may, through all the world, 'tis
yours, and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest,
shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord

Cæs You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra

Cleo This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel Here, madam 141

Cleo This is my treasurer, let him speak, my
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus
Sel Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not

Cleo What have I kept back?

Sel Enough to purchase what you have made
known

Cæs Nay, blush not, Cleopatra, I approve
Your wisdom in the deed

Cleo See, Cæsar! O, behold, 150

How pomp is follow'd mine will now be yours
And should we shift estates yours would be mine

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild O slave, of no more trust
Than love that s'hired! What goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back I warrant thee but I'll catch thine eyes
Though they had wings Slave soulless villain
dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs Good queen let us entreat you

Cleo O Cæsar what a wounding shame is this
That thou vouchsating here to visit me 160

Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy! Say good Cæsar
That I some lady trifles have reserved
Innoment toys things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal and say
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia to induce
Their mediation must I be unfolded 170

With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites
me

Beneath the fall I have [*To SELEUCUS*] Prithce
go hence,

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance Wert thou a
man

Thou wouldst have mercy on me

Cæs Forbear Seleucus
[*Exit SELEUCUS*]

Cleo Be it known that we the greatest are mis-
thought

For things that others do and when we fall
We answer others' merits in our name
Are therefore to be pitied

Cæs Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved nor what acknow-
ledged 180

Put we the roll of conquest still be yours
Bestow it at your pleasure and believe
Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold Therefore be
cheer'd

Make not your thoughts your prisons no dear
queen

For we intend so to dispose you
Yourself shall give us counsel Feed, and sleep
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend and so adieu

Cleo My master and my lord!

Cæs Not so Adieu 190
[*Flourish. Exit CÆSAR and his train*]

Cleo He words me girls he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself But hark thee Charmian
Whispers CHARMIAN

Irás Finish good lady the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark

Cleo Hie thee again
I have spoke already and it is provided

Go put it to the haste

Char Madam I will

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dol Where is the Queen?

Char Behold sir [*Exit*]
Cleo Dolabella!

Dol Madam am thereto sworn by your com-
mand

Which my love makes religion to obey
I tell you this Cæsar through Syria 200

Intends his journey and within three days

You with your children will be send before

Make your best use of this I have perform'd

Your pleasure and my promise

Cleo Dolabella

I shall remain your debtor

Dol I your servant

Adieu good queen I must attend on Cæsar

Cleo Farewell and thanks [*Exit DOLABELLA*]

Now Irás what think'st thou?

Thou an Egyptian puppet shalt be shown

In Rome as well as I Mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons rules and hammers shall

Uplift us to the view in their thick breaths,

Rank of gross diet shall we be enclouded

And forced to drink their vapour

Irás The gods forbid!

Cleo Nay tis most certain Irás saucy lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets and scald
rhymers

Ballad us our o'tune The quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us and present

Our Alexandrian revels Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220

I the posture of a whore

Irás O the good gods!

Cleo Nay that's certain

Irás I'll never see't for I am sure, my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes

Cleo Why that's the way

To fool their preparation and to conquer

Their most absurd intents

Re-enter CHARMIAN

Now Charmian!

Show me my women like a queen Go fetch

My best attires I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony Sirrah Iras, go
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed, 230
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave

To play till doomsday Bring our crown and all
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRAS A noise within]

Enter a GUARDSMAN

Guard Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence
He brings you figs

Cleo Let him come in [Exit GUARDSMAN
What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant, now the fleeting moon 240
No planet is of mine

Re-enter GUARDSMAN, with CLOWN bringing in
a basket

Guard This is the man

Cleo Avoid, and leave him

[Exit GUARDSMAN]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Crown Truly, I have him, but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him, for
his biting is immortal, those that do die of it do
seldom or never recover

Cleo Rememberest thou any that have died
on't? 249

Crown Very many, men and women too I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday,
a very honest woman, but something given to lie,
as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty,
how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,
truly, she makes a very good report of the worm
But he that will believe all that they say, shall never
be saved by half that they do But this is most fallible,
the worm's an odd worm

Cleo Get thee hence, farewell 260

Crown I wish you all joy of the worm

Sitting down his basket

Cleo Farewell

Crown You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind

Cleo Ay, ay, farewell

Crown Look you, the worm is not to be trusted
but in the keeping of wise people for, indeed,
there is no goodness in the worm

Cleo Take thou no care, it shall be heeded

Crown Very good Give it nothing, I pray
you, for it is not worth the feeding 271

Cleo Will it eat me?

Crown You must not think I am so simple but I
know the devil himself will not eat a woman I
know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the
devil dress her not But, truly, these same whore-
son devils do the gods great harm in their women,
for in every ten that they make, the devils mar
five

Cleo Well, get thee gone, farewell 280

Crown Yes, forsooth, I wish you joy o' the
worm [Exit]

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, &c

Cleo Give me my robe, put on my crown, I
have

Immortal longings in me Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this
lip

Yare yare, good Iras, quick Methinks I hear
Antony call, I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act, I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men 289

To excuse their after wrath I husband, I come
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air, my other elements

I give to baser life So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips
Farewell, kind Charmian, Iras, long farewell

Kisses them Iras falls and dies

Have I the spice in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest thou tell'st the world 300
It is not worth leave-taking

Char Dissolve thick cloud, and rain, that I may
say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo This proves me base
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have Come, thou mortal
wretch,

To an asp, which she applies to her breast
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass 310
Unpoliced!

Chr O eastern star!

Cleo Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char O break! O, break!

Cleo As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as light
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too

Applying another asp to her arm

What should I stay—

[Dies

Char In this vile world? So fare thee well

Now boast thee Death in thy possession lies

A lays unparallel'd Downy windows close

And golden Phoebus never be beheld

320

Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry

I'll mend it, and then play

Enter the GUARD rushing in

1st Guard Where is the Queen?

Char Speak softly wake her not

1st Guard Cæsar hath sent—

Char Too slow a messenger

Applies an asp

O come apace dispatch! I partly feel thee

1st Guard Approach ho! All's not well Cæsar's
beguiled

and Guard There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar
call him

1st Guard What work is here! Charmian is this
well done?

Char It is well done and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings

330

Ah soldier!

[Dies

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dol How goes it here?

and Curd All dead

Dol Cæsar thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this Thy self art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder

Within A way there a way for Cæsar!

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train marching

Dol O sir you are too sure an augurer

That you did fear is done

Cæs Bravest at the last

She level'd at our purposes and being royal 339

Took her own way The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed

Dol

Who was last with them?

1st Guard A simple countryman that brought
her figs

This was his basket

Cæs

Poison'd then

1st Guard

O Cæsar

This Charmian lived but now she stood and
spoke

I found her trumming up the diadem

On her dead mistress tremblingly she stood

And on the sudden dropp'd

Cæs

O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear

By external swelling but she looks like sleep

As she would catch another Antony

350

In her strong toil of grace

Dol

Here on her breast

There is a vent of blood and something blown

The like is on her arm

1st Guard This is an aspic's trail and these fig
leaves

Have slime upon them such as the aspic
leaves

Upon the caves of Nile

Cæs

Most probable

That so she died for her physician tells me

She hath pursued conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die Take up her bed

And bear her women from the monument

360

She shall be buried by her Antony

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous High events as these

Strike those that make them and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which

Brought them to be lamented Our army shall

In solemn show attend this funeral

And then to Rome Come Dolabella see

High order in this great solemnity [Exeunt

2 CORIOLANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS
 TITUS LARTIUS |
 COMINIUS | *generals against the Volscians*
 MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus*
 SICIPIUS VELUTUS |
 JUNIUS BRUTUS | *tribunes of the people*
 YOUNG MARCIUS, *son to Coriolanus*
 A ROMAN HERALD
 NICANOR, *a Roman*
 AN ADILE
 TWO PATRICIANS
 TWO OFFICERS
 A LIEUTENANT to Lartius
 TWO SENATORS
 SEVEN CITIZENS
 THREE MESSENGERS
 THREE SOLDIERS

A LIEUTENANT to Aufidius
 THREE CONSPIRATORS with Aufidius
 A CITIZEN of Antium
 TWO LORDS
 TWO SENTRIES
 TWO SENATORS
 THREE SOLDIERS
 ADRIAN, *a Volscian*
 THREE SERVANTS to Aufidius

VOLUNIMIA, *mother to Coriolanus*
 VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus*
 VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia*
 GENTLEWOMAN, *attending on Virgilia*

NON-SPEAKING *Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Soldiers, Citizens, Lictors, and Attendants*

SCENE *Rome and the neighbourhood, Corioli and the neighbourhood, Antium*

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians*

ACT I

SCENE I *Rome a street*

Enter a company of mutinous CITIZENS, with staves, clubs, and other weapons

1st Cit Before we proceed any further, hear me speak

All Speak, speak

1st Cit You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All Resolved, resolved

1st Cit First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people

All We know't, we know't

1st Cit Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price Is't a verdict?

All No more talking on't, let it be done

Away, away!

2nd Cit One word, good citizens

1st Cit We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good What authority surfeits on would relieve us, if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely, but they think we are too dear The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gain to them Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes, for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge

2nd Cit Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All Against him first, he's a very dog to the commonality

2nd Cit Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1st Cit Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud

2nd Cit Nay, but speak not maliciously

1st Cit I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue

2nd Cit What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him You must in no way say he is covetous

1st Cit If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations, he hath faults, with surplus, to ture in repetition [Shouts within] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen, why stay we prating here? To the Capitol!

All Come, come

1st Cit Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA

2nd Cit Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath always loved the people

1st Cit He s one honest enough would all the rest were so!

Men What work s my countrymen in hand? where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? speak I pray you

1st Cit Our business is not unknown to the Senate they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do which now we'll show em in deeds They say poor suitors have strong breaths they shall know we have strong arms too

Men Why masters my good friends mine honest neighbours

Will you undo yourselves?

1st Cit We cannot sir we are undone already

Men I tell you friends most charitable care Have the patricians of you For your wants Your suffering in this dearth you may as well 69 Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them Against the Roman state whose course will on The way it takes cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment For the dearth The gods not the patricians make it and Your knees to them not arms must help Alack You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you and you slander The helms o' the state who care for you like fathers

When you curse them as enemies 80

1st Cit Care for us! True indeed! they ne'er cared for us yet suffer us to famish and their store houses crammed with grain make edicts for usury to support usurers repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor If the wars eat us not up they will and there s all the love they bear us

Men Either you must 90

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious Or be accused of folly I shall tell you A pretty tale It may be you have heard it But since it serves my purpose I will venture To stale it a little more

1st Cit Well I'll hear it sir yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale But an't please you deliver

Men There was a time when all the body s members

Rebell'd against the belly thus accused it 100

That only like a gulf it did remain

I the midst o' the body idle and unactive

Still cupboarding the vizard never bearing

Like labour with the rest where the other instruments

Did see and hear devise instruct walk feel And mutually participate did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body The belly answer'd—

1st Cit Well sir what answer made the belly?

110

Men Sir I shall tell you With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs but even thus—

For look you I may make the belly smile As well as speak—it tauntingly replied To the discontented members the mutinous parts That envied his receipt even so most fitly As you malign our senators for that They are not such as you

1st Cit Your belly s answer? What? The kingly crowned head the vigilant eye The counsellor heart the arm our soldier 120 Our steed the leg the tongue our trumpeter With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric if that they—

Men What then? Fore me this fellow speaks What then? what then?

1st Cit Should by the cormorant belly be restrained

Who is the sink o' the body—

Men Well what then?

1st Cit The former agents if they did complain What could the belly answer?

Men I will tell you If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—

Patience awhile you'll hear the belly s answer

1st Cit Ye're long about it

Men Note me this good friend Your most grave belly was deliberate Not rash like his accusers and thus answer'd True is it my incorporate friends quoth he

That I receive the general food at first Which you do live upon and fit it is Because I am the store house and the shop Of the whole body But if you do remember I send it through the rivers of your blood Even to the court the heart to the seat o' the brain 140

And through the cranks and offices of man The strongest nerves and small inferior veins From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live and though that all at once, You my good friends—this says the belly mark me—

1st Cit Ay sir well well

Men Though all at once cannot See what I do deliver out to each Yet I can make my audit up that all

From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran " What say you to't?
1st Cit It was an answer How apply you
this? 151

Men The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members, for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things
rightly

Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves What do you
think,

You, the great toe of this assembly?

1st Cit I the great toe! Why the great toe?

Men For that, being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest, 161

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost,
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS

Hail, noble Marcus!

Mar Thanks What's the matter, you dis-
sententious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1st Cit We have ever your good word 170

Mar He that will give good words to thee will
flatter

Beneath abhorring What would you have, you
curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud He that trusts to
you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,

Where foxes, geese You are no surer, no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun Your virtue is

To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it Who deserves
greatness 180

Deserves your hate, and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes Hang ye!

Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble Senate, who, 190
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seek-
ing?

Men For corn at their own rates, whereof,
they say,

The city is well stored

Mar Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol, who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines, side factions and
give out

Conjectural marriages, making parties strong
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes They say there's
grain enough! 200

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves as high
As I could pick my lance

Men Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded,

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly But, I beseech
you,

What say's the other troop?

Mar They are dissolved, hang 'em!
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must
eat,

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods
sent not 211

Corn for the rich men only With these shreds
They vented their complainings, which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—
To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale—they threw
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation

Men What is granted them?

Mar Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,
Of their own choice One's Junius Brutus, 220
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—"Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me It will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater
themes

For insurrection's arguing

Men This is strange

Mar Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a MESSENGER hastily

Mess Where is Caius Marcius?

Mar Here. What's the matter?

Mess The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms.

Mar I am glad on't. Then we shall have means to vent

Our trusty superfluity. See, our best elders

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other SENATORS JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS

1st Sen Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us 231

The Volscians are in arms

Mar They have a leader

Tullius Aufidius, that will put you to it

I am in envying his nobility

And were I any thing but what I am

I would wish me only he

Com You have fought together

Mar Were half to half the world by the ears and he

Upon my party. I'd revolt to make

Only my wars with him. He is a lion

That I am proud to hunt

1st Sen Then worthy Marcius 240

Attend upon Cominius to these wars

Com It is your former promise

Mar Sir, it is

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, show

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullius' face

What art thou stiff? stand st out?

Tit No, Caius Marcius

I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t' other

Ere stay behind this business

Men O true bred!

1st Sen Your company to the Capitol, where I know

Our greatest friends attend us

Tit [To COMINIUS] Lead you on

[To MARCIUS] Follow Cominius, we must follow you 250

Right worthy you, priority

Com Noble Marcius!

1st Sen [To the CITIZENS] Hence to your homes be gone!

Mar Nay, let them follow

The Volscians have much corn, take these rats thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners

Your valour puts well forth. Pr'y follow

[CITIZENS steal away. *Exeunt all but*

SICINIUS and BRUTUS

Sic Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru He has no equal

Sic When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic Nay, but his taunts

Bru Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods 260

Sic Be mock the modest moon

Bru The present wars devour him. He is grown

Too proud to be so valiant

Sic Such a nature

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius

Bru Fame at the which he aims

In whom already he's well graced, can not

Better be held nor more attain'd than by

A place below the first, for what miscarries 270

Shall be the general fault, though he perform

To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure

Will then cry out of Marcius, 'O, if he

Had borne the business!'

Sic Besides, if things go well

Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall

Of his demerits rob Cominius

Bru Come

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius

Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed

In ought he merit not

Sic Let's hence and hear 280

How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes

Upon this present action

Bru Let's along [Exeunt

SCENE II. *Coriol. the Senate house*

Enter TULLIUS AUFIDIUS and certain SENATORS of Coriol.

1st Sen So, your opinion is, Aufidius

That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels

And know how we proceed

Auf Is it not yours?

What ever have been thought on in this state

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome

Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone

Since I heard thence, these are the words. I think

I have the letter here, yes, here it is

[Reads] They have press'd a power, but it is not known

Whether for east or west. The death is great 30

The people mutinous, and it is rumour'd

Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy

Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,

These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent Most likely 'tis for you,
Consider of it "

1st Sen Our army's in the field
We never yet made doubt but Rome was
ready

To answer us

Auf Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences 'til'd till when 20
They needs must show themselves, which in the
harching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
To take in many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot

2nd Sen Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission, hie you to your bands,
Let us alone to guard Corioli
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army, but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepared for us

Auf O, doubt not that, 30
I speak from certainties Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward I leave your honours
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more

All The gods assist you!

Auf And keep your honours safe!

1st Sen Farewell

2nd Sen Farewell

All Farewell [Exeunt.]

SCENE III *Rome a room in Marcius' house*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA They set them
down on two low stools, and sew

Vol I pray you, daughter, sing, or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort If my son
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that
absence wherein he won honour than in the em-
bracements of his bed where he would show most
love When yet he was but tender-bodied and
the only son of my womb, when youth with come-
liness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day
of lings' entreaties a mother should not sell him
an hour from her beholding, I, considering how
honour would become such a person, that it was
no better than picture-like to hang by the wall if
renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him
seek danger where he was like to find fame To
a cruel war I sent him, from whence he returned,
his brows bound with oak I tell thee, daughter,
I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a
man child than now in first seeing he had proved
himself a man 19

Vir But had he died in the business, madam,
how then?

Vol Then his good report should have been
my son, I therein would have found issue Hear
me profess sincerely had I a dozen sons, each in
my love alike and none less dear than thine and
my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die
nobly for their country than one voluptuously
surfeit out of action

Enter a GENTLEWOMAN

Gent Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to
visit you

Vir Beseech you, give me leave to retire my-
self 30

Vol Indeed, you shall not

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning
him

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome " His bloody
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire

Vir His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome

[Exit GENTLEWOMAN]

Vir Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee
And tread upon his neck 50

Enter VALERIA, with an Usher and GENTLE-
WOMAN

Val My ladies both, good day to you

Vol Sweet madam

Vir I am glad to see your lady ship

Val How do you both? you are manifest house-
keepers What are you sewing here? A fine spot,
in good faith How does your little son?

Vir I thank your lady ship, well, good madam

Vol He had rather see the swords and hear a
drum than look upon his schoolmaster 61

Val O my word, the father's son I'll swear,
'tis a very pretty boy O' my troth, I looked
upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together,
has such a confirmed countenance I saw him
run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught
it, he let it go again, and after it again, and

over and over he comes and up again caught it again or whether his fall enraged him or how twas he did so set his teeth and tear it O I warrant how he mammoocked it! 71

Vol One on s father s moods

Val Indeed la tis a noble child

Vir A crack madam

Val Come lay aside your stitchery I must have you play the idle huswife with me thus after noon

Vir No good madam I will not out of doors

Val Not out of doors!

Iol She shall she shall 80

Vir Indeed no by your patience I ll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars

Val Fie you confine yourself most unreasonably Come you must go visit the good lady that lies in

Vir I will wish her speedy strength and visit her with my prayers but I cannot go thither

Vol Why I pray you?

Vir Tis not to save labour nor that I want love 91

Val You would be another Penelope Yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths Come I would your cambric were sensible as your finger that you might leave pricking it for pity Come you shall go with us

Vir No good madam pardon me indeed I will not forth

Val In truth la go with me and I ll tell you excellent news of your husband 101

Vir O good madam there can be none yet

Val Verily I do not jest with you there came news from him last night

Vir Indeed madam?

Val In earnest its true I heard a senator speak it Thus in the Volscies have an army forth against whom Cominius the general is gone with one part of our Roman power Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars This is true on mine honour and so I pray go with us

Vir Give me excuse good madam I will obey you in everything hereafter

Vol Let her alone lady As she is now she will but disease our better mirth

Val In troth, I think she would Fare you well then Come good sweet lady Prithce Virgilia turn thy solemnness out o door and go along with us 121

Vir No at a word madam indeed I must not I wish you much mirth

Val Well then farewell

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV Before Corioli

Enter with drum and colours MARCIUS TITUS LARTIUS Captains and Soldiers To them a MESSENGER

Mes Yonder comes news A wager they have met

Lart My horse to yours no

Mes Tis done

Lart Agreed

Mes Say has our general met the enemy?

Mes They lie in view but have not spoke as yet

Lart So the good horse is mine

Mes I ll buy him of you

Lart No I ll nor sell nor give him lend you him I will

For half a hundred years Summon the town

Mes How far off lie these armies?

Mes Within this mile and half

Mes Then shall we hear their larum and they ours

Now Mars I prithce make us quick in work 10 That we with smoking swords may march from hence

To help our fielded friends! Come blow thy blast

They sound a parley Enter TWO SENATORS with others on the walls

Tullus Aufidius is he within your walls?

1st Sen No nor a man that fears you less than he

That s lesser than a little [Drums afar off]

Hark! our drums

Are bringing forth our youth We ll break our walls

Rather than they shall pound us up Our gates Which yet seem shut we have put pinn d with rushes

They ll open of themselves [Alarm afar off]

Hark you far off!

There is Aufidius list what work he makes 20 Amongst your cloven army

Mes O they are at it!

Lart Their noise be our instruction Ladders ho!

Enter the army of the Volscies

Mes They fear us not but issue forth their city

Now put your shields before your hearts and fight

With hearts more proof than shields Advance brave Titus

They do disdain us much bey ond our thoughts

Which makes me sweat with wrath Come on,
my fellows'

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsee,
And he shall feel mine edge

Alarm The Romans are beat back to their trenches

Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing

Mar All the contagion of the south light on
you, 30
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind, back red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe 39
And make my wars on you Look to't, come on!
If you'll stand fast, we'll bear them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed

*Another alarm The Volscies fly, and MARCIUS
follows them to the gates*

So, now the gates are open Now prove good
seconds,

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers Mark me, and do the like
Enters the gates

1st Sol Fool-hardiness, not I Nor I
and Sol

MARCIUS is shut in

1st Sol See, they have shut him in

All To the pot, I warrant him

Alarm continues

Re enter TITUS LARTIUS

Lart What is become of Marcius?

All Slain, sir doubtless

1st Sol Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters, who upon the sudden, 50
Clapp'd to their gates He is himself alone,

To answer all the city

Lart O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stands up Thou art left,
Marcius

A carbuncle entire as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, 59
Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy

1st Sol Look, sir

Lart O, 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike

[*They fight, and all enter the city*]

SCENE V *Corioli a street*

Enter certain ROMANS, with spoils

1st Rom This will I carry to Rome

2nd Rom And I this

3rd Rom A murrain on't! I took this for silver

Alarm continues still afar off

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a trumpet

Mar See here these movers that do prize their
hours

At a crack'd drachma! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,

Ere yet the fight be done, pack up Down with
them!

And hark, what noise the general makes! To
him! 10

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans, then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste

To help Cominius

Lart Worthy sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath been too violent

For a second course of fight

Mar Sir, praise me not,
My work hath yet not warm'd me, fare you well
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me To Aufidius thus 20
I will appear, and fight

Lart Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell

Lart Thou worthiest Marcius!

[*Exit MARCIUS*]

Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind Away!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI *Near the camp of Cominius*

Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with soldiers

Com Breathe you, my friends Well fought, we
are come off

Like Romans neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire Believe me sirs
We shall be charged again Whiles we have
struck

By interims and conveying gusts we have
heard

The charges of our friends Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own
That both our powers with smiling fronts en
countering
May give you thankful sacrifice

Enter a MESSENGER

Thy news?

Mess The citizens of Corioli have issued 10
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle
I saw our party to their trenches driven
And then I came away

Com Though thou speak st truth
Methinks thou speak st not well How long is t
since?

Mess Above an hour my lord

Com Tis not a mile briefly we heard their
drums

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour
And bring thy news so late?

Mess Spies of the Volscies
Field me in chase that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about else had I sir 20
Half an hour since brought my report

Com Who s yonder
That does appear as he were slay d? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius and I have
Before time seen him thus

Mar [Within] Come I too late?

Com The shepherd knows not thunder from a
rabor

More than I know the sound of Marcius tongue
From every meaner man

Enter MARCIUS

Mar Come I too late?

Com Ay if you come not in the blood of
others

But mantled in your own

Mar O let me clip ye
In arms as sound as when I woo d in heart 30
As merry as when our nuptial day was done
And tapers burn d to bedward!

Com Flower of warriors
How is t with Titus Lartius?

Mar As with a man busied about decrees
Condemning some to death and some to exile
Ransoming him or pitying threatening the
other

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,

Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash
To let him slip at will

Com Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your
trenches?

Where is he? call him hither

Mar Let him alone
He did inform the truth But for our gentlemen
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!—
The mouse ne er shunn d the cat as they did
budg e

From rascals worse than they

Com But how prevail d you?
Mar Will the time serve to tell? I do not
think

Where is the enemy? are you lords o the field?
If not why cease you till you are so?

Com Marcius

We have at disadvantage fought and did
Retire to win our purpose

Mar How lies their battle? know you on
which side 50

They have placed their men of trust?

Com As I guess Marcius
Their bands t the vaward are the Antiates
Of their best trust o er them Aufidius
Their very heart of hope

Mar I do beseech you
By all the battles wherein we have fought
By the blood we have shed together by the vows
We have made to endure friends that you di
rectly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates
And that you not delay the present but 60
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts
We prove this very hour

Com Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you yet dare I never
Deny your asking Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action

Mar Those are they
That most are willing If any such be here—
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear d if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report 70

If any think brave death outweighs bad life
And that his country s dearer than himself
Let him alone or so many so minded
Wave thus to express his disposition
And follow Marcius

*They all shout and wave their swords like him
up in their arms and cast up their caps*
O me alone! make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward which of you
But is four Volscies? none of you but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his A certain number, 80
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all, the
 rest
 Shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd Please you to march,
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclined
Com March on, my fellows
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us [Exeunt]

SCENE VII The gates of Corioli

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli,
 going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS
 and GAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a LIEUTENANT,
 other Soldiers, and a Scout

Lart So, let the ports be guarded, keep your
 duties,
 As I have set them down If I do send, dispatch
 Those centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
 For a short holding If we lose the field,
 We cannot keep the town

Lieu Fear not our care, sir
Lart Hence, and shut your gates upon's
 Our guider, come, to the Roman camp conduct
 us [Exeunt]

SCENE VIII A field of battle

*Alarum as in battle Enter, from opposite sides,
 MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS*

Mar I'll fight with none but thee, for I do
 hate thee
 Worse than a promise-breaker
Auf We hate alike
 Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
 More than thy fame and envy Fix thy foot
Mar Let the first budger die the other's slave,
 And the gods doom him after!

Auf If I fly, Marcus,
 Holloa me like a hare

Mar Within these three hours, Tullus,
 Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
 And made what work I pleased 'Tis not my
 blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd, for thy revenge
 Wrench up thy power to the highest

Auf Wert thou the Hector 11
 That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
 Thou shouldst not scape me here

*They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of
 AUFIDIUS MARCIUS fights till they be driven
 in breathless*

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
 In your condemned seconds [Exeunt]

SCENE IX The Roman camp

*Flourish Alarum A retreat is sounded Flourish
 Enter, from one side, COMINIUS with the ROMANS,
 from the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a
 scarf*

Com If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
 work,

Thou'dst not believ' thy deeds, but I'll report it
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
 Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
 I' the end admire, where ladies shall be frighted,
 And, gladly quaked, hear more, where the dull
 tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
 Shall say against their hearts, "We thank the
 gods

Our Rome hath such a soldier "

Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
 Having fully dined before

*Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from
 the pursuit*

Lart O general,
 Here is the steed, we the caparison
 Hadst thou beheld—

Mar Pray now, no more My mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me grieves me I have done
 As you have done, that's what I can, induced
 As you have been, that's for my country
 He that has but effected his good will
 Hath overta'en mine act

Com You shall not be
 The grave of your deserving, Rome must know
 The value of her own 'Twere a concealment 21
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
 To hide your doings, and to silence that,
 Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
 Would seem but modest, therefore, I beseech
 you—

In sign of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done—before our army hear me

Mar I have some wounds upon me, and they
 smart

To hear themselves remember'd

Com Should they not,
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
 And tent themselves with death Of all the
 horses,

Whereof we have ta'en good and good store,
 of all

The treasure in this field achieved and city,
 We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
 Before the common distribution, at
 Your only choice

Mar I thank you general
 But cannot make my heart consent to take
 A bribe to pay my sword I do refuse it
 And stand upon my common part with those
 That have beheld the doing 40
A long flourish They all cry *Marcus'*
Marcus' cast up their caps and lances
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare
Mar May these same instruments which you
 profane
 Never sound more when drums and trumpets
 shall
 I the field prove flatterers let courts and cities be
 Made all of false faced soothing
 When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk
 Let him be made a coverture for the wars
 No more I say For that I have not wash'd
 My nose that bled or foil'd some debile wretch—
 Which without note here many else have
 done—

You shout me forth 50
 In acclamations hyperbolical
 As if I loved my little should be dieted
 In praises sauced with lies

Com Too modest are you
 More cruel to your good report than grateful
 To us that give you truly By your patience
 If against yourself you be incensed we'll put
 you

Like one that means his proper harm in manacles
 Then reason safely with you Therefore be it
 known

As to us to all the world that Caius Marcus 59
 Wears this war's garland in token of the which
 My noble steed know to the camp I give him
 With all his trim belonging and from this time
 For what he did before Corioli call him
 With all the applause and clamour of the host
 Caius Marcus Coriolanus' Bear
 The addition nobly ever!

Flourish Trumpets sound and drums

All Caius Marcus Coriolanus'

Cor I will go wash

And when my face is fair you shall perceive 70
 Whether I blush or no Howbeit I thank you
 I mean to stride your steed and at all times
 To undercrest your good addition
 To the fairness of my power

Com So to our tent
 Where ere we do repose us we will write
 To Rome of our success You Titus Lartius
 Must to Corioli back Send us to Rome
 The best with whom we may articulate,
 For their own good and ours

Lart I shall my lord

Cor The gods begin to mock me I that now

Refused most princely gifts am bound to beg 80
 Of my lord general

Com Take it as yours What is't?

Cor I sometime lay here in Corioli

At a poor man's house he used me kindly

He cried to me I saw him prisoner

But then Aufidius was within my view

And wrath overwhelm'd my pity I request you

To give my poor host freedom

Com O well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son he should

Be free as is the wind Deliver him Titus

Lart Marcus his name?

Cor By Jupiter! forgot

I am weary yea my memory is tired 91

Have we no wine here?

Com Go we to our tent

The blood upon your visage dries 'tis time

It should be look'd to Come [Exeunt]

SCENE X The camp of the Volsces

A flourish Cornets Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS
bloody with two or three SOLDIERS

Auf The town is taken!

1st Sol 'Twill be deliver'd back on good con-
 dition

Auf Condition!

I would I were a Roman for I cannot

Being a Volscer be that I am Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I the part that is at mercy? Five times Marcus

I have fought with thee so often hast thou beat

me

And wouldst do so I think should we encounter

As often as we eat By the elements 10

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard

He's mine or I am his Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't it had for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force

True sword to sword I'll porch at him some

way

Or wrath or craft may get him

1st Sol He's the devil

Auf Bolder though not so subtle My va-
 lour's poison'd

With only suffering stain'd by him for him

Shall fly out of itself Nor sleep nor sanctuary

Being naked sick nor sanc nor Capitol 20

The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice

Embarquements all of fury shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcus Where I find him were it

At home upon my brother's guard even there,

Against the hospitable canon would I

Wash my fierce hand in his heart Go you to the

city

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must

Be hostages for Rome

1st Sol Will not you go?

Auf I am attended at the cypress grove I pray you—

'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither

How the world goes, that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey

1st Sol I shall sir

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I *Rome a public place*

Enter MENENIUS with the two Tribunes of the people, SICINIUS and BRUTUS

Men The augurer tells me we shall have news to night

Bru Good or bad?

Men Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius

Sic Nature teaches beasts to know their friends

Men Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic The lamb

Men Ay, to devour him, as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius

Bru He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear

Men He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you

Both Well, sir

Men In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all

Sic Especially in pride

Bru And topping all others in boasting

Men This is strange now Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

Both Why, how are we censured?

Men Because you talk of pride now—will you not be angry?

Both Well, well, sir, well

Men Why, 'tis no great matter, for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures, at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru We do it not alone, sir

Men I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single, your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone You talk of pride O that you could turn your eyes toward

the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could!

Bru What then, sir?

Men Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome

Sic Menenius, you are known well enough too

Men I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't, said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion, one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I cannot call you Lyncurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables, and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your bisson conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru Come, sir, come, we know you well enough

Men You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then rejoin the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing All the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves You are a pair of strange ones

Bru Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary benchman in the Capitol

Men Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle Yet you must be saying Marcius is proud, who, in a cheap estimation, is

worth all your predecessors since Deucalion though peradventure some of the best of em were hereditary hangmen God den to your worships More of your conversation would infect my brain being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians I will be bold to take my leave of you
[BRUTUS and SICINIUS go aside]

Enter VOLUMNIA VIRGILIA and VALERIA

How now my as fair as noble ladies—and the moon were she earthly no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 109

Val Honourable Menenius my boy Marcius approaches for the love of Juno let s go

Men Ha! Marcius coming home!

Val Ay worthy Menenius and with most prosperous approbation

Men Take my cap Jupiter and I thank thee Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Val Sir Nay tis true

Val Look here s a letter from him the state hath another his wife another and I think there s one at home for you 120

Men I will make my very house reel tonight A letter for me!

Vir Yes certain there s a letter for you I saw t

Men A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health in which time I will make a lip to the physician The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricall and to this preservative of no better report than a horse drench Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded 131

Vir O no no no

Val O he is wounded I thank the gods for t

Men So do I too if it be not too much Brings a victory in his pocket? the wounds become him

Val On s brow s Menenius he comes the third time home with the oal en garland

Men Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Val Titus Lartius writes they fought together but Aufidius got off 141

Men And twas time for him too I ll warrant him that An he had stay ed by him I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli and the gold that s in them Is the Senate possessed of this?

Val Good ladies let s go Yes yes yes the Senate has letters from the general wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly 151

Val In troth there s wondrous things spoke of him

Men Wondrous! ay I warrant you and not

without his true purchasing

Vir The gods grant them true!

Val True! pow wow

Men True! I ll be sworn they are true Where is he wounded? [To the TRIBUNES] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home he has more cause to be proud Where is he wounded?

Val I the shoulder and i the left arm There will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i the body

Men One i the neck and two i the thigh—there s nine that I know

Val He had before this last expedition twenty five wounds upon him 170

Men Now it s twenty seven Every gash was an enemy s grave [A shout and flourish] Hark! the trumpets

Val These are the ushers of Marcius Before him he carries noise and behind him he leaves tears

Death that dark spirit in s nervy arm doth lie Which being advanced declines and then men die

A sennet Trumpets sound Enter COMINIUS the general and TITUS LARTIUS between them CORIOLANUS crown ed with an oaken garland with Captains and Soldiers and a HERALD

Her Know Rome that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates where he hath won 180

With fame a name to Carus Murcius these In honour follows Coriolanus

Welcome to Rome renowned Coriolanus!

Flourish

All Welcome to Rome renowned Coriolanus!

Cor No more of this it does offend my heart

Pray now no more

Com

Look sir your mother!

Cor

O

You have I know petition d all the gods

For my prosperity! [Kneels]

Val Nay my good soldier up

My gentle Marcius worthy Caius and

By deed achieving honour newly named— 190

What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?

But O thy wife!

Cor

My gracious silence hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh d had I come coffin d home

That weep st to see me triumph? Ah my dear

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear

And mothers that lack sons

Men

Now the gods crown thee!

Cor And live you yet? [*To VALERIA*] O my
sweet lady, pardon

Vol I know not where to turn O, welcome
home,

And welcome, general, and ye're welcome all

Men A hundred thousand welcomes I could
weep 200

And I could laugh, I am light and heavy Wel-
come

A curse begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee! You are three

That Rome should dote on, yet, by the faith of
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that
will not

Be grafted to your relish Yet welcome, warriors

We call a nettle but a nettle and

The faults of fools but folly

Com Ever right

Cor Menenius ever, ever

Her Give way there, and go on!

Cor [*To VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA*] Your
hand, and yours 210

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited,

From whom I have received not only greetings,

But with them change of honours

Vol I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes

And the buildings of my fancy Only

There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not
but

Our Rome will cast upon thee

Cor Know, good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way

Than sway with them in theirs

Com On, to the Capitol! 220

[*Flourish* *Cornets* *Exeunt in state, as
before* *BRUTUS and SICINIUS come
forward*]

Bru All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacl'd to see him Your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry

While she chats him, the kitchen malkin pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,

Clambering the walls to eye him, stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed

With variable complexions, all agreeing

In earnestness to see him Seld-shown flamens

Do press among the popular throngs and puff 230

To win a vulgar station, our veil'd dames

Commit the war of white and damask in

Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses, such a pother

As if that whatsoever god who leads him

Were slily crept into his human powers

And give him graceful posture

Sic

On the sudden,

I warrant him consul

Bru

Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep

Sic

He cannot temperately transport his hon-
ours 240

From where he should begin and end, but will

Lose those he hath won

Bru

In that there's comfort

Sic

Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they

Upon their ancient malice will forget

With the least cause these his new honours,
which

That he will give them make I as little question

As he is proud to do't

Bru

I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear i' the market-place nor on him put

The napless vesture of humility, 250

Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds

To the people, beg their stinking breaths

Sic

'Tis right

Bru It was his word O, he would miss it
rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles

Sic

I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution

Bru

'Tis most like he will

Sic It shall be to him then as our good wills,

A sure destruction

Bru

So it must fall out

To him or our authorities For an end, 260

We must suggest the people in what hatred

He still hath held them, that to's power he
would

Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders,
and

Disproportioned their freedoms, holding them,

In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world

Than camels in the war, who have their provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows

For sinking them

Sic

This, as you say, suggested

At some time when his soaring insolence 270

Shall touch the people—which time shall not
want,

If he be put upon 't, and that's as easy

As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire

To kindle their dry stubble, and their blaze

Shall darken him for ever

Enter a MESSENGER

Bru What's the matter?
Mess You are sent for to the Capitol 'Tis
 thought

That Marcius shall be consul
 I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
 The blind to hear him speak. Matrons flung
 gloves

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers
 Upon him as he pass'd. The nobles bended 281
 As to Jove's statue and the commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts
 I never saw the like

Bru Let's to the Capitol
 And carry with us ears and eyes for the time
 But hearts for the event

Sir Have with you *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II *The same the Capitol*

Enter TWO OFFICERS to lay cushions

1st Off Come come they are almost here. How
 many stand for consulships?

2nd Off Three they say but 'tis thought of
 every one Coriolanus will carry it

1st Off That's a brave fellow but he's valen-
 ance proud and loves not the common people

2nd Off Faith there have been many great men
 that have flattered the people who ne'er loved
 them and there be many that they have loved
 they know not wherefore so that if they love
 they know not why they hate upon no better a
 ground therefore for Coriolanus neither to care
 whether they love or hate him manifests the true
 knowledge he has in their disposition and out of
 his noble carelessness lets them plainly see it

1st Off If he did not care whether he had their
 love or no he waded indifferently twixt doing
 them neither good nor harm but he seeks their
 hate with greater devotion than they can render
 it him and leaves nothing undone that may fully
 discover him their opposite. Now to seem to
 affect the malice and displeasure of the people is
 as bad as that which he dislikes to flatter them
 for their love

2nd Off He hath deserved worthily of his coun-
 try and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as
 those who having been supple and courteous to
 the people bonneted without any further deed
 to have them at all into their estimation and re-
 port. But he hath so planted his honours in their
 eyes and his actions in their hearts that for their
 tongues to be silent and not confess so much were
 a kind of ingrateful injury to report otherwise
 were a malice that giving itself the lie would

pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that
 heard it

1st Off No more of him he's a worthy man
 Make way they are coming 40

*A sennet Enter with Lactors before them COM-
 NIUS the consul MENENIUS CORIOLANUS SENA-
 TORS SICIPIUS and BRUTUS The SENATORS take
 their places the Tribunes take their places by them-
 selves CORIOLANUS stands*

Men Having determined of the Volscies and
 To send for Titus Lartius it remains
 As the main point of this our after meeting
 To gratify his noble service that
 Hath thus stood for his country, therefore please
 you

Most reverend and grave elders to desire
 The present consul and last general
 In our well found successes to report
 A little of that worthy work perform'd
 By Caius Marcius Coriolanus whom 50
 We met here both to thank and to remember
 With honours like himself

1st Sen Speak good Cominius
 Leave nothing out for length and make us think
 Rather our state's defective for requital
 Than we to stretch it out *[To the Tribunes]* Mas-
 ters of the people

We do request your kindest ears and after
 Your loving motion toward the common body
 To yield what passes here

Sir We are consented
 Upon a pleasing treaty and have hearts
 Inclined to honour and advance 60
 The theme of our assembly

Bru Which the rather
 We shall be blest to do if he remember
 A kinder value of the people than
 He hath hereto prized them at

Men That's off that's off
 I would you rather had been silent Please you
 To hear Cominius speak?

Bru Most willingly
 But yet my caution was more pertinent
 Than the rebuke you give me

Men He loves your people
 But tie him not to be their bedfellow
 Worthy Cominius speak *[CORIOLANUS offers to
 go away]* Nay keep your place 70

1st Sen Sir Coriolanus never shame to hear
 What you have nobly done

Cor Your honours pardon
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again
 Than hear say how I got them

Bru Sir I hope
 My words disbench'd you not

Cor No, sir, yet oft,
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from words
 You soothed not, therefore hurt not, but your people,
 I love them as they weigh
Men Pray now, sit down
Cor I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun
 When the alarm was struck than idly sit 80
 To hear my nothings monster'd [Exit
Men Masters of the people,
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
 That's thousand to one good one—when you now see
 He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
 Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius
Com I shall lack voice, the deeds of Coriolanus
 Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
 That valour is the chiefest virtue and
 Most dignifies the haver, if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world 90
 Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others. Our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers. Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene, 100
 He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since
 He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home. He stopp'd the fliers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport, as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd 110
 And fell below his stem. His sword, death's stamp,
 Where it did mark, it took, from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was timed with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck
 Corioli like a planet, now all's his
 When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce 119
 His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quick'n'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he, where he did

Run recking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil, and till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting
Men Worthy man!
1st Sen He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which w^e devise him
Com Our spoils he kick'd at,
 And look'd upon things precious as they were
 The common muck of the world. He covets less
 Than misery itself would give, rewards 121
 His deeds with doing them, and is content
 To spend the time to end it
Men He's right noble
 Let him be call'd for
1st Sen Call Coriolanus
1st Off He doth appear

Re-enter CORIOLANUS

Men The Senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
 To make thee consul
Cor I do owe them still
 My life and services
Men It then remains
 That you do speak to the people
Cor I do beseech you,
 Let me o'erleap that custom for I cannot 140
 Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them
 For my wounds' sake to give their suffrage
 Please you
 That I may pass this doing
Sir Sir, the people
 Must have their voices, neither will they bate
 One jot of ceremony
Men Put them not to't
 Pray you, go fit you to the custom and
 Take to you, as your predecessors have,
 Your honour with your form
Cor It is a part
 That I shall blush in acting, and might well
 Be taken from the people
Bru Mark you that? 150
Cor To brag unto them, "Thus I did, and thus",
 Show them the unaching scars which I should
 hide,
 As if I had received them for the hire
 Of their breath only!
Men Do not stand upon't
 We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
 Our purpose to them, and to our noble consul
 Wish we all joy and honour
Senators To Coriolanus come all joy and hon-
 our! [Flourish of cornets. Exit all but SICI-
 NIUS and BRUTUS
Bru You see how he intends to use the people

Sir May they perceive s intent! He will require them 160

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give

Bru Come we ll inform them
Of our proceedings here On the market place
I know they do attend us [Exeunt

SCENE III *The same the Forum*

Enter seven or eight CITIZENS

1st Cit Once if he do require our voices we ought not to deny him

2nd Cit We may sir if we will

3rd Cit We have power in ourselves to do it but it is a power that we have no power to do for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds we a e to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them so if he tell us his noble deeds we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them Ingratitude is monstrous and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude of the which we being members should bring ourselves to be monstrous members

1st Cit And to make us no better thought of a little help will serve for once we stood up about the corn he himself struck not to call us the many headed multitude

3rd Cit We have been called so of many not that our head are some brown, some black some auburn some bald but that our wits are so diversely coloured and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull they would fly east west north south and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points of the compass

2nd Cit Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3rd Cit Nay your wit will not so soon out as another man s will tis strongly wedged up in a block head but if it were at liberty twould sure southward

2nd Cit Why that way?

3rd Cit To lose itself in a fog where being three parts melted away with rotten dew the fourth would return for conscience sake to help to get thee a wife

2nd Cit You are never without your tricks you may you may 39

3rd Cit Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that s no matter the greater part carries it I say if he would incline to the people there was never a worthier man

Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility with MENENIUS

Here he comes and in the gown of humility

mark his behaviour We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands by ones by twos and by threes He s to make his requests by particulars wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues therefore follow me and I ll direct you how you shall go by him

All Content content [Exeunt CITIZENS

Men O sir you are not right Have you not known

The worthiest men have done t?

Cor What must I say?

I pray sir —Plague upon t! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace Look sir My wounds!

I got them in my country s service when Some certain of your brethren roar d and ran 59 From the noise of our own drums

Men O me the gods!

You must not speak of that You must desire them

To think upon you

Cor Think upon me! Hang em!

I would they would forget me like the virtues Which our divines lose by em

Men You ll mar all

I ll leave you Pray you speak to em, I pray you

In wholesome manner [Exit

Cor Bid them wash their faces

And keep their teeth clean [Re-enter two of 4 CITIZENS] So here comes a brace [Re-enter a THIRD CITIZEN]

You know the cause sir of my standing here

3rd Cit We do sir tell us what hath brought you to t 10

Cor Mine own desert

2nd Cit Your own desert!

Cor Ay but not mine own desire

3rd Cit How not your own desire?

Cor No sir twas never my desire yet in trouble the poor with begging

3rd Cit You must think if we give you any thing we hope to gain by you

Cor Well then I pray your price of th consul ship? 80

1st Cit The price is to ask it kindly

Cor Kindly! Sir I pray let me ha s I have wounds to show you which shall be yours in private Your good voice sir what say you?

1st Cit You shall ha t worthy sir

Cor A march sir There s in all two worthy voices begged I have your alms a lie

3rd Cit But this is something odd

2nd Cit An twere to give again—but tis no matter [Exeunt the THREE CITIZENS 90

Re-enter two other CITIZENS

Cor Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown

4th Cit You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly

Cor Your enigma?

4th Cit You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends, you have not indeed loved the common people 99

Cor You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle. And since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitedly, that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul

5th Cit We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily

4th Cit You have received many wounds for your country

Cor I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further

Both Cit The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! *[Exeunt]*

Cor Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve, 120
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve
Why in this woolly shog should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to 't
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do 131

Re-enter three CITIZENS more

Here come more voices

Your voices! For your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices, for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd, battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of, for your voices have
Done many things, some less, some more. Your voices

Indeed, I would be consul

6th Cit He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice 140

7th Cit Therefore let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All Cit Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! *[Exeunt]*

Cor Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS

Men You have stood your limitation, and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice. Remains that, in the official marks invested, you anon do meet the Senate

Cor Is this done?

Sic The custom of request you have discharged. The people do admit you, and are summon'd 151
To meet anon, upon your approbation

Cor Where? at the Senate-house?

Sic There, Coriolanus

Cor May I change these garments?

Sic You may, sir

Cor That I'll straight do, and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the Senate-house

Men I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru We stay here for the people

Sic Fare you well

[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS]

He has it now, and by his looks methinks

'Tis warm at 's heart 160

Bru With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds

Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter CITIZENS

Sic How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1st Cit He has our voices, sir

Bru We pray the gods he may deserve your loves

2nd Cit Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices

3rd Cit Certainly

He flouted us downright

1st Cit No 'tis his kind of speech. He did not mock us

2nd Cit Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says 170

He used us scornfully. He should have show'd us His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country

Sic Why, so he did, I am sure

Citizens No, no, no man saw 'em

3rd Cit He said he had wounds, which he could show in private,

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn

I would be consul says he aged custom,
But by your voices will not so permit me
Your voices therefore When we granted that
Here was I thank you for your voices thank
you

Your most sweet voices Now you have left your
voices 180

I have no further with you Was not this mock
cry?

Sic Why either were you ignorant to see it
Or seeing it of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru Could you not have told him
As you were lessened when he had no power
But was a petty servant to the state
He was your enemy ever spake against

Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I the body of the weal and now arriving
A place of potency and sway o' the state 190

If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the *plebeis* your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate his malice towards you into love
Standing your friendly lord

Sic Thus to have said
As you were fore advised had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination from him pluck'd 200
Either his gracious promise which you might
As cause had call'd you up have held him to
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught so putting him to rage
You should have taken the advantage of his choler
And pass'd him uneleected

Bru Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you
When he hath power to crush? Why had your
bodies 211

No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic Have you
Ere now denied the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask but mock bestow
Your sued for tongues?

3rd Cit He's not confirm'd we may deny him
yet

2nd Cit And will deny him

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound

1st Cit I twice five hundred and their friends
to piece em 220

Bru Get you hence instantly and tell those
friends

They have chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so

Sic Let them assemble
And on a safer judgement all revoke

Your ignorant election enforce his pride
And his old hate unto you besides forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed
How in his suit he scorn'd you but your loves
Thinking upon his services took from you 231
The apprehension of his present portance
Which most gibingly ungravely he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you

Bru Lay
A fault on us your tribunes that we labour'd
No impediment between but that you must
Cast your election on him

Sic Say you chose him
More after our commandment than guided
By your own true affections and that your
minds

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do 240
Than what you should made you against the
grain

To voice him consul Lay the fault on us

Bru Ay spare us not Say we read lectures 250
you

How youngly he began to serve his country
How long continued and what stock he springs of
The noble house o' the Marcians from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius Numa's daughter's son
Who after great Hostilius here was king
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were
That our best water brought by conduits hither
And [Censorinus] nobly named so 261
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor
Was his great ancestor

Sic One thus descended
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place we did commend
To your remembrances but you have found
Sealing his present bearing with his past
That he's your fixed enemy and revoke
Your sudden approbation

Bru Say you ne'er had done 270
Harp on that still—but by our putting on
And presently when you have drawn your
number

Repair to the Capitol

All We will so Almost all
Repent in their election [Exit CITIZENS]

Bru Let them go on,
 This mutiny were better put in hazard
 Then stay, past doubt, for greater
 If as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger
Sic To the Capitol, come
 We will be there before the stream o' the people,
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own, 270
 Which we have goaded onward [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I Rome a street

Cornets Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, all the Gentry, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other SENATORS

Cor Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart He had, my lord, and that it was which caused

Our swifter composition

Cor So then the Volscies stand but as at first,
 Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon's again

Com They are worn, Lord Consul, so,
 That we shall hardly in our ages see
 Their banners wave again

Cor Saw you Aufidius?

Lart On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse

Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely 10
 Yielded the town He is retired to Antium

Cor Spoke he of me?

Lart He did, my lord,

Cor How? what?

Lart How often he had met you, sword to sword,

That of all things upon the earth he hated
 Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
 Be call'd your vanquisher

Cor At Antium lives he?

Lart At Antium

Cor I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
 To oppose his hatred fully Welcome home 20

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
 The tongues o' the common mouth I do despise
 them,

For they do prank them in authority,
 Against all noble sufferance

Sic Pass no further

Cor Ha! what is that?

Bru It will be dangerous to go on No further

Cor What makes this change?

Men The matter?

Com Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

Bru Cominius, no

Cor Have I had children's voices? 30

1st Sen Tribunes, give way, he shall to the market-place

Bru The people are incensed against him

Sic Stop,

Or all will fall in broil

Cor Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now
 And straight disclaim their tongues? What are
 your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their
 teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men Be calm, be calm

Cor It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
 To curb the will of the nobility

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule 40

Nor ever will be ruled

Bru Call't not a plot

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,
 When corn was given them gratis, you repined,
 Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd
 them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness

Cor Why, this was known before

Bru Not to them all

Cor Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru How! I inform them!

Com You are like to do such business

Bru Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours

Cor Why then should I be consul? By yond
 clouds, 50

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
 Your fellow tribune

Sic You show too much of that

For which the people stir If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your
 way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune

Men Let's be calm

Com The people are abused, set on This
 paltering

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus

Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely 60
 I' the plain way of his merit

Cor Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

Men Not now not now

1st Sen Not in this heat sir now

Cor Now as I live I will My nobler friends

I crave their pardons

For the mutable rank scented many let them

Regard me as I do not flatter and

Therein behold themselves I say again

In soothing them we nourish gainst our Senate

The cockle of rebellion insolence sedition 70

Which we ourselves have plough'd for sow'd
and scatter'd

By mingling them with us the honour'd number

Who lack not virtue no nor power but that

Which they have given to beggars

Men Well no more

1st Sen No more words we beseech you

Cor How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood

Not fearing outward force so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay against those measles

Which we disdain should tetter us yet sought

The very way to catch them

Bru You speak o' the people 80

As if you were a god to punish not

A man of their infirmity

Se Twere well

We let the people know't

Men What what? His choler?

Cor Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep

By Jove 'twould be my mind!

Se It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is

Not poison any further

Cor Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnow? mark

you

His absolute shall?

Com Twas from the canon

Cor Shall! 90

O good but most unwise patricians! why

You grave but reckless senators have you thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer

That with his peremptory shall bring but

The horn and noise o' the monster's wants not
spirit

To save he'll turn your current in a ditch

And make your channel his? If he have power

Then veil your ignorance if none awake

Your dangerous lenity If you are learn'd

Be not common fools if you are not 100

Let them have cushions by you You are ple

beians

If they be senators and they are no less

When both your voices blended the great st

taste

Most palates theirs They choose their magis
trate

And such a one as he who puts his shall
His popular shall against a graver bench

Than ever frown'd in Greece By Jove himself!

It makes the consuls base And my soul aches

To know when two authorities are up

Neither supreme how soon confusion 110

May enter twixt the gap of both and take

The one by the other

Com Well on to the market place

Cor Whoever gave that counsel to give forth

The corn o' the storehouse gratis as 'twas used

Sometime in Greece—

Men Well well no more of that

Cor Though there the people had more abso-

lute power

I say they nourish'd disobedience fed

The ruin of the state

Bru Why shall the people give

One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor I'll give my reasons

More worthier than their voices They know the

corn 120

Was not our recompense resting well assured

They ne'er did service for't being press'd to the

war

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd

They would not thread the gates This kind of

service

Did not deserve corn gratis Being in the war

Their mutinies and revolts wherein they show'd

Most valour spoke not for them The accusation

Which they have often made against the Senate

All cause unborn could never be the motive

Of our so frank donation Well what then? 130

How shall this bison multitude digest

The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express

What's like to be their words We'd request

it

We are the greater poll and in true fear

They gave us our demands Thus we debase

The nature of our seats and make the rabble

Call our cares fears which will in time

Break ope the lock's the Senate and bring in

The crows to peck the eagles

Men Come enough

Bru Enough with over measure

Cor No take more 140

What may be sworn by both divine and human

Seal what I end withal! This double worship

Where one part does disdain with cause the

other

Insult without all reason where gentry title

wisdom

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no

Of general ignorance—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness, purpose so barr'd, it
 follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose Therefore, beseech
 you—
 You that will be less fearful than discreet, 150
 That love the fundamental part of state
 More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physic
 That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison Your dishonour
 Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become't,
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control't

Bru Has said enough 161
Sic Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do

Cor Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee!
 What should the people do with these bald trib-
 unes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was
 law,
 Then were they chosen In a better hour,
 Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170
 And throw their power i' the dust

Bru Manifest treason!

Sic This a consul? no

Bru The ædiles, ho!

Enter an ÆDILE

Let him be apprehended

Sic Go, call the people [*Exit ÆDILE*] in whose
 name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to the public weal Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer

Cor Hence, old goat!

Senators, &c We'll surety him

Com Aged sir, hands off

Cor Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy
 bones

Out of thy garments

Sic Help, ye citizens! 180

*Enter a rabble of CITIZENS (Plebeians), with the
 ÆDILES*

Men On both sides more respect

Sic Here's he that would take from you all your
 power

Bru Seize him, ædiles!

Citizens Down with him! down with him!
Senators, &c Weapons, weapons, weapons!

They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying

Tribunes! Patricians! Citizens! What, ho!

Sicinius! Brutus! Coriolanus! Citizens!

Peace, peace, peace! Stay, hold, peace!

Men What is about to be? I am out of breath,

Confusion's near, I cannot speak You, tribunes

To the people! Coriolanus, patience! 191

Speak, good Sicinius

Sic Hear me, people, peace!

Citizens Let's hear our tribune, peace!

Speak, speak, speak

Sic You are at point to lose your liberties

Marcus would have all from you, Marcus,

Whom late you have named for consul

Men Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench,

1st Sen To unbuild the city and to lay all flat

Sic What is the city but the people?

Citizens True, 200
 The people are the city

Bru By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people's magistrates

Citizens You so remain

Men And so are like to do

Com That is the way to lay the city flat,

To bring the roof to the foundation

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin

Sic This deserves death

Bru Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us lose it We do here pronounce,

Upon the part o' the people, in whose power 210

We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy

Of present death

Sic Therefore lay hold of him,

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
 Into destruction cast him

Bru Ædiles, seize him!

Citizens Yield, Marcus, yield!

Men Hear me one word,

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word

Æd Peace, peace!

Men [To BRUTUS] Be that you seem, truly your
 country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress

Bru Sir, those cold ways 220

That seem like prudent helps are very poisonous
 Where the disease is violent Lay hands upon
 him,

And bear him to the rock

Cor No, I'll die here

Drawing his sword

There's some among you have beheld me fighting

Come try upon yourselves what you have seen
me

Men Down with that sword! Tribunes with
draw awhile

Brutus Lay hands upon him

Men Help Marcius help

You that be noble help him young and old!

Citizens Down with him down with him!

[In this mutiny the TRIBUNES the AEDILES
and the People are beat in

Men Go get you to your house be gone
away!

All will be naught else

and Sen Get you gone

Com Stand fast

We have as many friends as enemies

Men Shall it be put to that?

1st Sen The gods forbid!

I prithee noble friend home to thy house

Leave us to cure this cause

Men For 'tis a sore upon us

You cannot tent yourself Be gone beseech you

Com Come sir along with us

Cor I would they were barbarians—as they
are

Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they
are not

Though calv'd the porch of the Capitol—

Men Be gone

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue

One time will owe another

Cor On fair ground

I could beat forty of them

Men I could myself

Take up a brace of the best of them yea the
two tribunes

Com But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic

And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands

Against a falling fabric Will you hence

Before the rag return whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters and o'erbear

What they are used to bear?

Men Pray you be gone

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little This must be
patch'd

With cloth of any colour

Com Nay, come away

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS COMINIUS and others*

1st Patrician This man has marr'd his fortune

Men His nature is too noble for the world

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident

Or Jove for a power to thunder His heart's his
mouth

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent

And being angry does forget that ever

He heard the name of death [*A noise within*]

Here's goodly work!

2nd Pat

I would they were a bed!

Men I would they were in Tiber! What the

vengeance!

Could he not speak 'em fair?

Re enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS with the rabble

Sic

Where is this viper

That would depopulate the city and

Be every man himself?

Men

You worthy tribunes—

Sic He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
rock

With rigorous hands He hath resisted law

And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than the severities of the public power

Which he so sets at nought

1st Cit

I'll see well know

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths

And we their hands

Citizens He shall sure on't

Men

Sir sir—

Sic Peace!

Men Do not cry havoc, where you should but
hunt

With modest warrant

Sic

Sir how comes it that you

Have help to make this rescue?

Men

Hear me speak

As I do know the consul's worthiness

So can I name his faults—

Sic

Consul! what consul?

Men

The consul Coriolanus

Brutus

He consul!

Citizens No no no no no

Men If by the tribunes leave and yours good
people

I may be heard I would crave a word or two

The which shall turn you to no further harm

Than so much loss of time

Sic

Speak briefly then

For we are peremptory to dispatch

This viperous traitor To eject him hence

Where but one danger and to keep him here

Our certain death therefore it is decreed

He dies to-night

Men

Now the good gods forbid

That our renowned Rome whose gratitude

Towards her deserved children is enroll'd

In Jove's own book like an unnatural dam

Should now eat up her own!

Sic

He's a disease that must be cut away

Men

O he's a lump that has but a disease

Mortal to cut it off to cure it easy

What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his coun-
try,

And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world

Sic This is clean lam

Bru Merely awry When he did love his
country,

It honour'd him

Men The service of the foot
Being once gangrened is not then respected
For what before it was

Bru We'll hear no more
Pursue him to his house and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 310
Spread further

Men One word more, one word
Thus tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will too
late

Tie leaden pounds to's heels Proceed by pro-
cess,

Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans

Bru If it were so—

Sic What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come

Men Consider this he has been bred i' the
wars 320

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language, meal and bran together
He throws without distinction Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril

1st Sen Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way The other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning

Sic Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer 330
Masters, lay down your weapons

Bru Go not home

Sic Meet on the market-place We'll attend
you there,

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way

Men I'll bring him to you
[To the SENATORS] Let me desire your company

He must come,
Or what is worst will follow

1st Sen Pray you, let's to him
[Exeunt]

SCENE II A room in Coriolanus's house

Enter CORIOLANUS with PATRICIANS

Cor Let them pull all about mine ears, present
me

Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them

1st Patrician You do the nobler

Cor I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created 9
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war

Enter VOLUMNIA

I talk of you

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have
me

False to my nature? Rather say I play

The man I am

Vol O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out

Cor Let go

Vol You might have been enough the man you
are,

With striving less to be so Lesser had been 20
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to cross you

Cor Let them hang

1st Patrician Ay, and burn too

Enter MENENIUS and Senators

Men Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough,

You must return and mend it

1st Sen There's no remedy,

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish

Vol Pray, be counsell'd

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage

Men Well said, noble woman!

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear

Cor What must I do?

Men Return to the tribunes

Cor Well what then? what then?

Men Repent what you have spoke

Cor For them? I cannot do it to the gods

Must I then do it to them?

Vol You are too absolute

Though therein you can never be too noble 40

But when extremities speak I have heard you

say

Honour and policy like unsever'd friends,

I the war do grow together Grant that and

tell me

In peace what each of them by the other lose

That they combine not there

Cor Tush tush!

Men A good demand

Vol If it be honour in your wars to seem

The same you are not which for your best ends

You adopt your policy how is it less or worse

That it shall hold companionship in peace

With honour in war since that to both 50

It stands in like request?

Cor Why force you this?

Vol Because that now it lies you on to speak

To the people not by your own instruction

Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you

But with such words that are but rotes in

Your tongue though but bastards and syllables

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth

Now this no more dishonours you at all

Than to take in a town with gentle words

Which else would put you to your fortune and

The hazard of much blood 61

I would dissemble with my nature where

My fortunes and my friends at stake required

I should do so in honour I am in this

Your wife your son these senators the nobles

And you will rather show our general louts

How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em

For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard

Of what that want might ruin

Men Noble lady!

Come go with us speak fair You may save so

Not what is dangerous present but the loss 71

Of what is past

Vol I prithee now my son

Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand

And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with

them—

Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business

Action is eloquence and the eyes of the ignorant

More learned than the ears—waving thy head

Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,

Now humble as the ripest mulberry

That will not hold the handling or say to them

Thou art their soldier and being bred in broils 81

Hast not the soft way which thou dost confess

Were fit for thee to use as they to claim

In asking their good loves but thou wilt frame

Thyself forsooth hereafter theirs so far

As thou hast power and person

Men This but done,

Even as she speaks why their hearts were

yours

For they have pardons being ask'd a free

As words to little purpose

Vol Prithee now,

Go and be ruled although I know thou hadst

rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf

Than flatter him in a bow'er Here is Cominius 90

Enter COMINIUS

Com I have been in the market place and sit

tis fit

You make strong party or defend yourself

By calmness or by absence All's in anger

Men Only fair speech

Com I think 'twill serve if he

Can thereto frame his spirit

Vol He must and will

Prithee now say you will and go about it

Cor Must I go show them my unbarbed scion?

Must I with base tongue give my noble heart

A lie that it must bear? Well I will do it 101

Yet were there but this single plot to lose,

This mould of Marcius they to dust should

grind it

And throw it against the wind To the market

place!

You have put me now to such a part which never

I shall discharge to the life

Com Come come we'll prompt you

I of I prithee now sweet son as thou hast said

My praises made thee first a soldier so

To have my praise for this perform a part

Thou hast not done before

Cor Well I must do it

Away my disposition and possess me 111

Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be t'nd

Which quired with my drum into a pipe

Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice

That babies lull asleep! the smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks and schoolboys' tears take up

The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue

Make motion through my lips and my arm'd

knees

Who bow'd but in my stirrup bend like him

That hath received an alms! I will not do it 120

Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth

And by my body's action teach my mind

A most inherent baseness

Vol

At thy choice then

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from
me,

But owe thy pride thyself

Cor Pray, be content 130

Mother, I am going to the market-place,
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home
beloved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I'll the way of flattery further

Vol Do your will [Exit

Com Away! the tribunes do attend you. Arm
yourself

To answer mildly, for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet

Cor The word is "mildly." Pray you, let us
go

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour

Men Ay, but mildly

Cor Well, mildly be it then. Mildly! [Exit

SCENE III. The same. The Forum

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS

Brut In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed

Enter an ÆDILE

What, will he come?

Æd He's coming

Brut How accompanied?

Æd With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him

Sic Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procured

Set down by the poll?

Æd I have, 'tis ready 10

Sic Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd I have

Sic Assemble presently the people hither,
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so
I'll the right and strength o' the commons," be it
either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry "Fine!" if death, cry "Death!"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And pow'r i' the truth o' the cause

Æd I shall inform them
Brut And when such time they have begun to
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20

Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence

Æd Very well

Sic Make them be strong and ready for this
hunt,

When we shall hap to give't them

Brut Go about it [Exit ÆDILE

Put him to choler straight. He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth

Of contradiction. Being once chafed, he cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance, then he speaks

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck

Sic Well, here he comes 30

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,
with SENATORS and PATRICIANS*

Men Calmly, I do beseech you

Cor Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The hon-
our'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!
Throng our large temples with the shows of
peace,

And not our streets with war!

1st Sen Amen, amen

Men A noble wish

Re-enter ÆDILE, with CITIZENS

Sic Draw near, ye people

Æd List to your tribunes. Audience! peace,

I say! 40

Cor First, hear me speak

Both Tri Well, say. Peace, ho!

Cor Shall I be charged no further than this
present?

Must all determine here?

Sic I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

Cor I am content

Men Lo, citizens, he says he is content
The warlike service he has done consider, think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show 50
Like graves i' the holy church; and

Cor Scratches with briers,

Scars to move laughter only

Men Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen
You find him like a soldier Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds
But as I say such as become a soldier
Rather than envy you

Com Well well no more

Cor What is the matter

That being pass'd for consul with full voice

I am so dishonour'd that the very hour

You take it off again?

Sic Answer to us

Cor Say then 'Tis true I ought so

Sic We charge you that you have contrived to
take

From Rome all season'd office and to wind

yourself into a power tyrannical

For which you are a traitor to the people

Cor How 'traitor!

Men Nay temperately your promise

Cor The fires! the lowest hell fold in the

people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions in

Thy lying tongue both numbers I would say

Thou liest unto thee with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods

Sic Mark you this people?

Citizens To the rock to the rock with him!

Sic Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge

What you have seen him do and heard him speak

Beating your officers cursing yourselves

Opposing laws with strokes and here defying

Those whose great power must try him even

this

So criminal and in such capital kind

Deserves the extremest death

Bru But since he hath

Served well for Rome—

Cor What do you prate of service?

Bru I talk of that that know it

Cor You?

Men Is this the promise that you made your
mother?

Com Know I pray you—

Cor I'll know no further

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death

Vagabond vile flaying pent to limber

But with a grain a day I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word

Nor check my courage for what they can give

To have it with saying Good morrow

Sic For that he has

As much as in him lies from time to time
Envi'd against the people seeking means
To pluck away their power as now at last
Given hostile strokes and that not in the pres-
ence

Of dreaded justice but on the ministers

That do distribute it in the name of the people

And in the power of us the tribunes we

Even from this instant banish him our city

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian never more

To enter our Rome gates I the people's name

I say it shall be so

Citizens It shall be so it shall be so let him
away

He is banish'd and it shall be so

Com Hear me my masters, and my common
friends—

Sic He is sentenced no more hearing

Com Let me speak

I have been consul and can show for Rome

Her enemies marks upon me I do love

My country's good with a respect more tender

More holy and profound than mine own life

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase

And treasure of my loins then if I would

Speak that—

Sic We know your drift speak what?

Bru There's no more to be said, but he is

banish'd

As enemy to the people and his country

It shall be so

Citizens It shall be so it shall be so

Cor You common cry of curs! whose breath I
hate

As reek of the rotten fens whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men

That do corrupt my air I banish you

And here remain with your uncertainty!

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!

Your enemies with nodding of their plumes

Fan you into despair! Have the power still

To banish your defenders till at length

Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels

Making not reservation of yourselves

Sull your own foes deliver you as most

Abated captives to some nation

That won you without blows! Despising

For you the city thus I turn my back

There is a world elsewhere

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS COMITUS MENE*

NILS SENATORS and PATRICIANS

Ed The people's enemy is gone! gone!

Citizens Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!

Hoo! hoo! [*Shouting and throwing up their*

caps]

Sic Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite,
Give him deserved vexation Let a guard 140
Attend us through the city

Citizens Come, come, let's see him out at
gates, come
The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come
[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV

SCENE I *Rome before a gate of the city*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMINIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *with the young Nobility of Rome*

Cor Come, leave your tears a brief farewell

The beast

With many heads butts me away Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? You were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits,
That common chances common men could bear,
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating, fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning You were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them

Vir O heavens! O heavens!

Cor Nay, I prithee, woman—

Vol Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor What, what, what!

I shall be loved when I am lack'd Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat Cominius, 19
Droop not, adieu Farewell, my wife, my mother
I'll do well yet Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart hardening spectacles, tell these sad
women

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace, and
Believe't not lightly—though I go alone, 30
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your
son

Will or exceed the common or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice

Vol My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee

Cor O the gods!

Com I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us
And we of thee So if the time thrust forth 40
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needier

Cor Fare ye well
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised, bring me but our at gate
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile I pray you, come 50
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly

Men That's worthily
As any ear can hear Come, let's not weep
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot

Cor Give me thy hand
Come [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The same a street near the gate*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an ÆDILE

Sic Bid them all home, he's gone, and we'll no
further

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
In his behalf

Bru Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done
Than when it was a doing

Sic Bid them home
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength

Bru Dismiss them home [*Exit ÆDILE*]
Here comes his mother

Sic Let's not meet her

Bru Why?

Sic They say she's mad

Bru They have ta'en note of us, keep on your
way 10

Enter VOLUMINIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS

Vol O, ye're well met The hoarded plague
o' the gods

Requite your love!

Men Peace, peace, be not so '

Vol If that I could for weeping you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some [*To BRUTUS*]
Will you be gone?
Sir [*To SICINIUS*] You shall stay too I would I had the power
To say so to my husband
Sic Are you mankind?
Vol Ay fool in that a shame? None but this fool
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou forshup
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic O blessed heavens!
Vol More noble blows than ever thou wise words 21
And for Rome's good I'll tell thee what yet go
Nay but thou shalt stay too I would my son
Were in Arabia and thy tribe before him
His good sword in his hand
Sic What then?
Sir What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity
Vol Bastards and all
Good man the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men Come come peace
Sic I would he had continued to his country
As he began and not unknit himself 31
The noble knot he made
Bru I would he had
Vol I would he had 'Twas you incensed the rabble
Cats that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know
Bru Pray let us go
Vol Now pray sir get you gone
You have done a brave deed Ere you go hear this
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome so far my son— 40
This lady a husband here this do you see—
Whom you have banish'd does exceed you all
Bru Well well we'll leave you
Sic Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol Take my prayers with you
[*Exeunt TRIBUNES*]
I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet em
But once a-day it would unclasp my heart
Of what lies heavy to t
Men You have told them home
And by my troth you have cause You'll sup with me?

Vol Anger's my meat I sup upon myself 50
And so shall starve with feeding Come let's go
Leave this faint pulsing and lament as I do
In anger Juno-like Come come come
Men Fir fie fie! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *A highway between Rome and Antium*
Enter a ROMAN and a VOLSCIE meeting
Rom I know you well sir and you know me
Your name I think is Adrian
Vol It is so sir Truly I have forgot you
Rom I am a Roman and my services are as you are against em know you me yet?
Vol Nicanor? no
Rom The same sir
Vol You had more beard when I last saw you but your favour is well approved by your tongue What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state to find you out there You have well saved me a day's journey
Rom There hath been in Rome strange insurrections the people against the senators patricians and nobles
Vol Hath been? Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so They are in a most warlike preparation and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division 19
Rom The main blaze of it is past but a small thing would make it flame again for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever This lies glowing I can tell you and is almost mature for the violent breaking out
Vol Coriolanus banished?
Rom Banished sir 29
Vol You will be welcome with this intelligence Nicanor
Rom The day serves well for them now I have heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country
Vol He cannot choose I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you You have ended my business and I will merrily accompany you home
Rom I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome all tending to the good of their adversaries Have you an army ready say you?
Vol A most royal one the centurions and their charges distinctly list'd as a ready in d

entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning 50

Rom I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company

Vols You take my part from me, sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours

Rom Well, let us go together [Exit

SCENE IV *Antium before Aufidius's house*

Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled

Cor A goodly city is this Antium City,
'Tis I that made thy widows, many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop Then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with
stones

In puny battle slay me

Enter a CITIZEN

Save you, sir

Cit And you

Cor Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies Is he in Antium?

Cit He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night

Cor Which is his house, beseech you? 10

Cit This, here before you

Cor Thank you, sir, farewell
[Exit CITIZEN

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and ex-
ercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity, so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance, 20
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends

And interjoin their issues So with me,

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town I'll enter If he slay me,

He does fair justice, if he give me way,
I'll do his country service [Exit

SCENE V *The same a hall in Aufidius's house*

Music within Enter a SERVINGMAN

1st Serv Wine, wine, wine! What service is
here! I think our fellows are asleep [Exit

Enter a SECOND SERVINGMAN

2nd Serv Where's Cotus? my master calls for
him Cotus! [Exit

Enter CORIOLANUS

Cor A goodly house! the feast smells well, but I
Appear not like a guest

Re-enter the FIRST SERVINGMAN

1st Serv What would you have, friend?
Whence are you? Here's no place for you, pray,
go to the door [Exit

Cor I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus //

Re-enter SECOND SERVINGMAN

2nd Serv Whence are you, sir? Has the porter
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to
such companions? Pray get you out

Cor Away!

2nd Serv Away! get you away

Cor Now thou'rt troublesome

2nd Serv Are you so brave? I'll have you
talked with anon

Enter a THIRD SERVINGMAN *The first meets
him*

3rd Serv What fellow's this? 20

1st Serv A strange one as ever I looked on I
cannot get him out o' the house, prithee call my
master to him [Retires

3rd Serv What have you to do here, fellow?
Pray you, avoid the house

Cor Let me but stand, I will not hurt your
hearth

3rd Serv What are you?

Cor A gentleman

3rd Serv A marvellous poor one 30

Cor True, so I am

3rd Serv Pray you, poor gentleman, take up
some other station, here's no place for you, pray
you, avoid Come

Cor Follow your function, go, and batten on
cold bits [Pushes him away]

3rd Serv What, you will not? Prithee, tell my
master what a strange guest he has here [Exit

2nd Serv And I shall

3rd Serv Where dwellest thou? 40

Cor Under the canopy

3rd Serv Under the canopy?

Cor Ay

3rd Serv Where's that?

Cor I' the city of lites and crows

3rd Serv I' the city of lites and crows! What
an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor No I serve not thy master

3rd Ser. How sir! do you meddle with my master? 51

Cor Ay tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress

Thou pratest and pratest serve with thy trencher hence!

[Beats him away. Exit THIRD SERVINGMAN]

Enter AUFIDIUS with the SECOND SERVINGMAN

Auf Where is this fellow?

2nd Ser. Here sir I d have beaten him like a dog but for disturbing the lords within

[Retires]

Auf Whence comest thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speakst not? Speak man What's thy name?

Cor If Tullus [Unmuffling] 60
Dost yet thou knowest me and seeing me dost not

Think me for the man I am necessity

Commands me name myself

Auf What is thy name?

Cor A name unmusical to the Volscians ears
And harsh in sound to thine

Auf Say what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance and thy face

Bears a command in't though thy tackle's torn

Thou show'st a noble vessel What's thy name?

Cor Prepare thy brow to frown know'st thou me yet?

Auf I know thee not Thy name? 70

Cor My name is Caius Marcius who hath done

To thee particularly and to all the Volscies

Great hurt and mischief thereto witness may

My surname Coriolanus The painful service

The extreme dangers and the drops of blood

Shed for my thankless country are requited

But with that surname a good memory

And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou shouldst bear me Only that name remains

The cruelty and envy of the people 80

Permitted by our dastard nobles who

Have all forsook me hath devour'd the rest

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be

Whoop'd out of Rome Now this extremity

Hath brought me to thy hearth not out of hope—

Mistake me not—to save my life for if

I had fear'd death of all the men in the world

I would have voided thee but in mere spite

To be full quit of those my banishers

Stand I before thee here Then if thou hast 90

A heart of wreak in thee that wilt revenge

Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims

Of shame seen through thy country speed thee straight

And make my misery serve thy turn So use it

That my revengeful services may prove

As benefits to thee for I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen

Of all the under fiends But if so be

Thou dar'st not this and that to prove more for tunes

Thou art tired then in a word I also am 100

Longer to live most weary and present

My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice

Which not to cut would show thee but a fool

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate

Drawn runs of blood out of thy country's breast

And cannot live but to thy shame unless

It be to do thee service

Auf O Marcius Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy If Jupiter

Should from yond cloud speak divine things 110

And say 'Tis true I d not believe them more

Than thee all noble Marcius Let me twine

Mine arms about that body where against

My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke

And scar'd the moon with splinters Here I clip

The anvil of my sword and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love

As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour know thou first

I loved the maid I married never man 120

Sigh'd truer breath but that I see thee here

Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw

Bestride my threshold Why thou Mars! I tell thee

We have a power on foot and I had purpose

Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn

Or lose mine arm for I Thou hast beat me out

Twelve several times and I have nightly since

Dreamt of encounters twixt thy self and me

We have been down together in my sleep 130

Unbuckling helms fistng each other's throat

And wak'd half dead with nothing Worthy

Marcius

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that

Thou art thence banish'd we would muster all

From twelve to seventy and pouring war

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome

Like a bold flood o'er bear O come go in

And take our friendly senators by the hands

Who now are here taking their leaves of me

Who am prepared against your territories 140

Though not for Rome itself

Cor You bless me, gods!

Auf Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness—thine
own ways,

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy But come in,
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy,
Yet, Marcius, that was much Your hand, most
welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS The
TWO SERVINGMEN come forth*]

1st Serv Here's a strange alteration!

2nd Serv By my hand, I had thought to have
struck him with a cudgel, and yet my mind
gave me his clothes made a false report of him

1st Serv What an arm he has! he turned me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
set up a top

2nd Serv Nay, I knew by his face that there
was something in him He had, sir, a kind of face,
methought—I cannot tell how to term it

1st Serv He had so, looking as it were—would
I were hanged, but I thought there was more in
him than I could think

2nd Serv So did I, I'll be sworn He is simply
the rarest man i' the world

1st Serv I think he is, but a greater soldier than
he you wot one

2nd Serv Who, my master?

1st Serv Nay, it's no matter for that

2nd Serv Worth six on him

1st Serv Nay, not so neither, but I take him to
be the greater soldier

2nd Serv Faith, look you, one cannot tell how
to say that For the defence of a town, our general
is excellent

1st Serv Ay, and for an assault too

Re-enter THIRD SERVINGMAN

3rd Serv O slaves, I can tell you news—news,
you rascals!

1st and 2nd Serv What, what, what? Let's partake

3rd Serv I would not be a Roman, of all nations,
I had as lieve be a condemned man

1st and 2nd Serv Wherefore? Wherefore?

3rd Serv Why, here's he that was wont to
thwack our general, Caius Marcius

1st Serv Why do you say "thwack our general"?

3rd Serv I do not say "thwack our general",
but he was always good enough for him

2nd Serv Come, we are fellows and friends, he
was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say
so himself

1st Serv He was too hard for him directly, to
say the truth on 't Before Coriolanus he scotched
him and notched him like a carbonado

2nd Serv An he had been cannibally given, he
might have broiled and eaten him too

1st Serv But, more of thy news?

3rd Serv Why, he is so made on here within,
as if he were son and heir to Mars, set at upper
end o' the table, no question asked him by any of
the senators, but they stand bald before him Our
general himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies
himself with 's hand and turns up the white
o' the eye to his discourse But the bottom of
the news is, our general is cut i' the middle
and but one half of what he was yesterday, for
the other has half, by the entreaty and grant
of the whole table He'll go, he says, and sow
the porter of Rome gates by the ears He will
mow all down before him, and leave his passage
polled

2nd Serv And he's as like to do 't as any man I
can imagine

3rd Serv Do 't! he will do 't, for, look you, sir,
he has as many friends as enemies, which friends,
sir, as it were, durst not, look you, sir, show
themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's
in directitude

1st Serv Directitude! what's that?

3rd Serv But when they shall see, sir, his crest
up again, and the man in blood, they will out of
their burrows, like cones after rain, and revel
all with him

1st Serv But when goes this forward?

3rd Serv To-morrow, to-day, presently, you
shall have the drum struck up this afternoon
'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be
executed ere they wipe their lips

2nd Serv Why, then we shall have a stirring
world again This peace is nothing but to rust
iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers

1st Serv Let me have war, say I, it exceeds
peace as far as day does night, it's spritely, wak-
ing, audible, and full of vent Peace is a very
apoplexy, lethargy, muffled, deaf, sleepy, insen-
sible, a getter of more bastard children than war's
a destroyer of men

2nd Serv 'Tis so, and as war, in some sort, may
be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be
but peace is a great maker of cuckolds

1st Serv Ay, and it makes men hate one another
 2d Serv Reason because they then less need
 one another The wars for my money I hope to
 see Romans as cheap as Volscians They are
 rising they are rising
 All In in in in! -50

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI Rome a public place

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS

Sic We hear not of him neither need we fear
 him

His remedies are tame: the present peace
 And quietness of the people which before
 Were in wild hurry Here do we make his
 friends

Blush that the world goes well who rather had
 Though they themselves did suffer by it behold
 Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
 About their functions friendly

Bru We stood to it in good time [Enter MENENIUS]
 Is this Menenius? 10

Sic Tis he tis he O he is grown most kind of
 late

Both Tri Hail sir!

Men Hail to you both!

Sic Your Coriolanus
 Is not much miss'd but with his friends
 The commonwealth doth stand and so would do
 Were he more angry at it

Men All as well and might have been much
 better if

He could have temporized

Sic Where is he hear you?

Men Nay I hear nothing his mother and his
 wife

I hear nothing from him

Enter three or four CITIZENS

Citizens The gods preserve you both!

Sic God-den, our neighbours -20

Bru God-den to you all god-den to you all

1st Cit Ourselves our wives and children on
 our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both

Sic Live and thrive!

Bru Farewell kind neighbours We wish'd
 Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did

Citizens Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri Farewell farewell

[Exeunt CITIZENS]

Sic This is a happier and more comely time
 Than when these fellows ran about the streets
 Crying confusion

Bru Caius Marcius was
 A worthy officer: the war but in silent 30
 O'ercome with pride ambitious past all thinking
 Self loving—

Sic And affecting one sole throne
 Without assistance

Men I think not so

Sic We should by this to all our lamentation
 If he had gone forth consul found it so

Bru The gods have well prevented it and
 Rome

Sits safe and still without him

Enter an EDILE

Ed Worthy tribunes
 There is a slave whom we have put in prison
 Reports the Volscies with two several powers 40
 Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
 And with the deepest malice of the war
 Destroy what lies before 'em

Men 'Tis Aufidius
 Who hearing of our Marcius banishment
 Thrusts forth his horns again into the world
 Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for
 Rome

And durst not once peep out

Sic Come what talk you
 Of Marcius?

Bru Go see this rumourer whipp'd It can
 not be

The Volscies dare break with us

Men Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can
 And three examples of the like have been 50

Within my age But reason with the fellow
 Before you punish him where he heard this
 Least you shall chance to whip your information
 And beat the messenger who bids beware
 Of what is to be dreaded

Sic Tell not me

I know this cannot be

Bru Not possible

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess The nobles in great earnestness are going
 All to the Senate house Some news is come
 That turns their countenances

Sic 'Tis this slave— 55
 Go whup him for the people's eyes—his raising
 Nothing but his report

Men Yes worthy sir
 The slave's report is seconded and more
 More fearful is deliver'd

Sic What more fearful?
 Mess It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
 How probable I do not know—that Marcius

Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vouches revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing

Sir This is most likely!

Bru Raised only, that the weaker sort may
wish

Good Marcius home again

Sir The very trick on't 70

Men This is unlikely,

He and Aufidius can no more atone

Than violentest contrariety

Enter a SECOND MESSENGER

2nd Mess You are sent for to the Senate

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius

Associated with Aufidius, rages

Upon our territories, and have already

O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and
took

What lay before them

Enter COMINIUS

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men What news? what news? 80

Com You have help to ravish your own daughters
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates,

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—

Men What's the news? what's the news?

Com Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood confined
Into an auger's bore

Men Pray now, your news?

You have made fair work, I fear me Pray, your
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians—

Com If! 90

He is their god He leads them like a thing

Made by some other deity than nature,

That shapes man better and they follow him,

Against us brats with no less confidence

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,

Or butchers killing flies

Men You have made good work,

You and your apron-men, you that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com He will shake

Your Rome about your ears

Men As Hercules

Did shake down mellow fruit You have made
fair work! 100

Bru But is this true, sir?

Com Ay, and you'll look pale

Before you find it other All the regions

Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools Who is't can blame
him?

Your enemies and his find something in him

Men We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy

Com Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do 't for shame, the people

Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110

Does of the shepherds For his best friends, if

they

Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charged

him even

As those should do that had deserved his hate,

And therein show'd like enemies

Men 'Tis true

If he were putting to my house the brand

That should consume it, I have not the face

To say, "Beseech you, cease" You have made
fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help

Both Tri Say not we brought it 120

Men How! Was it we? We loved him, but,
like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city

Com But I fear

They'll roar him in again Tullus Aufidius,

The second name of men, obeys his points

As if he were his officer Desperation

Is all the policy, strength, and defence,

That Rome can make against them

Enter a troop of CITIZENS

Men Here come the clusters

And is Aufidius with him? You are they 129

That made the air unwholesome, when you cast

Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at

Coriolanus' exile Now he's coming,

And not a hair upon a soldier's head

Which will not prove a whip As many cockcombs

As you threw caps up will he tumble down,

And pay you for your voices 'Tis no matter,

If he could burn us all into one coal,

We have deserved it

Citizens Faith, we hear fearful news

1st Cit For mine own part,

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity 140

2nd Cit And so did I

3rd Cit And so did I, and, to say the truth, so
did very many of us That we did, we did for the

best and though we willingly consented to his banishment yet it was against our will

Com Ye re goodly things you voices!

Men You have made

Good work you and your cry! Shall's to the

Capitol?

Com O ay what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS*]

Sic Go masters get you home be not dis-
may'd 150

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true which they so seem to fear Go home
And show no sign of fear

1st Cit The gods be good to us! Come masters
let's home I ever said we were i the wrong when
we banished him

2nd Cit So did we all But come let's home

[*Exeunt CITIZENS*]

Bru I do not like this news

Sic Nor I

Bru Let's to the Capitol Would half my
wealth 160

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic Pray let us go
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII *A camp at a small distance
from Rome*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his LIEUTENANT

Auf Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu I do not know what witchcraft's in him
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat
Their talk at table and their thanks at end
And you are darken'd in this action, sir
Even by your own

Auf I cannot help it now
Unless by using means I lame the foot
Of our design He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him Yet his nature 10
In that is no changeling and I must excuse
What cannot be amended

I lieu Yet I wish sir—
I mean for your particular—you had not
Join'd in commission with him but either
Had borne the action of yourself or else
To him had left it solely

Auf I understand thee well and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account he knows not
What I can urge against him Although it seems
And so he thinks and is no less apparent 20

To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian
state

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon

As draw his sword yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine
Whene'er we come to our account

Lieu Sir I beseech you think you he'll carry
Rome?

Auf All places yield to him ere he sits down
And the nobility of Rome are his
The senators and patricians love him too 30
The tribunes are no soldiers and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty
To expel him thence I think he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey to the fish who takes it
By sovereignty of nature First he was
A noble servant to them but he could not
Carry his honours even Whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man whether defect of judgment
To fail in the disposing of those chances 40
Which he was lord of or whether nature
Not to be other than one thing not moving
From the casque to the cushion but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war but one of these—
As he hath spices of them all not all
For I dare so far free him—made him fear d
So hated and so banish'd but he has a merit
To choke it in the utterance So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time 50
And power unto itself most commendable
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done

One fire drives out one fire one nail one nail
Rights by rights falter strengths by strengths do
fail

Come let's away When Caius Rome is thine
Thou art poor at of all then shortly art thou
mine [Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I *Rome a public place*

*Enter MENENIUS COMINIUS SICINIUS BRUTUS
and others*

Men No I'll not go You hear what he hath
said
Which was sometime his general who loved
him

In a most dear particular He call'd me father
But what o' that? Go you that banish'd him
A mile before his tent fall down and knee
The way into his mercy Nay if he cry d
To hear Cominius speak I'll keep at home

Com He would not seem to know me

Men

Do you hear?

Com Yet one time he did call me by my name

I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together Coriolanus
He would not answer to, forbad all names,
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome

Men Why, so, you have made good work!
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd fair Rome
To make coals cheap—a noble memory!

Com I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected He replied
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd

Men Very well,
Could he say less?

Com I offer'd to awaken his regard
For 's private friends His answer to me was
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff He said 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And stull to nose the offence

Men For one poor grain or two o'
I am one of those, his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains

You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon We must be burnt for you

Sic Nay, pray, be patient If you refuse your
aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman

Men No, I'll not meddle

Sic Pray you, go to him

Men What should I do?

Bru Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcus

Men Well, and say that Marcus
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say 't be so?

Sic Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure

As you intended well

Men I'll undertake 't,
I think he'll hear me Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me
He was not taken well, he had not dined
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold and then
We pout upon the morning are unapt
To give or to forgive, but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts Therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him

Bru You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way

Men Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will I shall ere long have knowl-
edge

Of my success [Exit

Com He'll never hear him

Sic Nor?

Com I tell you, he does sit in gold his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome, and his injury

The gaoler to his pity I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said "Rise", dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand What he would
do

He sent in writing after me, what he would
not,

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions
So that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
Who, as I hear mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on

[Exeunt

SCENE II Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome

TWO SENTINELS on guard Enter to them,
MENENIUS

1st Sen Stay! Whence are you?

2nd Sen Stand, and go back

Men You guard like men, 'tis well But, by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come

To speak with Coriolanus

1st Sen From whence?

Men From Rome

1st Sen You may not pass, you must return Our
general

Will no more hear from thence

2nd Sen You'll see your Rome embraced with
fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus

Men Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,

And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,

My name hath touch'd your ears it is Menenius

1st Sen Be it so, go back The virtue of your
name

Is not here passable

Men I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover I have been

The boot of his good acts whence men have read

His fame unparalleled haply amplified
For I have ever verified my friends
Of whom he is chief with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer nay sometimes
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground 20
I have tumbled past the throw and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing therefore fel-
low

I must have leave to pass

1st Sen Faith sir if you had told as many lies in
his behalf as you have uttered words in your
own you should not pass here no though it
were as virtuous to lie as to live chaffely There-
fore go back

Men Prithce fellow remember my name is
Menenius always factionary on the party of
your general 31

2nd Sen Howsoever you have been his liar as
you say you have I am one that telling true
under him must say you cannot pass Therefore
go back

Men Has he din'd canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner

1st Sen You are a Roman are you?

Men I am as thy general is 39

1st Sen Then you should hate Rome as he does
Can you when you have pushed out your gates
the very defender of them and in a violent
popular ignorance given your enemy your shield
think to front his revenges with the easy groans
of old women the virginal palms of your daugh-
ters or with the palsied intercession of such a
decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you
think to blow out the intended fire your city is
ready to flame in with such weak breath as this?
No you are deceived therefore back to Rome
and prepare for your execution You are con-
demned our general has sworn you out of re-
prieve and pardon

Men Sirrah if thy captain knew I were here
he would use me with estimation

1st Sen Come my captain knows you not

Men I mean thy general

1st Sen My general cares not for you Back I
say go lest I let forth your half pint of blood
back—that is the utmost of your having Back

Men Nay but fellow fellow—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS

Cor What's the matter?

Men Now your companion I'll say an errand
for you you shall know now that I am in estima-
tion you shall perceive that a Jack guardant
cannot office me from my son Coriolanus Guess

but by my entertainment with him if thou stand
est not the state of hanging or of some death
more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffer-
ing behold now presently and swoon for what's
to come upon thee [*To CORIOLANUS*] The glori-
ous gods sit in hourly snod about thy particular
prosperity and love thee no worse than thy old
father Menenius does! O my son my son! thou
art preparing fire for us look thee here's water
to quench it I was hardly moved to come to thee
but being assured none but myself could move
thee I have been blown out of your gates with
sighs and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy
petitionary countrymen The good gods assuage
thy wrath and turn the dregs of it upon this var-
let here—this who like a block hath denied my
access to thee

Cor Away!

Men How! Away!

Cor Wife mother child I know not My
affairs

Are serv'd to others Though I owe
My revenge properly my remission lies 40
In Volscian breasts That we have been familiar
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much Therefore be gone
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force Yet for I loved
thee

Take this along I writ it for thy sake

Gives a letter

And would have sent it Another word Mene-
nius

I will not hear thee speak This man Aufidius
Was my beloved in Rome yet thou behold it!

Auf You keep a constant temper 400

[Exit CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS]

1st Sen Now sir is your name Menenius?

2nd Sen 'Tis a spell you see, of much power
You know the way home again

1st Sen Do you hear how we are shent for keep-
ing your greatness back?

2nd Sen What cause do you think I have to
swoon?

Men I neither care for the world nor your gen-
eral For such things as you I can scarce think
there's any ye're so slight He that hath a will to
die by himself fears it not from another Let your
general do his worst For you be that you are
long and your misery increase with your age! I
say to you as I was said to Away! 41

[Exit]

1st Sen A noble fellow I warrant him

2nd Sen The worthy fellow is our general
He is the rock the oak not to be wind shaken

[Exit]

SCENE III *The tent of CORIOLANUS**Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDUS, and others*

Cor We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly

I have borne this business

Auf Only their ends
You have respected, stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome, never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you

Cor This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father, 10
Nay, godded me, indeed Their latest refuge
Was to send him, for whose old love I have,
Though I show'd sourly to him, once more offer'd

The first conditions, which they did refuse
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more, a very little
I have yielded to Fresh embassies and suits,
Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to Ha! what shout is this?

Shout within
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20
In the same time 'tis made? I will not

*Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUNTIA
leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should 30
In supplication nod, and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries "Deny not" Let the Volscies
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin

Vir My lord and husband!

Cor These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome

Vir The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
Makes you think so

Cor Like a dull actor now, 40
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say
For that "Forgive our Romans" O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted Sink, my knee, i' the earth, 50

Kneels
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons

Vol O, stand up blest!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent [*Kneels*]

Cor What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Filip the stars, then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun, 60
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work

Vol Thou art my warrior,
I help to frame thee Do you know this lady?

Cor The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple Dear Valeria!

Vol This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself

Cor The god of soldiers, 70
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol Your knee, sirrah

Cor That's my brave boy!

Vol Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you

Cor I beseech you peace,
Or if you'd ask, remember this before
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80
Be held by you deuals Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons

Vol O, no more, no more!

You have said you will not grant us anything
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already Yet we will ask
That if you fail in our request the blame 90
May hang upon your hardness therefore hear us
Cor. And thus and you Volscies mark for well
Hear nought from Rome in private Your request?
I of Should we be silent and not speak our
raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come further since that thy sight which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy hearts dance with
comforts

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and
sorrow 100

Making the mother wife and child to see
The son, the husband and the father tearing
His country's bowels out And to poor we
Thine enemy's most capital thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy for how can we
Alas how can we for our country pray
Whereas we are bound together with thy
victory

Whereas we are bound? alack or we must lose
The country our dear nurse or else thy person
Our comfort in the country We must find 111

An evident calamity though we had
Our wish which side should win for either thou
Must as a foreign recreant be led
With manacles through our streets or else
Triumphantly tread on this country's ruin
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood For my self son
I purpose not to wait on fortune till

These wars determine If I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts 121

Than seek the end of one thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread—
Trust to it thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb
That brought thee to this world

111 Ay and mine
That brought you forth this boy to keep your
name

Living to time

Young Mar. A shall not tread on me
I'll run away till I am bigger but then I'll fight
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see 130
I have sat too long {Rising}

Vol. Nay go not from us thus
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans thereby to destroy

The Volscies whom you serve you might con-
demn us

As poisonous of your honour No our suit
Is that you reconcile them while the Volscies
May say This mercy we have show'd the
Romans

This we received and each in either side
Give the all hail to thee and cry Be blest
For making up this peace! Thou know'st great
son, 140

The end of war's uncertain but this certain
That if thou conquer Rome the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name
Whose repetition will be doct'd with curses
Whose chronicle thus writ The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out
Destroy'd his country and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd Speak to me son
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour
To imitate the graces of the gods 150
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks in the air
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak Why dost not
speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter speak you
He cares not for your weeping Speak thou boy
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons There's no man in the
world

More bound to a mother yet here he lets me
prate 159

Lake one! the stocks Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy
When she, poor hen fond of no second brood
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home
Loaden with honour Say my request's unjust
And spurn me back But if it be not so
Thou art not honest and the gods will plague
thee

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother a part belongs He turns away
Down ladies let us shame him with our knees
To his surname Coriolanus longs more pride 170

Than pry to our prayers Down! an end
This is the last So we will home to Rome
And die among our neighbours Nay behold'st
This boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny it Come let us go
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother
His wife is in Corioli and his child
Like him by chance Yet give us our dispatch
I am hush'd until our city be afire, 181
And then I'll speak a little

He holds her by the hand, silent
Cor O mother, mother!
 What have you done? Behold, the heavens do
 ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome,
 But, for your son—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him But, let it come
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, 190
 I'll frame convenient peace Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf I was moved withal
Cor I dare be sworn you were
 And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray
 you,

Stand to me in this cause O mother! wife!
Auf [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy
 and thy honour 200

At difference in thee Out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune

The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS
Cor Ay, by and by,
 [*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c*]

But we will drink together, and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd
 Come, enter with us Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you All the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace [*Exeunt* 209

SCENE IV *Rome a public place**Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS*

Men See you yond coign o' the Capitol, yond
 corner-stone?

Sic Why, what of that?

Men If it be possible for you to displace it
 with your little finger, there is some hope the
 ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may pre-
 vail with him But I say there is no hope in't
 Our throats are sentenced and stay upon execu-
 tion

Sic Is't possible that so short a time can alter
 the condition of a man? 10

Men There is differency between a grub and
 a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub This
 Marcius is grown from man to dragon, he has
 wings he's more than a creeping thing

Sic He loved his mother dearly

Men So did he me, and he no more remem-

bers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse
 The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes, when
 he walks, he moves like an engine and the
 ground shrinks before his treading He is able to
 pierce a corslet with his eye, talks like a knell,
 and his hum is a battery He sits in his state, as
 a thing made for Alexander What he bids be
 done is finished with his bidding He wants nothing
 of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne
 in

Sic Yes, mercy, if you report him truly

Men I paint him in the character Mark what
 mercy his mother shall bring from him There is
 no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male
 tiger, that shall our poor city find, and all this is
 long of you

Sic The gods be good unto us!

Men No, in such a case the gods will not be
 good unto us When we banished him, we re-
 spected not them, and, he returning to break our
 necks, they respect not us

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
 house

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune
 And hale him up and down, all swearing, if 40
 The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
 They'll give him death by inches

Enter a SECOND MESSENGER

Sic What's the news?

2nd Mess Good news, good news, the ladies
 have prevail'd,

The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone
 A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
 No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins

Sic Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? Is it most certain?

2nd Mess As certain as I know the sun is fire
 Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
 of it? 49

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,

As the recomforted through the gates Why,
 hark you! *Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat,*
all together

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
 Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
 Make the sun dance Hark you!

A shout withm

Men This is good news,
 I will go meet the ladies This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians
 A city full of tribunes, such as you
 A sea and land full You have pray'd well to-day
 This morning for ten thousand of your throats 59

I did not have given a doer Hark how they joy!

Music still with shouts

Sic First the gods bless you for your tidings
next

Accept my thankfulness

2nd Mess Sir we have all

Great cause to give great thanks

Sic They are near the city?

2nd Mess Almost at point to enter

Sic We will meet them

And help the joy *[Exeunt]*

SCENE V *The same a street near the gate*

*Enter two SENATORS with VOLUNIA VIRGILIA
VALERIA &c passing over the stage followed by
Patricians and others*

1st Sen Behold our patroness the life of Rome!

Call all your tribes together praise the gods

And make triumphant fires strew flowers before
them!

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius

Repeal him with the welcome of his mother

Cry Welcome ladies welcome!

All Welcome ladies

Welcome! *[A flourish with drums and trumpets*

Exeunt

SCENE VI *Antium a public place*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS with Attendants

Auf Go tell the lords of the city I am here

Deliver them this paper Having read it

Bid them repair to the market place where I

Given in theirs and in the commons ears

Will vouch the truth of it Him I accuse

The city ports by this hath enter'd and

Intends to appear before the people hoping

To purge himself with words Dispatch

[Exeunt Attendants]

*Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS of AUFIDIUS
faction*

Most welcome!

1st Con How is it with our general?

Auf Even so *10*

As with a man by his own aims empoison'd

And with his charity slain

2nd Con Most noble sir

If you do hold the same intent wherein

You wish'd us parties we'll deliver you

Of your great danger

Auf Sir I cannot tell

We must proceed as we do find the people

3rd Con The people will remain uncertain

whilst

'Twixt you there's difference but the fall of either

Makes the survivor heir of all

Auf

I know it

And my pretext to strike at him admits *20*

A good construction I raised him and I pawn'd

My honour for his truth who being so height
en'd

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery

Seducing so my friends and to this end

He bow'd his nature never known before

But to be rough unswayable and free

3rd Con Sir his stoutness

When he did stand for consul which he lost

By lack of stooping—

Auf That I would have spoke of

Being banish'd for t he came unto my hearth *30*

Presented to my wife his throat I took him

Made him joint servant with me gave him way

In all his own desires nay let him choose

Out of my files his projects to accomplish

My best and freshest men served his designments

In mine own person help to reap the same

Which he did end all his and took some pride

To do myself this wrong till at the last

I seem'd his follower not partner and

He wag'd me with his countenance as if *40*

I had been mercenary

1st Con So he did my lord

The army marvel'd at it and in the last

When he had carried Rome and that we look'd

For no less spoil than glory—

Auf There was it

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him

At a few drops of women's rheum which are

As cheap as lies he sold the blood and labour

Of our great action Therefore shall he die

And I'll renew me in his fall But hark!

*Drums and trumpets sound with great shouts of
the People*

1st Con Your native town you enter'd like a

post

And had no welcomes home but he returns *50*

Splitting the air with noise

2nd Con And patient fools

Whose children he hath slun their base throats

tear

With giving him glory

3rd Con Therefore at your vantage

Ere he express himself or move the people

With what he would say let him feel your sword

Which we will second When he lies along

After your way his tale pronounced shall bury

His reasons with his body

Auf Say no more

Hark come the lords *60*

Enter the LORDS of the city

All the Lords You are most welcome home

Auf I have not deserved it
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

Lords We have
1st Lord And grieve to hear't
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines, but there to end
Where he was to begin and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding—this admits no excuse

Auf He approaches You shall hear him 70

Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and colours, Commoners being with him

Cor Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome Our spoils we have brought
home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans, and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal of the Senate, what
We have compounded on

Auf Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abused your powers

Cor "Traitor!" how now!

Auf Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor "Marcius!"

Auf Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli? 90

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say "your city," to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel in the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other

Cor Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

Auf Name not the god, thou boy of tears! 110

Cor Ha!

Auf No more

Cor Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it "Boy!" O slave!

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold Your judgements, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie, and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him 110

1st Lord Peace, both, and hear me speak

Cor Cut me to pieces, Volscies, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me "Boy!" False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli
Alone I did it "Boy!"

Auf Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Consps Let him die for't 120

All the people Tear him to pieces Do it presently
He killed my son My daughter He killed
my cousin Marcus He killed my father

2nd Lord Peace, ho! no outrage, peace!

The man is noble and his fame folds-in
This orb of the earth His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace

Cor O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130
To use my lawful sword!

Auf Insolent villain!
All Consps Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

The CONSPIRATORS draw, and KILL CORIOLANUS
AUFIDIUS stands on his body

Lords Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf My noble masters, hear me speak

1st Lord O Tullus—

2nd Lord Thou hast done a deed whereat
valour will weep

3rd Lord Tread not upon him Masters all, be
quiet,

Put up your swords

Auf My lords, when you shall know—as in
this rage,

Provoked by him you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off Please it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver 141
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure

1st Lord Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him Let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn

2nd Lord His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame
Let's make the best of it

Auf My rage is gone
And I am struck with sorrow Take him up 149
Help three of the chiefest soldiers I'll be one
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully

Trail your steel pikes Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one
Whom to this hour bewail the injury
Yet he shall have a noble memory
Assist [*Exeunt Leaving the body of Coriolanus*
A dead march sounded]

2 TIMON OF ATHENS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

TIMON of Athens
 LUCIUS
 LUCULLUS | flattering lords
 SEMPRONIUS
 VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends
 ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain
 APEMANTUS a churlish philosopher
 FLAVIUS steward to Timon
 A POET
 A PAINTER
 A JEWELLER
 A MERCHANT
 AN OLD ATHENIAN
 A PAGE
 A FOOL
 THREE STRANGERS
 A SOLDIER
 THREE BANDITTI
 FOUR SENATORS
 FOUR LORDS
 THREE MESSENGERS

FLAMINIUS
 LUCILIUS | Servants to Timon
 SERVILIUS
 CAPHIS
 PHILOTUS | Servants to Timon's creditors
 TITUS
 HORTENSIUS
 THREE SERVANTS to Timon
 TWO SERVANTS to Varro
 A SERVANT to Isidore
 A SERVANT to Lucullus
 A SERVANT to Lucius
 PHRYNIA | mistresses to Alcibiades
 TIMANDRA
 CUPID | in the mask
 AMAZONS
 NON-SPEAKING Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers,
 Banditti, and Attendants
 SCENE Athens and the neighbouring woods

ACT I

SCENE I Athens A hall in Timon's house

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, and others, at several doors

Poet Good day, sir

Pam I am glad you're well

Poet I have not seen you long How goes the world?

Pam It wears, sir, as it grows

Poet Ay, that's well known,

But what particular rarity? What strange Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjured to attend I know the merchant

Pam I know them both, th' other's a jeweller

Mer O, 'tis a worthy lord

Jew Nay, that's most fix'd

Mer A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were, 10

To an untirable and continue goodness.

He passes

Jew I have a jewel here—

Mer O, pray, let's see't For the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew If he will touch the estimate but, for that—

Poet (Reciting to himself) "When we for recompense have praised the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good"

Mer 'Tis a good form

Looking at the jewel

Jew And rich Here is a water, look ye

Pam You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord

Poet A thing slipp'd idly from me 20

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourish'd The fire, the flint

Shows not till it be struck, our gentle flame

Provokes itself and like the current flies

Each bound it chafes What have you there?

Pam A picture, sir When comes your book forth?

Poet Upon the heels of my presentment, sir Let's see your piece

Pam 'Tis a good piece

Poet So 'tis, this comes off well and excellent

Pam Indifferent

Poet Admirable How this grace 30

Speaks his own standing! What a mental power

This eye shoots forth! How big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture One might interpret

Pam It is a pretty mocking of the life

Here is a touch, is't good?

Poet I will say of it,

It tutors nature Artificial strife
Lives in these touches In elier than life

Enter certain Senators and pass over

Pam How this lord is follow d'

Poet The senators of Athens happy man'

Pam Lool more'

Poet You see this confluence this great flood of
visitors

I have in this rough work shaped out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and
hug

With amplest entertainment My free drift
Halts not particularly but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax No level d malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold
But flies an eagle flight bold and forth on
Leaving no tract behind

Pam How shall I understand you?

Poet I will unbolt to you
You see how all conditions how all minds
As wall of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality tender down
Their services to Lord Timon His large for
tune

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts yea from the glass faced flat
terer

To Apemantus that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself Even he drop down
The knee before him and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod

Pam I saw them speak together

Poet Sir I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign d Fortune to be throned The base o the
mount

Is rank d with all deserts all kind of natures
That labour on the bo om of this sphere
To propagate their states Amongst them all
Whose eyes are on this soverc gn lady fixed
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafis to
her

Whose present grace to present slaves and serv
ants

Translates his rivals

Pam 'Tis concern'd to scope
This throne this Fortune, and this hull methinks
With one man beckon d from the rest below
Bow'ing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness would be well express d
In our condition

Poet Nay sir but hear me on
All those which were his fellows but of I te
Some better than his value on the moment

Follow his strides his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial w hisperings in his ear
Make sacred even his sturup and through him
Drink the free air

Pam Ay marry what of these?

Poet When Fortune in her shift and change
of mood

Spurns down her late beloved all his dependants
Which labour d after him to the mountain top
Even on their knees and hands let him slip down
Not one accompanying his declining foot

Pam 'Tis common

A thousand moral paintings I can show
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
Fortune's

More pregnantly than words Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head

*Trumpets sound Enter LORD TIMON addressing
himself courteously to every senator a MESSENGER
from VENTIDIUS talking with him, LUCILIUS and
other senators following*

Tim Imprison d is he, say you?

Mess Ay my good lord Five talents is his
debt

His means most short his creditors most strait
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up which failing
Periods his comfort

Tim Noble Ventidius! Well
I am not of that feather to shake off

My friend when he must need me I do know
him

A gentleman that well deserves a help
Which he shall have I'll pay the debt and free
him

Mess Your lordship ever binds him

Tim Commend me to him I will send his
ransom

And being enfranchis ed bid him come to me
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up

But to support him after Fare you well

Mess All happiness to your honour! [Exit

Enter an old ATHENIAN

Old Ath Lord Timon hear me speak

Tim Freely good father

Old Ath Thou hast a servant named Lucilius

Tim I have so What of him?

Old Ath Most noble Timon call the man be-
fore thee

Tim Attends he here or no? Lucilius!

Luc Here at your lordship's service

Old Ath This fellow here Lord Timon, this
thy creature

By night frequents my house I am a man
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more raised
Than one which holds a trencher

Tim Well, what further? 120

Old Ath One only daughter have I, no kin
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best This man of thune
Attempts her love I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort,
Myself have spoke in vain

Tim The man is honest

Old Ath Therefore he will be, Timon
His honesty rewards him in itself, 130
It must not bear my daughter

Tim Does she love him?

Old Ath She is young and apt
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth

Tim [To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

Luc Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it

Old Ath If in her marriage my consent be
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all

Tim How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140

Old Ath Three talents on the present, in
future, all

Tim This gentleman of mine hath served me
long

To build his fortune I will strain a little
For 'tis a bond in men Give him thy daughter
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her

Old Ath Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his

Tim My hand to thee, mine honour on my
promise

Luc Humbly I thank your lordship Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping, 150
Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and OLD ATHENIAN*]

Poet Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim I thank you, you shall hear from me
anon,

Go not away What have you there, my friend?

Pam A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept

Tim Painting is welcome
The painting is almost the natural man,

For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside These pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out I like your work,
And you shall find I like it Wait attendance 161
Till you hear further from me

Pam The gods preserve ye!

Tim Well fare you, gentleman Give me your
hand,

We must needs dine together Sur your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise

Jew What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim A mere satiety of commendations
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite

Jew My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give But you well
know,

Things of like value differing in the owners 170
Are prized by their masters Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it

Tim Well mock'd

Mer No, my good lord, he speaks the com-
mon tongue,

Which all men speak with him

Tim Look, who comes here, will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS

Jew We'll bear, with your lordship

Mer He'll spare none

Tim Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good
morrow,

When thou art Timons' dog, and these knaves
honest 180

Tim Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou
know'st them not

Apem Are they not Athenians?

Tim Yes

Apem Then I repent not

Jew You know me, Apemantus?

Apem Thou know'st I do I call'd thee by thy
name

Tim Thou art proud, Apemantus

Apem Of nothing so much as that I am not like
Timon 190

Tim Whither art going?

Apem To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains

Tim That's a deed thou'lt die for

Apem Right, if doing nothing be death by the
law

Tim How likest thou this picture Apemantus?

Apem The best, for the innocence

Tim Wrought he not well that painted it? 200

Apem He wrought better that made the
painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work

Pam You're a dog
Apem Thy mother's of my generation What's she if I be a dog?
Tim Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?
Apem No I eat not lords
Tim An thou shouldst thou dost anger ladies
Apem O they eat lords so they come by great bellies 210
Tim That's a lascivious apprehension
Apem So thou apprehendest it take it for thy labour
Tim How dost thou like this jewel *Apemantus*?
Apem Not so well as plain-dealing which will not cost a man a doit
Tim What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem Not worth my thinking How now poet? 220
Poet How now philosopher?
Apem Thou liest
Poet Art not one?
Apem Yes
Poet Then I lie not
Apem Art not a poet?
Poet Yes
Apem Then thou liest Look in thy last work where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow
Poet That's not feigned he is so 230
Apem Yes he is worthy of thee and to pay thee for thy labour He that loveth to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer Heavens that I were a lord!
Tim What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?
Apem Even as *Apemantus* does now hate a lord with my heart
Tim What thyself?
Apem Ay
Tim Wherefore? 240
Apem That I had no angry wit to be a lord
Mer Art not thou a merchant?
Mer Ay *Apemantus*
Apem Traffic confound thee if the gods will not!
Mer If traffic do it the gods do it
Apem Traffic's thy god and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds Enter a MESSENGER
Tim What trumpet's that?
Mess 'Tis Alcibiades and some twenty horse
 All of companionship 251
Tim Pray entertain them give them guide to us
 [Exit some Attendants]
 You must needs dine with me go not you hence
 'Till I have thanked you When dinner's done,

Show me this piece I am joyful of your sights

Enter ALCIBIADES with the rest

Most welcome, sir!
Apem So so there!
 Aches contract and starve your supple joints!
 That there should be small love amongst these sweet knaves
 And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
 Into baboon and monkey 260
Alab Sir you have saved my longing and I feed
 Most hungerly on your sight
Tim Right welcome sir!
 Ere we depart we'll share a bounteous tune
 In different pleasures Pray you let us in
 [Exit all except APEMANTUS]

Enter TWO LORDS

1st Lord What time o' day is it *Apemantus*?
Apem Time to be honest
1st Lord That time serves still
Apem The more accursed thou that still omitt'st it
2nd Lord Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast? 270
Apem Ay to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools
2nd Lord Fare thee well fare thee well
Apem Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice
2nd Lord Why *Apemantus*?
Apem Shouldst have kept one to thyself for I mean to give thee none
1st Lord Hang thyself!
Apem No I will do nothing at thy bidding
 Make thy requests to thy friend
2nd Lord Away unpeacable dog or I'll spurn thee hence! 281
Apem I will fly like a dog the heels of the ass
 [Exit]

1st Lord He's opposite to humanity
 Come shall we in
 And taste Lord Timon's bounty? He outgoes
 The very heart of kindness
2nd Lord He pours it out Plutus the god of gold
 Is but his steward No need but he repays
 Sevenfold above itself no gift to him
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding 290
 All use of quittance
1st Lord The noblest mind he carries
 That ever govern'd man
2nd Lord Long may he live in fortunes!
 Shall we in?
1st Lord I'll keep you company [Exit]

SCENE II *A banqueting-room in Timon's house Hautboys playing loud music A great banquet served in, FLAVIUS and others attending then enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LORDS, SENATORS, and VENTIDIUS Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself*

Ven Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's age,

And call him to long peace
He is gone happy, and has left me rich
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help

I derived liberty

Tim O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius, you mistake my love
I gave it freely ever, and there's none *to*
Can truly say he gives, if he receives
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them, faults that are rich are fair

Ven A noble spirit!

Tim Nay, my lords,

They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON
Ceremony was but devised at first

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown,
But where there is true friendship, there needs none

Pray, sit, more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me *20*

They sit

1st Lord My lord, we always have confess'd it

Apem Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it, have you not?

Tim O, Apemantus, you are welcome

Apem No,

You shall not make me welcome

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors

Tim Fie, thou'rt a churl, ye've got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame

They say, my lords, "*ira furor brevis est*", but
yond man is ever angry Go, let him have a table
by himself, for he does neither affect company,
nor is he fit for't, indeed *31*

Apem Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon

I come to observe, I give thee warning on't

Tim I take no heed of thee, thou'rt an Athenian,
therefore welcome I myself would have no
power, pritheee, let my meat make thee silent

Apem I scorn thy meat, 'twould choke me, for
I should ne'er flatter thee O you gods, what a
number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not!

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in
one man's blood, and all the madness is, he
cheers them up too

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men
Methinks they should invite them without knives,
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives
There's much example for't, the fellow that sits
next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest
man to kill him, 't has been proved If I were a
huge man, I should fear to drink at meals, *51*
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous

notes

Great men should drink with harness on their
throats

Tim My lord, in heart, and let the health go
round

2nd Lord Let it flow this way, my good lord

Apem Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps
his tides well Those healths will make thee and
thy state look ill, Timon Here's that which is
too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which
ne'er left man i' the mire *60*

This and my food are equals, there's no odds
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods

Apemantus' grace

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,

I pray for no man but myself

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond,

Or a harlot, for her weeping,

Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping,

Or a keeper with my freedom,

Or my friends, if I should need 'em *70*

Amen So fall to't

Rich men sin, and I eat root

Eats and drinks

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the
field now

Alab My heart is ever at your service, my
lord

Tim You had rather be at a breakfast of ene-
mies than a dinner of friends *79*

Alab So they were bleeding-new, my lord,
there's no meat like 'em I could wish my best
friend at such a feast

Apem Would all those flatterers were thine
enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em and
bid me to 'em!

1st Lord Might we but have that happiness,
my lord, that you would once use our hearts,
whereby we might express some part of our
zeals, we should think ourselves for ever per-
fect *90*

Tim O no doubt my good friends but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf and thus far I confirm you O you gods think I what need we have any friends if we should ne'er have need of em? They were the most need less creatures living should we ne'er have use for em and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves Why I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you We are born to do benefits and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O what a precious comfort tis to have so many like brothers commanding one another's fortunes! O joy e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water methinks to forget their faults I drink to you

Apern Thou weepst to make them drink Timon

2nd Lord Joy had the like conception in our eyes And at that instant like a babe sprung up

Apern Ho ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard

3rd Lord I promise you my lord you moved me much

Apern Much!

Tucket within

Tim What means that trumpet?

Enter a SERVANT

How now? 120

Serv Please you my lord there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance

Tim Ladies! what are their walls?

Serv There comes with them a forerunner my lord which bears that office to signify their pleasures

Tim I pray let them be admitted

Enter CUPID

Cup Hail to thee worthy Timon and to all That of his bounties taste The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron and come freely,

To gratulate thy plentiful bottom Thy ear 171
Taste touch and smell pleas'd from thy table

Tim They only now come but to feast thine eyes

Tim They're welcome all let em have kind admittance

Music make their welcome! *[Exit CUPID]*

1st Lord You see my lord how ample you're beloved

Music Re-enter CUPID with a mask of LADIES and AMAZONS with lutes in their hands dancing and playing

Apern Ho! day what a sweep of vanity comes thus way!

They dance! they are mad women
Like madness in the glory of this life
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root 140
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves
And spend our flatteries to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy
Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me 'T has been done

Men shut their doors against a setting sun 150

The LORDS rise from table with much adorning of TIMON and in show their loves each singles out an AMAZON and all dance men with women a lofty strain or two to the luteboys and cease

Tim You have done our pleasures much grace fair ladies

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment
Which was not half so beautiful and kind
You have added worth unto it and lustre
And entertain'd me with mine own device
I am to thank you for it

1st Lady My lord you take us even at the best

Apern Faith for the worst is filthy and would not hold talling I doubt me

Tim Ladies there is an idle banquet attends you 160

Please you to dispose yourselves

All Ladies Most thankfully my lord

[Exit CUPID and LADIES]

Flm Flavius

Flm My lord?

Flm The little casket bring me hither

Flm Yes my lord More jewels yet? *[Aside]*
There is no crossing him in a humour
Else I should tell him—well I faith I should
When all's spent he'd be cross'd then, an he could

'Tis my bounty had not eyes behind
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind?

[Exit]

1st Lord Where be our men?

Serv Here my lord in readiness

2nd Lord Our horses! 171

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket

Tim O my friends,
I have one word to say to you Look you, my
good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance this jewel, accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord
1st Lord I am so far already in your gifts—
All So are we all

Enter a SERVANT

Serv My lord, there are certain nobles of the
Senate 180

Newly alighted, and come to visit you

Tim They are fairly welcome

Flav I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near

Tim Near! why then, another time I'll hear
thee

I prithee, let's be provided to show them enter-
tainment

Flav [*Aside*] I scarce know how

Enter a SECOND SERVANT

2nd Serv May it please your honour, Lord
Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver

Tim I shall accept them fairly, let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd

Enter a THIRD SERVANT

I now now! what news? 191

3rd Serv Please you, my lord, that honourable
gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your com-
pany to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent
your honour two brace of greyhounds

Tim I'll hunt with him, and let them be re-
ceived,

Not without fair reward

Flav [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer
Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this, 200
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good
His promises fly so beyond his state
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word He is so kind that he now
Pays interest for't, his land's put to their books
Well, would I were gently put out of office
Before I were forced out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such that do e'en enemies exceed

I bleed inwardly for my lord

210
Exit

Tim You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love
2nd Lord With more than common thanks I
will receive it

3rd Lord O, he's the very soul of bounty!

Tim And now I remember, my lord, you
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on It is yours, because you liked it

2nd Lord O, I beseech you, pardon me, my
lord, in that

Tim You may take my word, my lord, I know,
no man 220

Can justly praise but what he does affect

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own,
I'll tell you true I'll call to you

All Lords O, none so welcome

Tim I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give,
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee For all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field

Alcib Ay, defiled land, my lord 231

1st Lord We are so virtuously bound—

Tim And so
Am I to you

2nd Lord So infinitely endear'd—

Tim All to you Lights, more lights!

1st Lord The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord

Timon!

Tim Ready for his friends

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS and TIMON*]

Apen What a coil's here!

Serving of becks and jutting-out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em Friendship's full of dregs
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound
legs

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court-
sies

Tim Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee

Apen No, I'll nothing For if I should be bribed
too, there would be none left to rail upon thee,
and then thou wouldst sin the faster Thou givest
so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away
thyself in paper shortly What need these feasts,
pomps, and van-glories? 249

Tim Nay, an you begin to rail on society once,
I am sworn not to give regard to you

Farewell and come with better music [Exit
Apem So
 Thou wilt not hear me now thou shalt not
 then
 I'll lock thy heaven from thee
 O that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf but not to flattery! [Exit

ACT II

SCENE I *A Senator's house*

Enter SENATOR with papers in his hand

Sen And late five thousand to Varro and to
 Isidore

He owes nine thousand besides my former
 sum

Which makes it five and twenty Still in motion
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold it will not
 If I want gold steal but a beggar's dog
 And give it Timon why the dog coins gold
 If I would sell my horse and buy twenty more
 Better than he why give my horse to Timon
 Ask nothing give it him it foals me straight
 And able horses No porter at his gate
 But rather one that smiles and still invites
 All that pass by It cannot hold no reason
 Can found his state in safety Caphis ho!
 Caphis I say!

Enter CAPHIS

Caph Here sir what is your pleasure?

Sen Get on your cloak and haste you to Lord
 Timon

Importune him for my moneys be not ceased
 With slight denial nor then silenced when—
 Commend me in your master and the cap
 Plays in the right hand thus but tell him
 My uses cry to me I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own his days and times are past
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit I love and honour him
 But must not break my back to heal his finger
 Immediate are my needs and my relief
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words
 But find supply immediate Get you gone
 Put on a most importunate aspect
 A visage of demand for I do fear
 When every feather sticks in his own wing
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull
 Which flashes now a phoenix Get you gone

Caph I go sir
Sen I go sir! Take the bonds along with
 you

And have the dates in compt

Caph I will sir
Sen Go [Exit

SCENE II *The same a hall in Timon's house*

Enter FLAVIUS with many bills in his hand

Flavius No care no stop! so senseless of ex-
 pense

That he will neither know how to maintain it
 Nor cease his flow of riot takes no account
 How things go from him nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue never mind
 Was to be so unwise to be so kind
 What shall be done? He will not hear till feel
 I must be round with him now he comes from
 hunting
 Fie fie fie fie!

*Enter CAPHIS and the SERVANTS of ISIDORE
 and VARRO*

Caph Good even Varro What
 You come for money?

Var Serv Is it not your business too? 10

Caph It is and yours too Isidore?

Isid Serv It is so

Caph Would we were all discharged!

Var Serv I fear it

Caph Here comes the lord

Enter TIMON ALKIBIADES and LORDS &c

Tim So soon as dinner's done we'll forth
 again

My Alkibiades With me? What is your will?

Caph My lord here is a note of certain dues

Tim Dues? Whence are you?

Caph Of Athens here my lord

Tim Go to my steward

Caph Please it your lordship he hath put me
 off

To the succession of new days this month 20

My master is awak'd by great occasion

To call upon his own and humbly prays you

That with your other noble parts you'll suit

In giving him his right

Tim Mine honest friend

I prithee but repair to me next morning

Caph Nay good my lord—

Tim Contain thyself good friend

Var Serv One Varro's servant my good lord—

Isid Serv From Isidore

He humbly prays your speedy payment

Caph If you did know my lord my master's
 wants—

Var Serv 'Twas due on forfeiture my lord six
 weeks 30

And past

Isid Serv Your steward puts me off my lord
 And I am sent expressly to your lordship

Tim Give me breath

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on,
I'll wait upon you instantly

[*Exit* ALCIBIADES and LORDS

[*To FLAVIUS*] Come hither Pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav Please you, gentlemen, 40

The time is unagreeable to this business

Your importunacy cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid

Tim Do so, my friends See them well entertain'd

[*Exit*

Flav Pray, draw near

[*Exit*

Enter APEMANTUS and FOOL

Caph Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus Let's ha' some sport with 'em

Var Serv Hang him, he'll abuse us

Isid Serv A plague upon him, dog! 50

Var Serv How dost, Fool?

Apem Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var Serv I speak not to thee

Apem No, 'tis to thyself [*To the fool*] Come away

Isid Serv There's the Fool hangs on your back already

Apem No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet

Caph Where's the Fool now?

Apem He last asked the question Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv What are we, Apemantus?

Apem Asses

All Serv Why?

Apem That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves Speak to 'em, Fool

Fool How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv Gramercies, good Fool, how does your mistress? 70

Fool She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem Good! gramercy

Enter PAGE

Fool Look you, here comes my mistress' page

Page [*To the fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably 80

Page Prithce, Apemantus, read me the super-

scription of these letters, I know not which is which

Apem Canst not read?

Page No

Apem There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades Go, thou wast born a bastard, and thou't die a bawd 89

Page Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death Answer not, I am gone

[*Exit*

Apem E'en so thou outrunnest grace Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's

Fool Will you leave me there?

Apem If Timon stay at home You three serve three usurers?

All Serv Ay, would they served us!

Apem So would I—as good a trick as ever hangman serv ed thief 100

Fool Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv Ay, Fool

Fool I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant, my mistress is one, and I am her fool When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry, but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly The reason of this?

Var Serv I could render one 109

Apem Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave, which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed

Var Serv What is a whoremaster, Fool?

Fool A fool in good clothes, and something like thee 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't appears like a lord, sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one He is very often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in

Var Serv Thou art not altogether a fool 122

Fool Nor thou altogether a wise man As much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest

Apem That answer might have become Apemantus

All Serv Aside, aside, here comes Lord Timon

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

Apem Come with me, Fool, come

Fool I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman, sometime the philosopher 131

[*Exit* APEMANTUS and FOOL

Flav Pray you, walk near I'll speak with you anon

[*Exit* SERVANTS

Tim You make me marvel Wherefore ere this time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flrv You would not hear me
At many leasures I proposed

Tim Go to
Perchance some single vantages you took
When my indisposition put you back
And that unaptness made your minister 140
Thus to excuse yourself

Flrv O my good lord
At many times I brought in my accounts
Laid them before you you would throw them
off
And say you found them in mine honesty
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much I have shook my head and
wept

Yea against the authority of manners pray'd you
To hold your hand more close I did endure
Not seldom nor no slight checks when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate 150
And your great flow of debts My loved lord
Though you hear now too late—yet now's a
time—

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts

Tim Let all my land be sold
Flrv 'Tis all engaged some forfeited and gone
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues The future comes apace
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim To Lacedæmon did my land extend 160
Flrv O my good lord the world is but a word
Were it all yours to give it in a breath
How quickly were it gone!

Tim You tell me true
Flrv If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood
Call me before the exactest auditors
And set me on the proof So the gods bless me
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders when our vaults have wept
With drunken spitch of wine when every room
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with munn
strelsy 170

I have retired me to a wasteful cock
And set mine eyes at flow

Tim Prithce no more
Flrv Heavens have I said the bounty of this
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peaz
ants

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart head sword force means but is
Lord Timon's?
Great Timon noble, worthy royal Timon!

Ah when the means are gone that buy this praise
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made
Least won fast lost one cloud of winter show
ers

These flies are couch'd
Tim Come sermon me no further
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart
Unwisely not ignobly have I given
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart
If I would broach the vessels of my love
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak

Flrv Assurance bless your thoughts!
Tim And in some sort these wants of mine
are crown'd 190

That I account them blessings for by these
Shall I try friends You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes I am wealthy in my
friends

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS SERVILIUS and other
SERVANTS*

Servants My lord? my lord?

Tim I will dispatch you severally you to Lord
Lucius to Lord Lucullus you I hunted with his
honour to-day you to Sempronius Commend
me to their loves and I am proud say that my
occasions have found time to use em toward a
supply of money Let the request be fifty talents

Flrv As you have said my lord

Flrv [Aside] Lord Lucius and I ucllus? hum!
Tim O you sir to the senators—
Of whom even to the state's best health I have
Deser'd this hearing—bid em send o the in
stant

A thousand talents to me

Flrv I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general way—
To them to use your signet and your name 210
But they do shake their heads and I am here
No richer in return

Tim Is it true? can it be?

Flrv They answer in a joint and corporate
voice

That now they are at fall want treasure cannot
Do what they would I am sorry—you are hon-
ourable—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know
not—

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wretch—would all were well—tis
pity—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence

Tim You gods, reward them!
Prithee, man, look cheerly These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy
[*To a SERVANT*] Go to Ventidius [*To FLAVIUS*]

Prithee, be not sad, 229
Thou art true and honest, ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee [*To SERVANT*] Ventidius lately

Buried his father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate When he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents Greet him from me,

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd

With those five talents [Exit SERVANT] [*To FLAVIUS*]
That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink

Flav I would I could not think it That thought
is bounty's foe,
Being free itself, it thinks all others so [Exit

ACT III

SCENE I A room in Lucullus' house

FLAMINIUS waiting Enter a SERVANT to him

Serv I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you

Flam I thank you, sir

Enter LUCULLUS

Serv Here's my lord

Lucul [Aside] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant Why, this hits right, I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectfully welcome, sir Fill me some wine [Exit SERVANT]
And how does that honourable, complete free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? 11

Flam His health is well sir

Lucul I am right glad that his health is well, sir And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir,

which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply, who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein 21

Lucul La, la, la, la! "nothing doubting," say he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming Every man has his fault, and honesty is his I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't 31

Re-enter SERVANT, with wine

Serv Please your lordship, here is the wine

Lucul Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise Here's to thee

Flam Your lordship speaks your pleasure

Lucul I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well, good parts in thee [To SERVANT] Get you gone, sirrah [Exit SERVANT] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security Here's three solidares for thee, good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not Fare thee well

Flam Is 't possible the world should so much differ,

And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee! 51

Throwing the money back

Lucul Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master [Exit

Flam May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him 60
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit

SCENE II *A public place**Enter LUCIUS with THREE STRANGERS*

Luc Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an honourable gentleman

1st Stran We know him for no less though we are but strangers to him But I can tell you one thing my lord and which I hear from common rumours now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past and his estate shrinks from him

Luc He no do not believe it he cannot want for money

2nd Stran But believe you this my lord that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents nay urged extremely for it and showed what necessity he longed to it and yet was denied

Luc How?

2nd Stran I tell you denied my lord

Luc What a strange case was that? now before the gods I am ashamed on it Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in it For my own part I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him as money plate jewels and such like trifles nothing comparing to his yet had he mistook him and sent to me I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents

Enter SERVILIUS

Ser See by good hap yonder's my lord I have sweat to see his honour My honoured lord—
[To LUCIUS]

Luc Servilius! you are kindly met sir Fare thee well Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord my very exquisite friend

Ser May it please your honour my lord hath sent—

Luc Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord he's ever sending How shall I thank him thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser Has only sent his present occasion now my lord requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents

Luc I know his lordship is but merry with me He cannot want fifty five hundred talents

Ser But in the mean time he wants less my lord If his occasion were not virtuous I should not urge it half so faithfully

Luc Dost thou speak seriously Servilius?

Ser Upon my soul tis true sir

Luc What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time when I might have shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened that I should purchase the day before

for a little part and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius now before the gods I am not able to do—the more beast I say I was sending to use Lord Timon myself these gentlemen can witness but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done it now Commend me bountifully to his good lordship and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me because I have no power to be kind and tell him this from me I count it one of my greatest afflictions say that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman Good Servilius will you besfriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

Ser Yes sir I shall

Luc I'll look you out a good turn Servilius

[Exit SERVILIUS]

True as you said Timon is shrunk indeed

And he that's once denied will hardly speed

[Exit]

1st Stran Do you observe this Hostilius?

2nd Stran Ay too well

1st Stran Why this is the world's soul and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? for in My knowing Timon has been this lord's father And kept his credit with his purse Supported his estate nay Timon's money Has paid his men their wages He ne'er drinks But Timon's silver treads upon his lip

And yet—O see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—

He does deny him in respect of his What charitable men afford to beggars

3rd Stran Religion groans at it

1st Stran For mine own part

I never tasted Timon in my life Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend yet I protest For his right noble mind illustrious virtue And honourable carriage

Had his necessity made use of me

I would have put my wealth into donation

And the best half should have returned to him

So much I love his heart But I perceive

Men must learn now with pity to dispense For policy sits above conscience

[Exit]

SCENE III *A room in Sempronius' house**Enter SEMPRONIUS and a SERVANT of TIMON'S*

Sem Must he needs trouble me in it—hum!—above all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus And now Ventidius is wealthy too Whom he redeemed from prison All these Owe their estates unto him

Serv My lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal,
for
They have all denied him
Serv How ' have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!
It shows but little love or judgement in him 10
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice give him over, must I take the cure upon
me?
Has much disgraced me in 't, I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place I see no sense
for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first,
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him,
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No!
So it may prove an argument of laughter 20
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake,
I'd such a courage to do him good But now re-
turn,
And with their faint reply this answer join,
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin
[Exit

Serv Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly vil-
lain The devil knew not what he did when he
made man politic, he crossed himself by 't, and I
cannot think but, in the end, the villainies of man
will set him clear How fairly this lord strives to
appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked,
like those that under hot ardent zeal would set
whole realms on fire,
Of such a nature is his politic love
This was my lord's best hope, now all are fled,
Save only the gods Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master 40
And this is all a liberal course allows,
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
house [Exit

SCENE IV *The same a hall in Timon's house*

Enter TWO SERVANTS of VARRO, and the SERVANT
of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and
other SERVANTS of TIMON's creditors, waiting his
coming out

1st Var Serv Well met, good morrow, Titus
and Hortensius

Tit The like to you, kind Varro

Hor Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
Luc Serv Ay, and I think
One business does command us all, for mine
Is money
Tit So is theirs and ours

Enter PHILOTUS

Luc Serv And Sir Philotus too!
Phi Good day at once
Luc Serv Welcome, good brother
What do you think the hour?
Phi Labouring for none
Luc Serv So much?
Phi Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc Serv Not yet
Phi I wonder on 't, he was wont to shine at
seven 10
Luc Serv Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter
with him

You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's, but not, like his, recoverable
I fear tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse,
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little

Phi I am of your fear for that
Tit I'll show you how to observe a strange
event

Your lord sends now for money
Hor Most true, he does
Tit And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money 20
Hor It is against my heart
Luc Serv Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes,
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em
Hor I'm weary of this charge, the gods can wit-
ness

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth
1st Var Serv Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns What's yours?

Luc Serv Five thousand mine
1st Var Serv 'Tis much deep, and it should
seem by the sum, 30
Your master's confidence was above mine,
Else, surely, his had equall'd

Enter FLAMINIUS

Tit One of Lord Timon's men
Luc Serv Flaminius! Sir, a word Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth?
Flam No, indeed, he is not
Tit We attend his lordship, pray, signify so
much

Flam I need not tell him that he knows you
are too diligent {*Exit* 40

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak muffled

Luc Serv Ha! is not that his stew and muffled
so?

He goes away in a cloud Call him call him

Tit Do you hear sir?

2nd Var Serv By your leave sir—

Flav What do ye ask of me my friend?

Tit We wait for certain money here sir

Flav Ay

If money were as certain as your waiting

'Twere sure enough

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts

And take down the interest into their gluttonous
maws

You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up

Let me pass quietly

Believe it my lord and I have made an end

I have no more to reckon he to spend

Luc Serv Ay but this answer will not serve

Flav If it will not serve 'tis not so base as you

For you serve knaves {*Exit*

1st Var Serv How? what does his cashier'd
worship murmur? 61

2nd Var Serv No matter what he's poor and
that's revenge enough Who can speak broader
than he that has no house to put his head in? such
may rail against great buildings

Enter SERVILIUS

Tit O here's Servilius now we shall know
some answer

Ser If I might beseech you gentlemen to re-
pair some other hour I should derive much
from it for take it of my soul my lord leans
wondrously to discontent His comfortable tem-
per has forsok him he's much out of health and
keeps his chamber

Luc Serv Many do keep their chambers are not
sick

And if it be so far beyond his health

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts

And make a clear way to the gods

Ser Good gods!

Tit We cannot take this for answer sir

Flam [Hither] Servilius help! My lord's my
lord!

Enter TIMON in a rage FLAMINIUS following

Tim What are my doors oppos'd against my
passage? 80

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy my gaol?

The place which I have feasted does it now

Like all mankind show me an iron heart?

Luc Serv Put in now Titus

Tit My lord here is my bill

Luc Serv Here's mine

Hor And mine my lord

Both Var Serv And ours my lord

Phi All our bills

Tim Knock me down with em! Cleave me to
the girdle 90

Luc Serv Alas my lord—

Tim Cut my heart in sums

Tit Mine fifty talents

Tim Tell out my blood

Luc Serv Five thousand crowns my lord

Tim Five thousand drops pays that What
yours? and yours?

1st Var Serv My lord—

2nd Var Serv My lord—

Tim Tear me take me and the god fall upon
you! {*Exit* 100

Hor Faith I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money These debts may well
be called desperate ones for a madman owes em
{*Exunt*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS

Tim They have even put my breath from me
the slaves

Creditors' devils!

Flav My dear lord—

Tim What if it should be so?

Flav My lord—

Tim I'll have it so My steward!

Flav Here my lord

Tim So fildy? Go bid all my friends again 110

Lucius Lucullus and Sempronius

All surrah all

I'll once more feast the rascals

Flav O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul

There is not so much left to furnish out

A moderate table

Tim Be it not in thy care go

I charge thee invite them all Let in the tide

Of knaves once more my cook and I'll provide
{*Exunt*

SCENE V The same the Senate house

The Senate sitting

1st Sen My lord you have my voice to it the
fault's

Bloody 'tis necessary he should die

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy

2nd Sen Most true the law shall bruise him

Enter ALCIBIADES, with Attendants

Alcib Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate!

1st Sen Now, captain?

Alcib I am an humble suitor to your virtues,
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—
An honour in him which buys out his fault—
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe, 20
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but proved an argument

1st Sen You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour, which indeed
Is valour misbegot and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born 30
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,
carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib My lord—

1st Sen You cannot make gross sins look clear

To revenge is no valour, but to bear

Alcib My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, 40

If I speak like a captain

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,

And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,

And let the foes quietly cut their throats,

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such valour in the bearing, what make we

Abroad? why then, women are more valiant

That stay at home, if bearing carry it,

And the ass more captain than the lion the felon

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge, 50

If wisdom be in suffering O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just
To be in anger is impiety,

But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this

2nd Sen You breathe in vain

Alcib In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium 60

Were a sufficient briber for his life

1st Sen What's that?

Alcib I say, my lords, he has done fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

2nd Sen He has made too much plenty with 'em,

He's a sworn rioter, he has a sin that often

Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner

If there were no foes, that were enough 70

To overcome him In that beastly fury

He has been known to commit outrages

And cherish factions 'Tis infer'd to us

His days are foul and his drink dangerous

1st Sen He dies

Alcib Hard fate! he might have died in war

My lords, if not for any parts in him—

Though his right arm might purchase his own time

And be in debt to none—yet, more to move you,

Take my deserts to him, and join 'em both,

And, for I know your reverend ages love 80

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all

My honours to you, upon his good returns

If by this crime he owes the law his life,

Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore,

For law is strict, and war is nothing more

1st Sen We are for law He dies Urge it no more,

On height of our displeasure Friend or brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another

Alcib Must it be so? 't must not be My lords,

I do beseech you know me 90

2nd Sen How!

Alcib Call me to your remembrances

3rd Sen What!

Alcib I cannot think but your age has forgot me,

It could not else be, I should prove so base,

To sue and be denied such common grace

My wounds ache at you

1st Sen Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect

We banish thee for ever

Alcib Banish me!

Banish your dotage banish usury

That mal'es the Senate ugly
100 *1st Sen* If after two days' shine Athens contain
these

Attend our weightier judgement And not to
swell our spirit

He shall be executed presently

[*Exit SENATORS*]

Alcib Now the gods keep you old enough that
you may live

Only in bone that none may look on you!

I'm worse than mad I have kept back their foes

While they have told their money and let out

Their coin upon large interest I myself

Rich only in large hurts All those for this?

Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate 110

Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?

It comes not ill I hate not to be banish'd

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury

That I may strike at Athens I'll cheer up

My discontented troops and lay for hearts

'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods

[*Exit*]

SCENE VI *The same a banquetting room in
Timon's house*

Musick Tables set out *Servants* attending *Enter*
diners LORDS SENATORS and others at several
doors

1st Lord The good time of day to you sir

and Lord I also wish it to you I think this
honourable lord did but try us this other day

3rd Lord Upon that were my thoughts turning
when we encountered I hope it is not so low
with him as he made it seem in the trial of his
several friends

and Lord It should not be by the persuasion of
his new feasting 9

1st Lord I should think so He hath sent me an
earnest inviting which many my near occasions
did urge me to put off but he hath conjured me
beyond them and I must needs appear

and Lord In like manner was I in debt to my
importunate business but he would not hear my
excuse I am sorry when he sent to borrow of
me that my provision was out

1st Lord I am sick of that grief too as I under-
stand how all things go 0

2nd Lord Every man here is so What would he
have borrow'd of you?

1st Lord A thousand pieces

and Lord A thousand pieces!

1st Lord What of you?

and Lord He sent to me sir—Here he comes

Enter TIMON and Attendants

Tim With all my heart gentlemen both and
how fare you?

1st Lord Ever at the best hearing well of your
lordship 30

and Lord The swallow follows not summer
more willing than we your lordship

Tim [Aside] Nor more willingly leaves win-
ter such summer birds are men Gentlemen, our
dinner will not recompense this long stay Feast
your ears with the music awhile if they will fare
so harshly o' the trumpet's sound we shall to it
presently

1st Lord I hope it remains not unkindly with
your lordship that I returned you an empty mes-
senger 41

Tim O sir let it not trouble you

2nd Lord My noble lord—

Tim Ah my good friend what cheer?

and Lord My most honourable lord I am en-
sick of shame that when your lordship this other
day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar

Tim Think not on't sir

and Lord If you had sent but two hours be-
fore— 51

Tim Let it not cumber your better remem-
brance [The banquet brought in] Come bring in
all together

and Lord All covered dishes!

1st Lord Royal cheer I warrant you

3rd Lord Doubt not that if money and the
season can yield it

1st Lord How do you? What's the news?

3rd Lord Alcibiades is banished Hear you of
it? 61

1st and 2nd Lord Alcibiades banished!

3rd Lord 'Tis so be sure of it

1st Lord How! how!

and Lord I pray you upon what?

Tim My worthy friends will you draw near?

3rd Lord I'll tell you more anon Here's a noble
feast toward

and Lord This is the old man still

and Lord Will it hold? will it hold? 70

and Lord It does but time will—and so—

and Lord I do consent

Tim Each man to his stool with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress your diet shall
be in all places alike Make not a city feast of it
to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the
first place Sit sit The gods require our thanks

You great benefactors sprinkle our society with
thankfulness For your own gifts make your
selves praised but reserve still to give, let your

deities be despised Lend to each man enough,
that one need not lend to another, for, were your
godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake
the gods Make the meat be beloved more than
the man that gives it Let no assembly of twenty
be without a score of villains If there sit twelve
women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as
they are The rest of your foes, O gods—the
senators of Athens, together with the common lag
of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make
suitable for destruction For these my present
friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing
bless them, and to nothing are they welcome

Uncover, dogs, and lap

*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of
warm water*

Some speak What does his lordship mean?

Some other I know not

Tim May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! Smoke and luke-
warm water

Is your perfection Thus is Timon's last, 100
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany

Throwing the water in their faces

Live loathed and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek
bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's
flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man and beast the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er! What, dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou,

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none 111

Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! [Exit

Re-enter the LORDS, SENATORS, &c

1st Lord How now, my lords!

2nd Lord Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3rd Lord Push! did you see my cap?

4th Lord I have lost my gown 120

1st Lord He's but a mad lord, and nought but
humour sways him He gave me a jewel th'
other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat
Did you see my jewel?

3rd Lord Did you see my cap?

2nd Lord Here 'tis

4th Lord Here lies my gown

1st Lord Let's make no stay

2nd Lord Lord Timon's mad

3rd Lord I feel't upon my bones

130

4th Lord One day he gives us diamonds, next
day stones [Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I Without the walls of Athens

Enter TIMON

Tim Let me look back upon thee O thou wall
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinen-

ent!

Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,

Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads! To general filths

Convert o' the instant, green virginity!

Do't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast,

Rather than render back, out with your knives

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants,

steal! 10

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,

And pill by law Maid, to thy master's bed,

Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,

Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,

With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,

Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,

Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,

Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,

Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,

Decline to your confounding contraries, 20

And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to

men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap

On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,

Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty

Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,

That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,

And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,

Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop

Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, 30

That their society, as their friendship, may

Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,

But nakedness, thou detestable town!

Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!

Timon will to the woods, where he shall find

The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind

The gods confound—hear me, you good gods

all—

The Athenians both within and out that wall!

And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow

To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40

Amen [Exit

SCENE II Athens a room in Timon's house

Enter FLAVIUS tenth TWO or three SERVANTS

1st Serv. Hear you master steward where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack my fellows what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods

I am as poor as you

1st Serv. Such a house broke!

So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not

One friend to take his fortune by the arm

And go along with him!

2nd Serv. As we do turn our backs

From our companion thrown into his grave

So his familiars to his buried fortunes

Slink all away leave their false vows with him

Like empty purses pick'd and his poor self

A dedicated beggar to the air

With his disease of all shunn'd poverty

Walks like contempt alone More of our fellows

Enter other SERVANTS

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house

3rd Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's

livery

That set I by our faces we are fellows still

Serving alike in sorrow Leak'd in our bark

And we poor mates stand on the dying deck

Hearing the surges threat We must all part

Into this sea of air

Flav. Good fellows all

The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you

Wherever we shall meet for Timon's sake

Let's yet be fellows let's shake our heads and

say

As were a knell unto our master's fortunes

We have seen better days Let each take some

Nay put out all your hands Not one word more

Thus we part rich in sorrow parting poor

{SERVANTS embrace and part several ways}

O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt

Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live

But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all what state compounds

But only painted like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord brought low by his own heart

Undone by goodness! Strange unusual blood

When man's worst sin is he does too much good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again?

For bounty that makes gods does still mar men

My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,

Rich only to be wretched thy great fortunes

Are made thy chief afflictions Alas kind lord!

He's slung in rage from this ingrateful sear

Of monstrous friends nor has he with him to

Supply his life or that which can command it

I'll follow and inquire him out

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still

{Exit}

SCENE III Woods and cave near the sea shore

Enter TIMON from the cave

Tim. O blessed breeding sun draw from the earth

Rotten humidity below thy sister's orb

Infect the air! Twin'd brothers of one womb

Whose procreation residence and birth

Scarcely dividant touch them with several fortunes

The greater scorns the lesser Not nature, To whom all sores lay siege can bear great fortune

But by contempt of nature

Raise me this beggar and deny't that lord

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary

The beggar native honour

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides

The want that makes him lean Who dares who dares

In purity of manhood stand upright

And say This man's a flatterer? if one be,

So are they all for every guise of fortune

Is smooth'd by that below The learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool All is oblique

There's nothing level in our cursed natures

But direct villainy Therefore be abhor'd

All feasts societies and throngs of men!

His semblable yea himself Timon disdains

Destruction fang mankind! Earth yield me

roots! {Digging}

Who seeks for better of thee sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison! What is here?

Gold? Yellow glittering precious gold? No

gods

I am no idle votarist roots you clear heavens!

Thus much of this will make black white foul

fair

Wrong right base noble old young coward valiant

Ha you gods! why thus? what this you gods?

Why thus

Will tug your priests and servants from your sides

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions bless the accursed,

Make the hoar leprosy adored place thieves

And give them title, knee, and approbation
 With senators on the bench This is it
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again,
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, thus embalms and
 spices 40

To the April day again Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature [*March afar off*] Ha! a
 drum? Thou'rt quick,
 But yet I'll bury thee Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest
keeping some gold

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike
 manner, PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA*

Alcib What art thou there? speak

Tim A beast, as thou art The canker gnaw
 thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man! 50

Alcib What is thy name? Is man so hateful to
 thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim I am Misanthropos and hate mankind
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something

Alcib I know thee well,

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange

Tim I know thee too, and more than that I
 know thee,

I not desire to know Follow thy drum,
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules!

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel, 60

Then what war be? This fell whore of
 thine

Harsh in her more destruction than thy sword,
 For all her cherubin look

Phry Thy lips rot off!

Tim I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns

To thine own lips again

Alcib How came the noble Timon to this
 change?

Tim As the moon does, by wanting light to
 give

But then renew I could not, like the moon,

There were no suns to borrow of

Alcib Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee?

Tim None, but to 70

Maintain my opinion

Alcib What is it, Timon?

Tim Promise me friendship, but perform
 none If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague
 thee, for thou art a man! If thou dost perform,

confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib I have heard in some sort of thy miseries

Tim Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity

Alcib I see them now, then was a blessed time

Tim As thine is now, held with a brace of
 harlots

Timon Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
 world 80

Voiced so regardfully?

Tim Art thou Timandra?

Timon Yes

Tim Be a whore still They love thee not that
 use thee,

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust

Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves

For tubs and baths, bring down rose-checked
 youth

To the tub-fast and the diet

Timon Hang thee, monster!

Alcib Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his
 wits

Are down'd and lost in his calamities

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band I have heard, and grieved,

How cursed Athens mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour
 states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

Tim I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee
 gone

Alcib I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear
 Timon

Tim How dost thou pity him whom thou dost
 trouble?

I had rather be alone

Alcib Why, fare thee well

Here is some gold for thee

Tim Keep it, I cannot eat it 100

Alcib When I have laid proud Athens on a
 heap—

Tim Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib Ay, Timon, and have cause

Tim The gods confound them all in thy con-
 quest,

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib Why me, Timon?

Tim That, by killing of villians,

Thou wast born to conquer my country

Put up thy gold Go on Here's gold Go on

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poison

In the sick air Let not thy sword skip one 110

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer Strike me the counterfeit mat-
 ron,

It is her habit only that is honest
 Herself's a bawd Let not the virgin's cheek
 Make soft thy trenchant sword for those milk
 paps
 That through the window bars bore at men's
 eyes
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ
 But set them down horrible traitors Spare not
 the babe
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
 mercy
 Think it a bastard whom the oracle 120
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut
 And mince it sans remorse Swear against ob-
 jects
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes
 Whose proof nor yells of mothers maids nor
 babes
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding
 Shall pierce a jot There's gold to pay thy sol-
 diers
 Make large confusion and thy fury spent
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not be gone
Alab Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold
 thou givest me
 Not all thy counsel 130
Tim Dost thou or dost thou not heaven's
 curse upon thee!
Phr and Timan Give us some gold, good
 Timon Hast thou more?
Tim Enough to make a whore forswear her
 trade
 And to make whores a bawd Hold up you
 sluts
 Your aprons mountant You are not oathable—
 Although I know you'll swear terribly swear
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues
 The immortal gods that hear you—spare your
 oaths
 I'll trust to your conditions Be whores still
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you
 Be strong in whore allure him burn him up 141
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke
 And be no turncoats Yet may your pains six
 months
 Be quite contrary! And thatch your poor thin
 roofs
 With burthens of the dead—some that were
 hang'd
 No matter!—Wear them betray with them
 Whore still
 Pant till a horse may mire upon your face
 A pot of wrinkles!
Phr and Timan Well more gold What then?
 Believe it that we'll do anything for gold 150
Tim Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man strike their sharp shins
 And mar men's spurring Crack the lawyers
 voice
 That he may never more false title plead
 Nor sound him quillers shrilly Hoar the flamen
 That scolds against the quality of flesh
 And not believes himself Down with the nose
 Down with it flat take the bridge quite away
 Of him that his particular to foresee
 Smells from the general weal Make curl'd pate
 ruffians bald 160
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you Plague all
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection There's more gold
 Do you damn others and let this damn you
 And ditches grave you all!
Phr and Timan More counsel with more
 money bounteous Timon
Tim More whore more mischief first I have
 given you earnest
Alab Strike up the drum towards Athens!
 Farewell Timon
 If I thrive well I'll visit thee again 170
Tim If I hope well I'll never see thee more
Alab I never did thee harm
Tim Yes thou spok'st well of me
Alab Call it thou that harm?
Tim Men daily find it Get thee away and
 take
 Thy beagles with thee
Alab We but offend him Strike!
 [Drum beats *Exeunt* ALCIBIADES PHRYNIA *an'*
 TIMANDRA

Tim That nature, being sick of man's un-
 kindness
 Should yet be hungry! Common mother thou
 Digging
 Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast
 Teems and feeds all whose selfsame mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child arrogant man is puff'd
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue 181
 The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine
 Yield him who all thy human sons doth hate
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and concepitious womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
 Go great with tigers dragons wolves and bears
 Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above 191
 Never presented!—O a root Dear thanks!—
 Dry up thy marrows vines and plough torn leas
 Whereof ingrateful man with liquorish draughts
 And morsels unctuous greases his pure mind,

That from it all consideration slips'

Enter APEMANTUS

More man^d plague, plague!

Apem I was directed hither Men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them

Tim 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a
dog, 200

Whom I would imitate Consumption catch thee!

Apem This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune Why this spade^d this
place?

This slave-like habit^d and these looks of care^d
Thy flatters yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive 210

By that which has undone thee Hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou it observe,
Blow off thy cap, praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent Thou wast told thus,
Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid
welcome

To knaves and all approachers 'Tis most just
That thou turn rascal, hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't Do not assume my like-
ness

Tim Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself
Apem Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself, 220

A madman so long, now a fool What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd
trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? Will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the crea-
tures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks,

To the conflicting elements exposed, 230
Answer mere nature, bid them flatter thee,
O thou shalt find—

Tim A fool of thee Depart

Apem I love thee better now than e'er I did

Tim I hate thee worse

Apem Why?

Tim Thou flatter'st misery

Apem I flatter not, but say thou art a catiff

Tim Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem To vex thee

Tim Always a villain's office or a fool's
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem Ay

Tim What! a knave too?

Apem If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well, but thou 240
Dost it enforcedly, thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before
The one is filling still, never complete,
The other, at high wish Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable
Tim Not by his breath that is more miserable
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldest have plunged
thyself

In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee But my self,
Who had the world as my confectionary, 260
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment,
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs and left me open bare
For every storm that blows I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't Why shouldst thou
hate men? 269

They never flatter'd thee What hast thou
given?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff
To some she beggar and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary Hence, be gone!
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer

Apem Art thou proud yet?

Tim Ay, that I am not thee

Apem I, that I was

No prodigal

Tim I, that I am one now

Were all the wealth I have I shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it Get thee gone
That the whole life of Athens were in this! 281
Thus would I eat it [*Eating a root*]

Apem Here I will mend thy feast

Offering him a root

Tim First mend my company take away thy self

Apem So I shall mend mine own by the lack of thine

Tim 'Tis not well mended so it is but borch d
If not I would it were

Apem What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim Thce thither in a whirlwind If thou wilt

Tell them there I have gold look so I have

Apem Here is no use for gold

Tim The best and truest 290
For here it sleeps and does no hired harm

Apem Where liest o nights Timon?

Tim Under that s above me

Where feed in thou o days *Apemantus*?

Apem Where my stomach finds meat or
rather where I eat it

Tim Would poison were obedient and knew
my mind!

Apem Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim To sauce thy dishes 299

Apem The middle of humanity thou never
knewest but the extremity of both ends When
thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they
mocked thee for too much curiosity in thy rags
thou knowest none but art despised for the con-
trary There s a medlar for thee eat it

Tim On what I hate I feed not

Apem Dost hate a medlar?

Tim As though it look like thee

Apem An thou hadst hated medlers sooner
thou shouldst have loved thy self better now
What man didst thou ever know unthrift that
was beloved after his means?

Tim Who without those means thou talkest
of didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem My self

Tim I understand thee thou hadst some means
to keep a dog

Apem What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers? 319

Tim Women nearest but men men are the
things themselves What wouldst thou do with
the world *Apemantus* if it lay in thy power?

Apem Give it the beasts to be rid of the men

Tim Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the con-
fusion of men, and remain a beast with the
beasts?

Apem Ay Timon

Tim A beastly ambition which the gods grant
thee t attain to! If thou wert the lion the fox
would beguile thee If thou wert the lamb the
fox would eat thee If thou wert the fox the
lion would suspect thee when peradventure thou

wert accused by the ass If thou wert the ass thy
dallness would torment thee and still thou livedst
but as a breakfast to the wolf If thou wert
the wolf thy greediness would afflict thee and
oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner
Wert thou the unicorn pride and wrath would
confound thee and make thine own self the con-
quest of thy fury Wert thou a bear thou wouldst
be killed by the horse Wert thou a horse thou
wouldst be seized by the leopard Wert thou
a leopard thou wert german to the lion and the
spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life All
thy safety were remotion and thy defence ab-
sence What beast couldst thou be that were not
subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou
already that seest not thy loss in transforma-
tion! 349

Apem If thou couldst please me with speaking
to me thou mightst have hit upon it here The
commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of
beasts

Tim How has the ass broke the wall that thou
art out of the city?

Apem Yonder comes a poet and a painter the
plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to
catch it and give way When I know not what
else to do I ll see thee again 359

Tim When there is nothing living but thee,
thou shalt be welcome I had rather be a beg-
gar s dog than *Apemantus*

Apem Thou art the cap of all the fools alive

Tim Would thou wert clean enough to spit
upon!

Apem A plague on thee! Thou art too bad to
curse

Tim All villains that do stand by thee are pure

Apem There is no leprosy but what thou
speak st

Tim If I name thee

I ll beat thee but I should infect my hands

Apem I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim Away thou issue of a mangy dog! 371
Choler does kill me that thou art alive

I swoond to see thee

Apem Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim Away

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee [*Throws a stone at him*]

Apem Beast!

Tim Slave!

Apem Toad!

Tim Rogue rogue rogue!

I am sick of this false world and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon t
Then Timon presently prepare thy grave
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily, make thine epitaph 380
That death in me at others' lives may laugh
[To the gold] O thou sweet king-killer, and dear
divorce

'Tixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hy men's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate
wooer,

Whose blush don't thaw the consecrated snow
That lies in Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 390
Think, thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apen Would 'twere so!
But not till I am dead I'll say thou'st gold
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly

Tim Throng'd to!
Apen Ay

Tim Thy back, I prithee

Apen Live, and love thy misery

Tim Long live so, and so die [Exit APEMAN-
rus] I am quit

Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor
them

Enter BANDITTI

1st Ban Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder The mere want of gold, and the fall-
ing from of his friends, drove him into this
melancholy

2nd Ban It is noised he hath a mass of treasure

3rd Ban Let us make the assay upon him If he
care not for't, he will supply us easily, if he
coverously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2nd Ban True, for he bears it not about him,
'tis hid

1st Ban Is not this he? 410
Banditti Where?

2nd Ban 'Tis his description

3rd Ban He, I know him

Banditti Save thee, Timon

Tim Now, thieves?

Banditti Soldiers, not thieves

Tim Both too, and women's sons

Banditti We are not thieves, but men that much
do want

Tim Your greatest want is, you want much of
meat

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath
roots, 420

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs,

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips,
The bounteous housewife, Nature, in each bush
Lays her full mess before you Want! why want?
1st Ban We cannot live on grass, on berries,
water,

As beasts and birds and fishes

Tim Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,
and fishes,

You must eat men Yet thanks I must you con
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes for there is boundless theft 430

In limited professions Rascal thieves,
Here's gold Go, suck the subtle blood o' the
grape,

Till the high fever scethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging Trust not the physician,
His antidotes are poison, and he slays

Moe than you rob Take wealth and lives to-
gether,

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't
Like workmen I'll example you with thuevery
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea, the moon's an arrant thief, 440

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun,
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears, the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement, each thing's a thief,
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have uncheck'd theft Love not yourselves
Away,

Rob one another There's more gold Cut
throats

All that you meet are thieves To Athens go,
Break open shops, nothing can you steal, 450

But thieves do lose it Steal no less for this
I give you, and gold confound you howsoever!
Amen

3rd Ban Has almost charmed me from my
profession by persuading me to it
1st Ban 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he
thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our
mystery

2nd Ban I'll believe him as an enemy, and give
over my trade 460

1st Ban Let us first see peace in Athens There
is no time so miserable but a man may be true

[Exit BANDITTI]

Enter FLAVIUS

Flav O you gods!
Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made?
 What viler thing upon the earth than friends 470
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
 Grant I may ever love and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me than those that
 do!

Has caught me in his eye I will present
 My honest grief unto him and as my lord
 Still serve him with my life My dearest master!

Tim Away! what art thou?

Flav Have you forgot me sir?

Tim Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
 men 480

Then if thou grant st thou st a man I have for
 got thee

Flav An honest poor servant of yours

Tim Then I know thee not

I never had honest man about me I all
 I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains

Flav The gods are witness

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord than mine eyes for you

Tim What dost thou weep? Come nearer

Then I love thee

Because thou art a woman and disclaim st 490
 Flinty mankind whose eyes do never give
 But thorough lust and laughter Pity's sleeping
 Strange times that weep with laughing not with
 weeping!

Flav I beg of you to know me good my lord
 To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth
 lasts

To entertain me as your steward still

Tim Had I a steward

So true so just and now so comfortable?
 It almost turns my dangerous nature mild
 Let me behold thy face Surely this man 500
 Was born of woman

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness
 You perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man—mistake me not—but one
 No more I pray—and he's a steward
 How fain would I have hated all mankind!
 And thou redeem st thyself but all save thee
 I fell with curses

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise
 For by oppressing and betraying me 510
 Thou mightest have sooner got another service
 For many so arrive at second masters

Upon their first lord's neck But tell me true—
 For I must ever doubt though ne'er so sure—
 Is not thy kindness subtle covetous
 If not a usurping kindness and as rich men deal
 gifts

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav No my most worthy master in whose
 breast

Doubt and suspect alas are placed too late
 You should have fear'd false times when you did
 feast 520

Suspect still comes where an estate is least
 That which I show Heaven knows merely
 love

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind
 Care of your food and living and believe it
 My most honour'd lord

For any benefit that points to me
 Either in hope or present I'd exchange
 For this one wish that you had power and wealth
 To requite me by making rich yourself

Tim Look thee thus so! Thou singly honest
 man 530

Here take The gods out of my misery
 Have sent thee treasure Go live rich and happy
 But thus condition'd thou shalt build from men
 Hate all curse all show charity on none
 But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone
 Ere thou relieve the beggar give to dogs
 What thou deny'st to men let prisons swallow
 em

Debts wither em to nothing be men like blasted
 woods

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
 And so farewell and thrive

Flav O let me stay 540
 And comfort you my master

Tim If thou hatest curses
 Stay not fly whilst thou art blest and free
 Ne'er see thou man and let me ne'er see thee

[*Exit FLAVIUS. TIMON retires to his cave*]

ACT V

SCENE I The woods Before Timon's cave

*Enter POET and PAINTER. TIMON watching them
 from his cave*

Pain As I took note of the place it cannot be
 far where he abides

Poet What's to be thought of him? Does the
 rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?

Pain Certain Alcibiades reports it Phrynia
 and Timandra had gold of him He likewise en-
 riched poor straggling soldiers with great quan-
 tity 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty
 sum

Poet Then this breaking of his has been but a
 try for his friends

Pain Nothing else You shall see him a palm in
 Athens again, and flourish with the highest
 Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves

him, in this supposed distress of his It will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having

Poet What have you now to present unto him?

Pam Nothing at this time but my visitation, only I will promise him an excellent piece 21

Poet I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him

Pam Good as the best Promising is the very air o' the time, it opens the eyes of expectation Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use To promise is most courtly and fashionable, performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it

TIMON comes from his cave, behind

Tim [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself

Poet I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him It must be a personating of himself, a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency

Tim [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee

Poet Nay, let's seek him

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late

Pam True,

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light
Come

Tim [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn What a god's gold, 50

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple

Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam,

Settest admired reverence in a slave

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them [*Coming forward*]

Poet Hail, worthy Timon!

Pam Our late noble master!

Tim Have I once lived to see two honest men? 60

Poet Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough

What to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words

Tim Let it go naked, men may see't the better
You that are honest, by being what you are, 71
Make them best seen and known

Pam He and my self
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it

Tim Ay, you are honest men

Pam We are hither come to offer you our service

Tim Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no

Both What we can do, we'll do, to do you service

Tim Ye're honest men Ye've heard that I have gold,

I am sure you have Speak truth, ye're honest men 80

Pam So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend nor I

Tim Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens Thou'rt, indeed, the best,
Thou counterfeit'st most lively

Pam So, so, my lord

Tim E'en so, sir, as I say And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say you have a little fault 90

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend

Both Beseech your honour

To make it known to us

Tim You'll take it ill

Both Most thankfully, my lord

Tim Will you, indeed?

Both Doubt it not, worthy lord

Tim There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you

Both Do we, my lord?

Tim Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom Yet remain assured 100

That he's a made-up villain

Pam I know none such, my lord

Poet Nor I

Tim Look you I love you well, I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies

Hang them or stab them drown them in a
draught
Confound them by some course and come to me
I'll give you gold enough
Both Name them my lord let's know them
Tim You that way and you this but two in
company

Each man apart all single and alone 110
Yet an arch villain keeps him company
If where thou art two villains shall not be
Come not near him If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is then him abandon
Hence pack! there's gold you came for gold
ye slaves!

[*To PAINTER*] You have work'd for me there's
payment for you Hence!

[*To POET*] You are an alchemist make gold of
that

Out rascal dogs!

Beats them out and then retires to his cave

Enter FLAVIUS and TWO SENATORS

Flav It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon

For he is set so only to himself 120
That nothing but himself which looks like man
Is friendly with him

1st Sen Bring us to his cave
It is our part and promise to the Athenians
To speak with Timon

2nd Sen At all times alike
Men are not still the same 'Twas tune and griefs
That framed him thus time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days
The former man may make him Bring us to him
And chance it as it may

Flav Here is his cave 129
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out and speak to friends The Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee
Speak to them noble Timon

TIMON comes from his cave

Tim Thou sun that comfort'st burn! Speak
and be hang'd
For each true word a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root of the tongue
Consuming it with speaking!

1st Sen Worthy Timon—
Tim Of none but such as you and you of
Timon

1st Sen The senators of Athens greet thee
Timon

Tim I thank them and would send them back
the plague 140
Could I but catch it for them

1st Sen O forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens who have thought
On special dignities which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing

2nd Sen They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness too general gross
Which now the public body which doth seldom
Play the recanter feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid hath sense withal 150
Of its own fail restraining aid to Timon
And send forth us to make their sorrow render
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram
Ay even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
And write in thee the figures of their love
Ever to read them thine

Tim You with me in it
Surprise me to the very brink of tears
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes 160
And I'll bewEEP these comforts worthy senators
1st Sen Therefore so please thee to return with
us

And of our Athens thine and ours to take
The captainship thou shalt be met with thanks
Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name
Live with authority so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild
Who like a boar too savage doth root up
His country's peace

2nd Sen And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens

1st Sen Therefore Timon— 170
Tim Well sir I will therefore I will sir
thus

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon
That Timon care not But if he sack fair Athens
And take our goodly aged men by the beards
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious beastly mad brain'd war
Then let him know and tell him Timon speaks it
In pity of our aged and our youth
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not 180
And let him take it at worst for their knives care
not

While you have throats to answer For my self
There's not a whistle in the unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love before
The reverend st throat in Athens So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods
As thieves to keepers

Flav Stay not all's in vain
Tim Why I was writing of my epitaph

It will be seen to-morrow My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190
And nothing brings me all things Go, live still,
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1st Sen We speak in vain

Tim But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common brut doth put it

1st Sen Thar's well spoke

Tim Commend me to my loving country men—

1st Sen These words become y our lips as they
pass through them

2nd Sen And enter in our ears like great
triumphers

In their applauding gates

Tim Commend me to them, 200

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness
do them

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath

1st Sen I like this well, he will return again

Tim I have a tree, which grows here in my
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it Tell my friends, 210
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree
From high to low throughout, that whoso
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself I pray you, do my greeting
Flav Trouble him no further, thus you still
shall find him

Tim Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220
The turbulent surge shall cover Thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle
Lips, let sour words go by and language end
What is amiss plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works and death their
gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign
[Retires to his cave]

1st Sen His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature

2nd Sen Our hope in him is dead Let us return
And strain what other means is left unto us 230
In our dear peril

1st Sen It requires swift foot [Exeunt

SCENE II Before the walls of Athens

Enter TWO SENATORS and a MESSENGER

1st Sen Thou hast painfully discover'd Are
his files

As full as thy report?

Mess I have spoke the least
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach

2nd Sen We stand much hazard, if they bring
not Timon

Mess I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends This man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10
With letters of entreaty, which import
His fellow ship i' the cause against y our city,
In part for his sake moved

1st Sen Here come our brothers

Enter the SENATORS from TIMON

3rd Sen No talk of Timon, nothing of him
expect

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust In and prepare
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare

[Exeunt

SCENE III The woods Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen

Enter a SOLDIER, seeking TIMON

Sold By all description this should be the place
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span
Some beast rear'd this, there does not live a man
Dead, sure, and this his grave What's on this
tomb

I cannot read, the character I'll take with wax
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is [Exit 10

SCENE IV Before the walls of Athens

Trumpets sound Enter ALCIBIADES with his
followers

Alcib Sound to this coward and lascivious
town

Out terrible approach

A parley sounded

Enter SENATORS on the walls

Till now you have gone on and fill'd the time

With all licentious measure making your wills
The scope of justice till now my self and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and
breathed

Our sufferance vainly Now the time is flush
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong
Cries of itself No more Now breathless
wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease
And pury insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight

1st Sen Noble and young
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear
We sent to thee to give thy rages balm
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity

2nd Sen So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promised means
We were not all unkind nor all deserve
The common stroke of war

1st Sen These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have received your griefs nor are they such
That these great towers trophies and schools
should fall

For private faults in them

2nd Sen Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out
Shame that they wanted cunning in excess
Hath broke their hearts March noble lord
Into our city with thy banners spread
By decimation and a tithed death—
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined
tenth

And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted

1st Sen All have not offended
For those that were it is not square to take
On those that are, revenges crimes like lands
Are not inherited Then dear country man
Bring in thy ranks but leave without thy rage
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended like a shepherd
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth
But kill not all together

2nd Sen What thou wilt
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy snail
Than hew to it with thy sword

1st Sen Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates and they shall open
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before
To say thou it enter friendly

2nd Sen Throw thy glove
Or any token of thine honour else
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress
And not as our confusion all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town till we
Have seal'd thy full desire

Alab Then there's my glove
Descend and open your uncharged ports
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof
Fall and no more And in atone your fears
With my more noble meaning not a man
Shall pass his quarter or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer

Both 'Tis most nobly spoken
Alab Descend and keep your words

The SENATORS descend and open the gates
Enter SOLDIER

Sold My noble general Timon is dead
Entomb'd upon the very hem of the sea
And on his grave stone this insculpture which
With wax I brought away whose soft impres-
sion

Interprets for my poor ignorance

Alab [Reads the epitaph] Here lies a wretched
corse of wretched soul bereft

30 Seek not my name A plague consume you
wicked cariffs left!

Here lie I, Timon who alive all living men did
hate

Pass by and curse thy fill but pass and stay not
here thy gait

These well express in thee thy latter spirits
Though thou abhordest in us our human griefs
Scorn'dst our brains slow and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven Dead
Is noble Timon of whose memory
Hereafter more Bring me into your city
And I will use the olive with my sword,
Make war breed peace make peace stint war
make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leeche
Let our drums strike

[Exunt]

PERICLES, Prince of Tyre

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GOWER, as Chorus
 ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch
 PERICLES, Prince of Tyre
 HELICANUS } two lords of Tyre
 ESCANES }
 SIMONIDES King of Pentapolis
 CLEON, governor of Tarsus
 LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene
 CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus
 THALIARD, a lord of Antioch
 PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon
 LEONINE, servant to Dionyza
 MARSHAL
 A PANDAR
 BOULT, his servant
 A MESSENGER
 THREE LORDS of Tyre
 A LORD of Tarsus
 THREE FISHERMEN
 A KNIGHT, attending on Simonides

TWO SAILORS of Pentapolis
 A SERVANT to Cerimon
 THREE PIRATTS
 TWO GENTLEMEN of Mytilene
 A SAILOR of Tyre
 A SAILOR of Mytilene
 FIVE KNIGHTS, suitors to Thaisa
 THE DAUGHTER of Antiochus
 DIONYZA, wife to Cleon
 THAISA daughter to Simonides
 MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa
 LICHORIDA, nurse to Marina
 A BAWD
 DIANA
 NON-SPEAKING Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors,
 and Attendants
 SCENE Antioch, Tyre, Tarsus, Pentapolis and the sea-
 coast near it, Ephesus, Mytilene and the sea-coast
 near it, and at sea

ACT I

Before the palace of Antioch

Enter GOWER

To sing a song that old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come,
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes
 It hath been sung at festivals,
 On ember-eyes and holy-ales,
 And lords and ladies in their lives
 Have read it for restoratives
 The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius
 If you, born in these latter times
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like raper-light
 This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
 The fairest in all Syria,
 I tell you what mine authors say
 This king unto him took a fere,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace,
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke

Bad child, worse father¹ to entice his own
 To evil should be done by none
 But custom what they did begin
 Was with long use account no sin
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow,
 Which to prevent he made a law
 To keep her still, and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your
 eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify [Exit

SCENE I *Antioch a room in the palace*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, and
 followers*

Ant Young prince of Tyre, you have at large
 received
 20 The danger of the task you undertake
 Per I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise
 Ant Being in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself,
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,

Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence
The senate house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections

Music Enter the DAUGHTER of Antiochus

Per See where she comes apparell'd like the spring

Graces her subjects and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men
Her face the book of praises where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion
You gods that made me man and sway in love
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in this adventure be my helps
As I am son and servant to your will
To compass such a boundless happiness

Ant Prince Pericles—

Per That would be son to great Antiochus

Ant Before thee stands this fair Hesperides
With golden fruit but dangerous to be touch'd
For death like dragon here affright thee hard
Her face like heaven enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory which desert must gain
And which without desert because thine eye
Presumes to reach all thy whole heap must die
Yon sometimes famous princes like thyself
Drawn by report adventurous by desire
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale

That without covering save yon field of stars
Here they stand marry'd slain in Cupid's wars
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desert
For going on death's net whom none resist

Per Antiochus I thank thee who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself

And by those fearful object to prepare
This body like to them to what I must
For death remember'd should be like a mirror
Who tells us life's but breath to trust it error
I'll make my will then and as sick men do
Who know the world see heaven but feeling none

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men as every prince should do
My riches to the earth from whence they came
But my unsupported fire of love to you

DAUGHTER of Antiochus

Thus ready for the way of life or death

I wait the sharpest blow Antiochus

Ant Scorning advice read the conclusion, then
Which read and not expounded, is decreed
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed

Dugh Of all say'd yet mayst thou prove
prosperous

Of all say'd yet I wish thee happiness

Per Like a bold champion I assume the lists
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage

I am no viper yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed

I sought a husband in which labour

I found that kindness in a father

He's father son and husband mild

I mother wife and yet his child

How they may be and yet in two

As you will live resolve it you

Sharp physic is the last but O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually
If this be true which makes me pale to read it?

Fair glass of light I loved you and could still

Takes hold of the hand of the PRINCESS

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill

But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt

For he's no man on whom perfections wait

That knowing sin within will touch the gate

You are a fair viol and your sense the strings

Who finger'd to make man his lawful music

Would draw heaven down and all the gods to
hearken

But being play'd upon before your time

Hell only danceeth at so harsh a chime

Good sooth I care not for you

Ant Prince Pericles touch not upon thy life

For that's an article within our law

As dangerous as the rest Your time's expired

Either expound now or receive your sentence

Per Great king

Few love to hear the sins they love to act

'T would brand yourself too near for me to
tell it

Who has a book of all that monarchs do

He's more secure to keep it shut than shown

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind

Blows dust in others' eyes to spread itself

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear

The breath is gone and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them The blind mole
casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven to tell the earth its
thrang'd

By man's oppression and the poor worm doth
die for it

hanges earth's gods in vice their laws their
will

And if love stray who dares say love doth ill?
It is enough you know and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to
smother it
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head
Ant [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he
has found the meaning,

But I will gloze with him — Young Prince of
Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict, *III*
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days,
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise
Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son,
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth *120*

[*Exeunt all but PERICLES*]

Per How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
It it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul,
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasplings with your child,
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father,
And she an eater of her mother's flesh, *130*
By the defiling of her parent's bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light
One sin, I know, another doth provoke,
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke,
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame, *140*
Then, lest my life be clogg'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear [*Exit*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS

Ant He hath found the meaning, for which we
mean
To have his head
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner,
And therefore instantly this prince must die,
For by his fall my honour must keep high
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD

Thal Doth your Highness call? *150*
Ant Thaliard

You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy,
And for your faithfulness we will advance you
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold,
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
him

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it Say, is it done?

Thal My lord,

'Tis done

Ant Enough *160*

Enter a MESSENGER

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste

Mess My lord, Prince Pericles is fled [*Exit*]

Ant As thou

Wilt live, fly after, and like an arrow shot

From a well-experienced archer hits the mark

His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return

Unless thou say, "Prince Pericles is dead"

Thal My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,

I'll make him sure enough, so, farewell to your

Highness

Ant Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit THALIARD*] Till

Pericles be dead, *170*

My heart can lend no succour to my head [*Exit*]

SCENE II *Tyre a room in the palace*

Enter PERICLES

Per [*To LORDS without*] Let none disturb us —

Why should this change of thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,

Be my so used a guest as not an hour

In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,

The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed

me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes

shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me *10*

Then it is thus the passions of the mind,

That have their first conception by mis-dread,

Have after-nourishment and life by care,

And what was first but fear what might be done,

Grows elder now and cares it be not done

And so with me The great Antiochus,

'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since he's so great can make his will his act,

Will think me speaking, though I swear to si-

lence,

Nor boots it me to say I honour him, *20*

If he suspect I may dishonour him,

And what may make him blush in being known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be known
 With hostile forces he'll overspread the land
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence
 Which care of them not pity of my self
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend
 them 30
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish
 And punish that before that he would punish

Enter HELICANUS with other LORDS

1st Lord Joy and all comfort in your sacred
 breast!
And Lord And keep your mind till you return
 to us
 Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel Peace peace and give experience tongue
 They do abuse the king that flatter him
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin
 The thing the which is flatter'd but a spark 40
 To which that blast gives heat and stronger
 glowing
 Whereas reproof obedient and in order
 Fits kings as they are men for they may err
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace
 He flatters you makes war upon your life
 Prince pardon me or strike me if you please
 I cannot be much lower than my knees
Per All leave us else but let your cares o'er
 look
 What shipping and what lading's in our haven
 And then return to us [*Exit Lords*] Helicanus
 thou 50
 Hast moved us What seest thou in our looks?
Hel An angry brow dread lord
Per If there be such a dart in princes' frowns
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel How dare the plants look up to heaven
 from whence
 They have their nourishment?
Per Thou know'st I have power
 To take thy life from thee
Hel [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe my self
 Do you but strike the blow
Per Rise, prithee rise
 Sit down Thou art no flatterer 60
 I thank thee for it and heaven forbid
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults
 hid!
 Fit counsellor and servant for a prince
 Who by thy wisdom make'st a prince thy servant
 What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel To bear with patience

Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself
Per Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus
 That minister'st a potion unto me
 That thou wouldst tremble to receive thy self
 Attend me, then I went to Antioch 70
 Where as thou know'st against the face of death
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty
 From whence an issue I might propagate
 Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder
 The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest
 Which by my knowledge found the sinful father
 Seem'd not to strike but smooth But thou
 know'st this
 'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss
 Which fear so grew in me I hither fled 80
 Under the covering of a careful night
 Who seem'd my good protector and being here
 Bethought me what was past what might suc-
 ceed
 I knew him tyrannous and tyrants fears
 Decrease not but grow faster than the years
 And should he doubt it as no doubt he doth
 That I should open to the listening air
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope 89
 To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done
 him
 When all for mine if I may call offence
 Must feel war's blow who spares not innocence
 Which love to all of which thy self art one
 Who now reprov'st me for it—
Hel Alas sir!
Per Drew sleep out of mine eyes blood from
 my cheeks
 Musings into my mind with thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came
 And finding little comfort to relieve them
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them 100
Hel Well my lord since you have given me
 leave to speak
 Freely will I speak Antiochus you fear
 And justly too I think you fear the tyrant
 Who either by public war or private treason
 Will take away your life
 Therefore my lord go travel for a while
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot
 Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life
 Your rule direct to any if to me 109
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be
Per I do not doubt thy faith
 But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?
Hel We'll mingle our bloods together in the
 earth
 From whence we had our being and our birth

Per Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose my self
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear
it 119

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath,
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Tyre an ante-chamber in the palace**Enter THALIARD*

Thal So, this is Tyre, and this the court Here
must I kill King Pericles, and if I do it not, I am
sure to be hanged at home 'Tis dangerous Well,
I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good
discretion that, being bid to ask what he would
of the King, desired he might know none of his
secrets Now do I see he had some reason for 't,
for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by
the indenture of his oath to be one Hush! here
come the lords of Tyre

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other
Lords of Tyre*

Hel You shall not need, my fellow peers of
Tyre, 11

Further to question me of your king's departure
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he is gone to travel

Thal [*Aside*] How! the King gone!

Hel If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you
Being at Antioch—

Thal [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

Hel Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know
not— 20
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judged
so,

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself,
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death

Thal [*Aside*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would,
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He's escap'd the land, to perish at the sea
I'll present myself—Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-
come

Thal From him I come 31

With message unto princely Pericles,
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came
Hel We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre 40
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *Tarsus a room in the Governor's house*

*Enter CLEON, the governor of Tarsus, with
DIONYZA, and others*

Cle My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio That were to blow at fire in hope to quench
it,

For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are,
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise

Cle O Dionyza, 10
Who wanteth food and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air, our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them
louder,

That, if heaven slumber while their creatures
want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears

Dio I'll do my best, sir 20

Cle This Tarsus, o'er which I have the govern-
ment,

A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight,
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 30
The name of help grew odious to repeat
Dio O, 'tis too true

Cle But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,

Although they gave their creatures in abundance
As houses are defiled for want of use
They are now starved for want of exercise
Those palates who not yet two summers young

er
Must have inventions to delight the palate
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it
Those mothers who to nurse up their babes
Thought nought too curious are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved
So sharp are hunger's teeth that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life
Here stands a lord and there a lady weeping
Here many sink yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial
Is not this true?

Die Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it
Cle O let those eyes that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste
With their superfluous riots hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs

Enter a LORD

Lord Where's the Lord Governor?

Cle Here

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in
haste

For comfort is too far for us to expect

Lord We have descried upon our neighbour
ing here

A portly sail of ships make hitherward

Cle I thought as much

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir

That may succeed as his inheritor

And so in ours Some neighbouring nation

Taking advantage of our misery

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power

To beat us down the which are down already,

And make a conquest of unhappy me

Whereas no glory's got to overcome

Lord That's the least fear for by the sem-
blance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us
peace

And come to us in favourers not as foes

Cle Thou speak'st like him a tutor'd to re-
pear,

Who makes the fairest show means most de-
ceit

But bring they what they will and what they
can

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest and we are half way
there

Go tell their general we attend him here,

To know for what he comes and whence he
comes

And what he craves

Lord I go my lord

Cle Welcome is peace if he on peace consents

If wars we are unable to resist

Enter PERICLES with Attendants

Per Lord Governor for so we hear you are

Let not our ships and number of our men

Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre

And seen the desolation of your streets

Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears

But to relieve them of their heavy load

And these our ships you happily may think

Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within

With bloody veins expecting overthrow

Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,

And give them life whom hunger starv'd half
dead

All The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you

Per

Arise I pray you rise

We do not look for reverence but for love

And harbourage for ourself our ships and men

Cle The which when any shall not gratify

Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought

Be it our wives our children or ourselves

The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!

Till when—the which I hope shall never be
seen—

Your Grace is welcome to our town and us

Per Which welcome we'll accept feast here
awhile

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile

[Exeunt]

ACT II

Enter GOVERNOR

Gov. Here have you seen a mighty king

His child I wis to incest bring

A better prince and benign lord

That will prove awful both in deed and word

Be quiet then as men should be,

Till he hath pass'd necessity

I'll show you those in troubles reign,

Losing a mure a mountain gain

The good in conversation

To whom I give my benison

Is still at Tarsus where each man

Thinks all is well he spoken can

And to remember what he does

Build his statue to make him glorious

But tidings to the contrary

Are brought y our eyes, what need speak I?

DUMB SHOW

Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON, all the train with them Enter at another door a GENTLEMAN, with a letter to PERICLES, PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON, gives the MESSENGER a reward, and knights him Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours, for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive, 20
And to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre
How Thahard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him,
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease,
For now the wind begins to blow,
Thunder above and deeps below 30
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split,
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost
All perisken of man, of self,
Ne aught escapen but himself,
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad,
And here he comes What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower—this longs the text 40

[Exit

SCENE I *Pentapolis an open place by the sea-side*

Enter PERICLES, wet

Per Yet cease y our ire, you angry stars of
heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you,
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death
Let it suffice the greatness of y our powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes, 9
And having throw'n him from his watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave

Enter THREE FISHERMEN

1st Fish What, ho, Pilch!

2nd Fish Ha, come and bring away the nets!

1st Fish What, Patch-breech, I say!

3rd Fish What say you, master?

1st Fish Look how thou stirrest now! come
away, or I'll fetch thee with a w anion

3rd Fish 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the
poor men that were cast away before us even
now 20

1st Fish Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to
hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help
them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help
ourselves

3rd Fish Nay, master, said not I as much when
I saw the porpoise how he bounced and tumbled?
they say they're half fish, half flesh A plague on
them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea 30

1st Fish Why, as men do a-land, the great ones
eat up the little ones I can compare our rich
misers to nothing so fidly as to a whale, a' plays
and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and
at last devours them all at a mouthful Such
whales have I heard on o' the land, who never
leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole
parish, church, steeple, bells, and all

Per [Aside] A pretty moral 39

3rd Fish But, master, if I had been the sexton,
I would have been that day in the belfry

2nd Fish Why, man?

3rd Fish Because he should have swallowed me
too And when I had been in his belly, I would
have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he
should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple,
church, and parish, up again But if the good King
Simonides were of my mind—

Per [Aside] Simonides! 49

3rd Fish We would purge the land of these
drones, that rob the bee of her honey

Per [Aside] How from the finny subject of the
sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen
2nd Fish Honest! good fellow, what's that? If
it be a day fits you, scratch 't out of the calendar,
and nobody look after it

Per May see the sea hath cast upon y our
coast 60

2nd Fish What a drunken knave was the sea to
cast thee in our way!

Per A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats y ou pity him,
He asks of y ou, that never used to beg

1st Fish No, friend, cannot y ou beg? Here's
them in our country of Greece gets more with
begging than we can do with working

2nd Fish Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per I never practised it 71
2nd Fish Nay then thou wilt starve sure for
 here's nothing to be got now a-days unless thou
 canst fish for it

Per What I have been I have forgot to know
 But what I am want teaches me to think on
 A man throng'd up with cold my veins are chill
 And have no more of life than may suffice
 To give my tongue that heat to ask your help
 Which if you shall refuse when I am dead 80
 For that I am a man pray see me buried

1st Fish Die quoth a? Now gods forbid! I have a
 gown here come put it on keep thee warm
 Now afore me a handsome fellow! Come thou
 shalt go home and we'll have flesh for holidays
 fish for fasting-days and moreo ~~we~~ puddings and
 flap-jacks and thou shalt be welcome

Per I thank you sir
2nd Fish Hark you my friend you said you
 could not beg 90

Per I did but crave
2nd Fish But crave! Then I'll turn craver too
 and so I shall scape whipping

Per Why are all your beggars whipp'd then?
2nd Fish O not all my friend not all for if all
 your beggars were whipp'd I would wish no
 better office than to be beadle But master I'll
 go draw up the net

[Exit with THIRD FISHERMAN

Per [Aside] How well this honest mirth be
 comes their labour!

1st Fish Hark you sir do you know where we
 are? 107

Per Not well
1st Fish Why I'll tell you This is called Pen-
 tapolis and our king the good Simonides

Per The good king Simonides do you call him?
1st Fish Ay sir and he deserves so to be called
 for his peaceable reign and good government

Per He is a happy king since he gains from his
 subjects the name of good by his government
 How far is his court distant from this shore? 111

1st Fish Marry sir half a day's journey And
 I'll tell you he hath a fair daughter and to-mor-
 row is her birthday and there are princes and
 knights come from all parts of the world to just
 and tourney for her love

Per Were my fortunes equal to my desires I
 could wish to make one there

1st Fish O sir things must be as they may and
 what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for
 —his wife's soul 118

Re-enter SECOND and THIRD FISHERMEN drawing
 up a net

2nd Fish Help, master help! here's a fish hangs

in the net like a poor man's right in the law
 it will hardly come out Ha! bots on't tis come
 at last and 'tis turned to a rusty armour

Per An armour friends! I pray you let me see
 it

Thanks fortune yet that after all my crosses
 Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself
 And though it was mine own part of my heri-

tage
 Which my dead father did bequeath to me 120
 With this strict charge even as he left his life

Keep it my Pericles it hath been a shield
 'Twixt me and death —and pointed to this
 brace

For that it saved me keep it in like necessity—
 The which the gods protect thee from! —may
 defend thee

It kept where I kept I so dearly loved it
 Till the rough seas that spare not any man,
 Took it in rage though calm'd have given it

again
 I thank thee for't My shipwreck now's no ill
 Since I have here my father's gift in's will 140

1st Fish What mean you sir?
Per To beg of you kind friends this coat of
 worth

For it was sometime target to a king
 I know it by this mark He loved me dearly
 And for his sake I wish the having of it
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's
 court

Where with it I may appear a gentleman
 And if that ever my low fortune's better
 I'll pay your bounties till then rest your debtor

1st Fish Why wilt thou tourney for the lady?
Per I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms

1st Fish Why do e take it and the gods give
 thee good on't!

2nd Fish Ay but hark you my friend twas
 we that made up this garment through the rough
 seams of the waters There are certain condole-
 ments certain vails I hope sir if you thrive
 you'll remember from whence you had it

Per Believe it I will
 By your furtherance I am clothed in steel 160

And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
 This jewel holds his building on my arm
 Unto this value I will mount myself
 Upon a courser whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
 Only my friend I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases

2nd Fish We'll sure provide Thou shalt have
 my best gown and make thee a pair and I'll bring
 thee to the court my self 170

Per Then honour be but a goal to my will,

This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill [Exeunt

SCENE II *The same a public way or platform leading to the lists A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, LORDS, and Attendants

Sim Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1st Lord They are, my hege,

And stay your coming to present themselves

Sim Return them, we are ready, and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see and, seeing, wonder at

[Exit a LORD

Thas It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express

My commendations great, whose merit's less

Sim It's fit it should be so, for princes are 10

A model, which heaven makes like to itself

As jewels lose their glory if neglected,

So princes their renowns if not respected

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain

The labour of each knight in his device

Thas Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform

Enter FIRST KNIGHT, he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS

Sim Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thas A knight of Sparta, my renowned father,

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun, 20

The word, "*Laus tua vita mihi*"

Sim He loves you well that holds his life of you

The SECOND KNIGHT passes over

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thas A prince of Macedon, my royal father,

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady,
The motto thus, in Spanish, "*Pu por dulzura que por fuerza*"

The THIRD KNIGHT passes over

Sim And what's the third?

Thas The third of Antioch,

And his device, a wreath of chivalry,

The word, "*Ale pompe pro-exit apex*" 30

The FOURTH KNIGHT passes over

Sim What is the fourth?

Thas A burning torch that's turned upside down,

The word, "*Quod me alit, me extinguit*"

Sim Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill

The FIFTH KNIGHT passes over

Thas The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried,
The motto thus, "*Sic spectanda fides*"

The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over

Sim And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? 41

Thas He seems to be a stranger, but his present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top,

The motto, "*In hac spe vivo*"

Sim A pretty moral,

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish

1st Lord He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend,

For by his rusty outside he appears 50

To have practised more the whipstock than the lance

2nd Lord He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished

3rd Lord And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust

Sim Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

The outward habit by the inward man

But stay, the knights are coming We will withdraw

Into the gallery [Exeunt
Great shouts within, and all cry, "The mean knight!"

SCENE III *The same a hall of state, a banquet prepared*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, LORDS, Attendants, and KNIGHTS, from dining

Sim Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast

You are princes and my guests

Thas But you my knight and guest,

To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10

And crown you king of this day's happiness

Per 'Tis more by fortune, lady than by merit

Sim Call it by what you will, the day is yours,

And here I hope is none that envies it
In framing an artist Art hath thus decreed
To make some good but others to exceed
And you are her labour'd scholar Come queen
to the feast—

For daughter so you are—here take your place
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace

Knight We are honour'd much by good
Simonides 20

Sim Your presence glads our days Honour we
love

For who hates honour hates the gods above
Marshal Sir yonder is your place

Per Some other is more fit
1st Knight Contend not sir for we are gentle
men

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise
Per You are right courteous knights

Sim Sit sir sit
[*Aside*] By Jove I wonder that is king of
thoughts

These cares resist me she but thought upon
Thus [*Aside*] By Juno that is queen of mar-
riage 30

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury
Wishing him my meat—Sure he is a gallant
gentleman

Sim [*Aside*] He is but a country gentleman
Has done no more than other knights have done
Has broken a staff or so so let it pass

Thus [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to
glass

Per [*Aside*] You king to me like to my father's
picture

Which tells me in that glory once he was
Had princes sit like stars about his throne
And he the sun for them to reverence 40

None that beheld him but like lesser lights
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy
Where now his sons like a glow worm in the
night

The which hath fire in darkness none in light
Whereby I see that Time is the king of men
He is both their parent and he is their grave
And gives them what he will not what they
crave

Sim What are you merry knights?
Knight Who can be other in this royal pres-
ence? 50

Sim Here, with a cup that is stored unto the
brim—

As you do love fill to your mistress lip—
We drink this health to you

Knight We thank your Grace
Sim Yet pause awhile

You knight doth sit too melancholy
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth
Note it not you Thaisa?

Thai What is it

To me my father?

Sim O attend my daughter
Princes in this should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes 60

To honour them
And princes not doing so are like to gnats
Which make a sound but kill'd are wonder'd
at

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet
Here say we drink this standing bowl of wine to
him

Thai Alas my father it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold
He may my proffer take for an offence
Since men take women's gifts for unpudence

Sim How? 70

Do as I bid you or you'll move me else
Thai [*Aside*] Now by the gods he could not
please me better

Sim And furthermore tell him we desire to
know of him

Of whence he is his name and parentage
Thai The king my father sir has drunk to
you

Per I thank him
Thai Wishing it so much blood unto your life
Per I thank both him and you and pledge him
freely

Thai And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are your name and parentage 80

Per A gentleman of Tyre my name Pericles
My education been in arts and arms
Who looking for adventures in the world
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore

Thai He thanks your Grace names himself
Pericles

A gentleman of Tyre
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men cast on this shore

Sim Now by the gods I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy 91

Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles
And waste the time which looks for other
revels

Even in your armour as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance
I will not have excuse with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads
Since they love men in arms as well as beds

The knights dance

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd
Come, sir, 100
Here is a lady that wants breathing too,
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent
Per In those that practise them they are, my
lord
Sim O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy

The KNIGHTS and Ladies dance

Unclass, unclass

Thanks, gentlemen, to all, all have done well,
[To PERICLES] But you the best Pages and lights,
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings' [To
PERICLES] Yours, sir, 110

We have given order to be next our own
Per I am at your Grace's pleasure
Sim Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To-morrow all for speeding do their best

[Exeunt

SCENE IV Tyre a room in the Governor's
house

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES

Hel No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free,
For which, the most high gods not minding
longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in
store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with
him,
A fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall 11
Scorn now their hand should give them burial
Escan 'Twas very strange
Hel And yet but justice, for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward
Escan 'Tis very true

Enter THREE LORDS

1st Lord See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he
2nd Lord It shall no longer grieve without re-
proof
3rd Lord And cursed be he that will not second
it 20

1st Lord Follow me, then Lord Helicane, a
word

Hel With me and welcome Happy day, my
lords

1st Lord Know that our griefs are risen to the
top,

And now at length they overflow their banks
Hel Your griefs! for what? Wrong not your
prince you love

1st Lord Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane,

But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his
breath

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out,
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there, 30

And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or, dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election

2nd Lord Whose death indeed's the strongest
in our censure,

And knowing this kingdom is without a
head—

Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto—our sovereign

All Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear
Take I, your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to
Forbear the absence of your king,
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous
worth,

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown

1st Lord To wisdom he's a fool that will not
yield,

And since Lord Helicane enjoined us,
We with our travels will endeavour us

Hel Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands

[Exeunt

SCENE V Pentapolis a room in the palace

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at one door,
the KNIGHTS meet him*

1st Knight Good morrow to the good Simon-
ides

Sim Knights from my daughter thus I let you know
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life

Her reason to herself is only known
Which yet from her by no means can I get
2nd Knight May we not get access to her my lord?

Sim Faith by no means she hath so strictly tied

Her to her chamber that 'tis impossible
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
livery

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd
And on her virgin honour will not break it
3rd Knight Loath to bid farewell we take our
leaves {*Exeunt knights*

Sim So
They are well dispatch'd now to my daughter's
letter

She tells me here she'll wed the stranger knight
Or never more to view nor day nor light
Tis well mistress your choice agrees with
mine

I like that well Nay how absolute she's in't
Not minding whether I dislike or no?
Well I do commend her choice
And will no longer have it be delay'd
Soft! here he comes I must dissemble it

Enter PERICLES

Per All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim To you as much sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony
Per It is your Grace a pleasure to commend
Not my desert

Sim Sir you are music's master

Per The worst of all her scholars my good lord

Sim Let me ask you one thing

What do you think of my daughter sir?

Per A most virtuous princess

Sim And she is fair too in she not?

Per As a fair day in summer wondrous fair

Sim Sir my daughter thinks very well of you

As so well that you must be her master

And she will be your scholar therefore look to it

Per I am unworthy for her schoolmaster

Sim She thinks not so peruse this writing else

Per {*Aside*} What's his re?

A letter that she loves the knight of T're

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life

O seek not to entrap me gracious lord

A stranger and distressed gentleman

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter

But bent all offices to honour her

Sim Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter and
thou art

A villain

Per By the gods I have not

Never did thought of mine levy offence

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might grieve her love or your displeasure

Sim Traitor thou fliest

Per Traitor!

Sim Ay traitor

Per Even in his throat—unless it be the king—

That calls me traitor I return the lie

Sim {*Aside*} Now by the gods I do applaud his
courage

Per My actions are as noble as my thoughts
That never relish'd of a base descent

I came unto your court for honour's cause

And not to be a rebel to her state

And he that otherwise accounts of me

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy

Sim No?

Here comes my daughter she can witness it

Enter THESIA

Per Then as you are as virtuous as fair

Resolve your angry father if my tongue

Did e'er solicit or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you

Thes Why sir say if you had

Who takes offence at that would make me
glad?

Sim Yes mistress are you so peremptory?

{*Aside*} I am glad on't with all my heart—

I'll tame you I'll bring you in subjection

Will you not having my consent

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? {*Aside*} who for aught I know

May be nor can I think the contrary

As great in blood as I myself—

Therefore hear you mistress either frame

Your will to mine—and you sir hear you

Either be ruled by me or I will make you—

Man and wife

Nay come your hands and lips must seal it too

And being join'd I'll thus your hopes destroy

And for a further grief—God give you joy!—

What are you both pleas'd?

Thes Yes if you love me sir

Per Even as my life my blood that fosters it

Sim What are you both agreed?

Both Yes if it please your Majesty

Sim It pleaseth me so well that I will see you
wed

And then with what haste you can get you to
bed {*Exeunt*

ACT III

Enter GOWER

Gow Now sleep y slaked hath the rout,
 No din but snores the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches fore the mouse's hole,
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 E'er the blither for their drouth
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent
 With y our fine fancies quaintly eche
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech

DUMB SHOW

Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants, a MESSENGER meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter PERICLES shows it SIMONIDES, the LORDS kneel to him Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA a nurse The KING shows her the letter, she rejoices She and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest

By many a dern and painful perch
 Of Pericles the careful search,
 By the four opposing coigns
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence
 That horse and sail and high expense 20
 Can stead the quest At last from Ty re,
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,
 To the court of King Simonides
 Are letters brought, the tenour these
 Antiochus and his daughter dead,
 The men of Tyrus on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress,
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms
 Will take the crown The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps can sound,
 "Our heir-apparent is a king!"
 Who dream d, who thought of such a thing?"
 Brief, he must hence depart to Ty re
 His queen with child makes her desire— 40
 Which who shall cross?—along to go

Omit we all their dole and woe
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow, half the flood
 Hath their keel cut But fortune's mood
 Varies again, the grisdled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives 50
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-need
 Does fall in travail with her fear
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall for itself itself perform
 I will relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey,
 Which might not what by me is told
 In y our imagination hold
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck 59
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak *[Exit*

SCENE I

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard

Per Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these
 surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou, that
 hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
 Thy deafening, dreadful thunders, gently quench
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Ly-
 chorida,
 How does my queen? Thou stormest venom-
 ously,
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard Lychorida!—Lucina, O 10
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy dery
 Aboard our dancing boat, make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails!

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc Here is a thing too young for such a
 place,
 Who, if it had concert, would die, as I
 Am like to do Take in your arms this piece
 Of y our dead queen
Per How, how, Lychorida!
Lyc Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm
 Here's all that is left living of y our queen, 20
 A little daughter For the sake of it
 Be manly, and take comfort
Per O y ou gods!
 Why do you make us love y our goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away? We here below

Recall not what we give and therein may
Use honour with you

Lyc Patience good sir
Even for this charge

Per Now mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world 30
That ever was prince's child Happy what ill
lows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire air water earth and heaven can make
To herald thee from the womb Even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit
With all thou canst find here Now the good
gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter TWO SAILORS

1st Sail What courage sir? God save you!
Per Courage enough I do not fear the flaw
It hath done to me the worst Yet for the love 40
Of this poor infant this fresh new sea farer
I would it would be quiet

1st Sail Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not
wilt thou? Blow and split thy self

2nd Sail But sea room an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon I care not

1st Sail Sir your queen must overboard The
sea works hugh the wind is loud and will not lie
till the ship be cleared of the dead

Per That's your superstition 50

1st Sail Pardon us sir with us at sea it hath
been still observed and we are strong in custom
Therefore briefly yield her for she must over
board straight

Per As you think meet Most wretched queen!

Lyc Here she lies sir

Per A terrible childbed hast thou had my
dear

No light no fire the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave but straight 60
Must cast thee scarcely coffin'd in the ooze
Where for a monument upon thy bones
And ever remaining lamps the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse
Lying with simple shells O *Lychorida*
Bid Nestor bring me spices milk and paper
My casket and my jewels and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the satin coffer Lay the babe
Upon the pillow Hie thee whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her Suddenly woman 70

[Exit LYCHORIDA]

2nd Sail Sir we have a chest beneath the
hatches caulked and battum'd ready

Per I thank thee Mariner say what coast is
this?

2nd Sail We are near Tarsus

1st Thither gentle mariner

Alter thy course for Tyre When canst thou
reach it?

2nd Sail By break of day if the wind cease

Per O make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyros There I'll leave it 80
At careful nursing Go thy ways good mariner
I'll bring the body presently *[Exit]*

SCENE II *Ephesus a room in Cerimon's house*

*Enter CERIMON with a SERVANT and some Persons
who have been shipwrecked*

Cer Philemon ho!

Enter PHILEMON

Phl Doth my lord call?

Cer Get fire and meat for these poor men

T has been a turbulent and stormy night

Serv I have been in many but such a night as
this

Till now I ne'er endured

Cer Your master will be dead ere you return

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature

That can recover him *[To PHILEMON]* Give this
to the pothecary

And tell me how it works

[Exit all but CERIMON]

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN

1st Gent Good morrow 10

2nd Gent Good morrow to your lordship

Cer Gentlemen

Why do you stir so early?

1st Gent Sir

Our lodgings standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake

The very principals did seem to rend
And all to topple Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house

2nd Gent That is the cause we trouble you 20
early

'Tis not our husbandry

Cer O you say well 20

1st Gent But I much marvel that your lordship
having

Rich time about you should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose

'Tis most strange

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd

Cer I hold it ever
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches Careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend,
 But immortality attends the former, 30
 Making a man a god 'Tis known, I ever
 Have e studied physic, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have,
 Together with my practice, made familiar
 To me and to my aid the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones,
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures, which doth
 give me

A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and Death
2nd Gent Your honour has through Ephesus
 pour'd forth
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
 but even
 Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
 Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay

Enter two or three SERVANTS with a chest

1st Serv So, lift there
Cer What is that?
1st Serv Sir, even now
 Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest 50
 'Tis of some wreck
Cer Set't down, let's look upon't
2nd Gent 'Tis like a coffin, sir
Cer Whate'er it be,
 'Tis wondrous heavy Wrench it open straight
 If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
 'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon
 us

2nd Gent 'Tis so, my lord
Cer How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!
 Did the sea cast it up?
1st Serv I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
 As toss'd it upon shore
Cer Wrench it open,
 Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense 60
2nd Gent A delicate odour
Cer As ever hit my nostril So, up with it
 O you most potent gods! what's here? a corpse!
1st Gent Most strange!
Cer Shrouded in cloth of state, balm'd and en-
 treasured
 With full bags of spices! A passport too!
 Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
Reads from a scroll
 "Here I give to understand,
 If e'er this coffin drive a-land,

I, King Pericles, have lost 70
 This queen, worth all our mundane cost
 Who finds her, give her burying,
 She was the daughter of a king
 Besides this treasure for a fee,
 The gods requite his charity!"

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
 That even cracks for woe! This chanced tonight
2nd Gent Most likely, sir

Cer Nay, certainly to-night,
 For look how fresh she looks! They were too
 rough 79

That threw her in the sea Make a fire within
 Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet
[Exit a Servant]
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The o'erpress'd spirits I heard of an Egyptian
 That had nine hours lien dead,
 Who was by good appliance recovered

*Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins,
 and fire*

Well said, well said, the fire and cloths
 The rough and woeful music that we have,
 Cause it to sound, beseech you
 The viol once more How thou stirr'st, thou
 block! 90

The music there! I pray you, give her air
 Gentlemen,
 This queen will live Nature awakes, a warmth
 Breathes out of her She hath not been entranced
 Above five hours See how she gins to blow
 Into life's flower again!

1st Gent The heavens,
 Through you, increase our wonder and set up
 Your fame for ever

Cer She is alive, behold,
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels 100
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
 The diamonds of a most praised water
 Do appear, to make the world twice rich Live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-
 ture,

Rare as you seem to be *[She moves]*
That O dear Diana,
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world in
 this?

2nd Gent Is not this strange?
1st Gent Most rare
Cer Hush, my gentle neighbours!
 Lend me your hands, to the next chamber bear
 her
 Get linen Now this matter must be look'd to,
 For her relapse is mortal Come, come,

And Aesculapius guide us!

[Exeunt carrying her on. ry]

SCENE III *Tarsus a room in Cleon's house*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms

Per Most honour'd Cleon I must needs be gone

My twelve months are expired and Tytus stands in a ligious peace You and your lady

Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods

Make up the rest upon you!

Cle Your shafts of fortune though they hurt you mortally

Yet glance full wanderingly on us

Dion O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per We cannot but obey

The powers above us Could I rage and roar 10

As doth the sea she lies in yet the end

Must be as this My gentle babe Marina whom

For she was born at sea I have named so here

I charge your charity withal leaving her

The infant of your care beseeching you

To give her princely training that she may be

Manner'd as she is born

Cle Fear not my lord but think

Your Grace that fed my country with your corn

For which the people's prayers still fall upon you

Must in your child be thought on If neglection

Should therein make me vile the common body

By you relieved would force me to my duty

But if to that my nature need a spur

The gods revenge it upon me and mine

To the end of generation!

Per I believe you

Your honour and your goodness teach me to t

Without your vows Till she be married madam

By bright Diana whom we honour all

Uncissar'd shall this hair of mine remain

Though I show ill in t So I take my leave 30

Good madam make me blessed in your care

In bringing up my child

Dion I have one myself

Who shall not be more dear to my respect

Than yours my lord

Per Madam my thanks and prayers

Cle We'll bring your Grace on to the edge

o the shore

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and

The gentlest winds of heav'n

Per I will embrace

Your offer Come dearest madam O no tears

Lychorida, no tears

Look to your little mistress on whose grace 40

You may depend hereafter Come my lord

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV *Ephesus a room in Cerimon's house*

Enter CERIMON and THYRSIS

Cer Madam this letter and some certain jewels

Lay with you in your coffer which are now

At your command know you the character?

Ths It is my lord's

That I was shipp'd at sea I well remember

Even on my sailing time but whether there

Deliver'd by the holy gods

I cannot rightly say But since King Pericles

My wedded lord I ne'er shall see again

A vestal livery will I take me to 10

And ne'er more have joy

Cer Madam if this you purpose as ye speak

Diana's temple is not distant far

Where you may abide till your date expire

Moreover if you please a niece of mine

Shall there attend you

Ths My recompense is thanks that's all

Yet my good will is great though the gift small
[Exeunt]

ACT IV

Enter GOWLER

Gow Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre

W'clom'd and settled to his own desire

His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus

Unto Diana there a votaries

Now to Marina bend your mind

Whom our fast-growing scene must find

At Tarsus and by Cleon train'd

In music letters who hath gain'd

Of education all the grace

Which makes her both the heart and place 10

Of general wonder I ut alack

That monster envy oft the w'rack

Of earned praise Marina's life

Seeks to take off by treason a knife

And in this kind hath our Cleon

One daughter and a wench full grown

Even ripe for marriage ripe this maid

Hight Philoten and it is said

For certain in our story she

Would ever with Marina be 20

Be it when she weaved the shelded silk

With fingers long small white as milk

Or when she wound with sharp needle wound

The cambric which she made more sound

By hurting it or when to the lute

She sung and made the night bird mute

That still records with moan or when

She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian, still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Mariana, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow The unborn event
 I do commend to your content,
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme,
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer

[Exit

SCENE I *Tarsus an open place near the sea-shore**Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE*

Dion Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn
 to do't
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely, nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose
Leon I will do't, but yet she is a goodly crea-
 ture
Dion The fitter, then, the gods should have her
 Here she comes weeping for her only mistress'
 death Thou art resolv'd?
Leon I am resolv'd

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers

Mar No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy green with flowers The yellows,
 blues,
 The purple violets, and marigolds,
 Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
 While summer-days do last Ay me! poor maid,
 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,
 Whirring me from my friends
Dion How now, Marina! why do you keep
 alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
 Consume your blood with sorrowing, you have
 A nurse of me Lord, how your favour's changed
 With this unprofitable woe!
 Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it
 Walk with Leonine, the air is quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach Come,
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her
Mar No, I pray you,
 I'll not bereave you of your servant
Dion Come, come,
 I love the King your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart We every day
 Expect him here When he shall come and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
 No care to your best courses Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again, reserve
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old Care not for me,
 I can go home alone

Mar Well, I will go,
 But yet I have no desire to it
Dion Come, come, I know 'tis good for you
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least
 Remember what I have said

Leon I warrant you, madam*Dion* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a
 while

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood
 What! I must have a care of you

Mar My thanks, sweet madam

[Exit DIONYZA

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon South-west*Mar* When I was born, the wind was north*Leon* Was't so?

Mar My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
 But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
 His kingly hands, haling ropes,
 And, clapping to the mast, endured a sea
 That almost burst the deck

Leon When was this?*Mar* When I was born

Never was waves nor wind more violent,
 And from the ladder-tackle washes off
 A canvas-climber "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
 And with a dropping industry, they skip
 From stem to stern The boatswain whistles, and
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion

Leon Come, say your prayers*Mar* What mean you?

Leon If you require a little space for prayer,
 I grant it Pray, but be not tedious,
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am

To do my work with haste

Mar Why will you kill me?

Leon To satisfy my lady

Mar Why would she have me kill'd?

Now as I can remember by my troth

I never did her hurt in all my life

I never spake bad word nor did ill turn

To any living creature Believe me I

I never kill'd a mouse nor hurt a fly

I trod upon a worm against my will

But I wept for it How have I offended 80

Wherein my death might yield her any profit

Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon My commission

Is not to reason of the dead but do it

Mar You will not do it for all the world I hope

You are well favour'd and your looks foreshew

You have a gentle heart I saw you lately

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought

Good sooth it show'd well in you Do so now

Your lady seeks my life come you between, 90

And save poor me the weaker

Leon I am sworn

And will dispatch

He sets her

Enter PIRATES

1st Pirate Hold villain!

[LEONINE turns away]

2nd Pirate A prize! a prize!

3rd Pirate Half part makes half part

Come let's have her aboard suddenly

[Exit PIRATES with MARINA]

Re-enter LEONINE

Leon These roguish thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes

And they have seized Marina Let her go

There's no hope she will return I'll swear she's
dead

And thrown into the sea But I'll see further 100

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her

Not carry her aboard If she remain

Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain

[Exit]

SCENE II Mytilene a room in a brothel

Enter PANDAR BOND and BOULT

Pand Boul!

Boul Sir?

Pand Search the market narrowly Mytilene
is full of gallants We lost too much money this
morn'g by being too wenchless

Boul We were never so much out of crea-

tures We have but poor three and they can do
no more than they can do and they with com-

monial action are even as good as rotten 9

Pand Therefore let's have fresh ones what
ever we pay for them If there be not a con-
science to be used in every trade we shall never
prosper

Boul Thou sayest true 'Tis not our bringing
up of poor bastards—as I think I have brought
up some eleven—

Boul Ay to eleven and brought them down
again But shall I search the market?

Boul What else man? The stuff we have, a
strong wind will blow it to pieces they are so
pitifully sodden 21

Pand Thou sayest true they're too unwhole-
some o' conscience The poor Transylvanian is
dead that lay with the little baggage

Boul Ay she quickly pooped him she made
him roast meat for worms But I'll go search the
market *[Exit]*

Pand Three or four thousand chequins were
pretty a proportion to live quietly and so give
over 30

Boul Why to give over I pray you? Is it a
shame to get when we are old?

Pand O our credit comes not in like the com-
modity nor the commodity wages not with the
danger therefore if in our youths we could
pick up some pretty estate 'twere not amiss to
keep our door hatch'd Besides the sore terms
we stand upon with the gods will be strong with
us for going over 39

Boul Come other sorts offend as well as we

Pand As well as we! Ay and better mo' we
offend worse Neither is our profession any trade
it's no calling But here comes Boul

Re-enter BOULT with the PIRATES and MARINA

Boul *[To MARINA]* Come your ways My
masters you say she's a virgin?

1st Pirate O sir we doubt it not

Boul Master I have gone through for this
piece you see If you like her so if not I have
lost my earnest

Boul Boulle has she any qualities? 40

Boul She has a good face speaks well and
has excellent good clothes There's no further
necessity of qualities can make her be refused

Boul What's her price Boul?

Boul I cannot be bated one doot of a thousand
pieces

Pand Well follow me my masters you shall
have your money presently Wife take her in
instruct her what she has to do that she may not
be raw in her entertainment 60

[Exit PANDAR and PIRATES]

Boul Boul take you the marks of her the

colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul't Performance shall follow. *[Exit]*

Mar Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke, or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother!

Baw'd Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar That I am pretty

Baw'd Come, the gods have done their part in you

Mar I accuse them not

Baw'd You are light into my hands, where you are like to live

Mar The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die 80

Baw'd Ay, and you shall live in pleasure

Mar No

Baw'd Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well, you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar Are you a woman?

Baw'd What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar An honest woman, or not a woman 90

Baw'd Marry, whup thee, gosling. I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar The gods defend me!

Baw'd If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. *Boul't's* returned

Re-enter BOUL'T

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the marker?

Boul't I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice

Baw'd And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description 109

Baw'd We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on

Boul't To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do

you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Baw'd Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boul't Ay, he. He offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Baw'd Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither. Here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul't Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Baw'd *[To MARINA]* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers, seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar I understand you not.

Boul't O, take her home, mistress, take her home. These blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Baw'd Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must, for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant 139

Boul't Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint—

Baw'd Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boul't I may so.

Baw'd Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boul't Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baw'd Boul't, spend thou that in the town, report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn, therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boul't I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Baw'd Come your ways, follow me.

Mar If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep 160
Diana, aid my purpose!

Baw'd What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III *Tarsus a room in Cleon's house*

Enter CLEON and DIONIZA

Dion Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle O Dionyza such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion I think
You'll turn a child again

Cle Were I chief lord of all this spacious world
I'd give it to undo the deed O lady
Much less in blood than virtue yet a princess
To equal any single crown on the earth
I the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too 10
If thou hadst drunk to him 'twould had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact What canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion That she is dead Nurses are not the fates
To foster it nor ever to preserve
She died at night I'll say so Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play'

Cle O go to Well well
Of all the faults beneath the heavens the gods 20
Do like this worst

Dion Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit

Cle To such proceeding
Whoever but his approbation added
Though not his prime consent he did not flow
From honourable sources

Dion Be it so then
Yet none does know but you how she came
dead

Nor none can know Leonine being gone 30
She did distain my child and stood between
Her and her fortunes None would look on her
But cast their gazes on Marina's face
Whilst ours was blurr'd at and held a Malkin
Not worth the time of day It pierc'd me
thorough

And though you call my course unnatural
You not your child well loving yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter

Cle Heavens forgive it!

Dion And for Pericles 40
What should he say? We wept after her hearse
And yet we mourn Her monument
Is almost finish'd and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done

Cle Thou art like the harpy
Which to betray dost with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons

Dion You are like one that superstitiously 49
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies
But yet I know you'll do as I advise [Exit

SCENE IV

Enter GOWER before the monument of Marina III
Tarsus

Gow Thus time we waste and longest leagues
make short

Sail seas in cockles have an wish but for t
Making to take your imagination
From bourn to bourn region to region
By you being pardon'd we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live I do beseech
you
To learn of me who stand the gaps to teach
you

The stages of our story Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas 10
Attended on by many a lord and knight
To see his daughter all his life's delight
Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate
Is left to govern Bear you it in mind
Old Helicanus goes along behind
Well sailing ships and bounteous winds have
brought

This king to Tarsus—think his pilot thought
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
on— 19

To fetch his daughter home who first is gone
Like motes and shadows see them move
awhile

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile

DUMB SHOW

Enter PERICLES at one door with all his train,
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other CLEON shows
PERICLES the tomb whereat PERICLES makes
lamentation puts on sackcloth and in a mighty
passion departs Then exit CLEON and DIONYZA

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe
And Pericles in sorrow all devour'd
With sighs shot through and biggest tears
o'ershow'd

Leaves Tarsus and again embarks He swears
Never to wash his face nor cut his hairs
He puts on sackcloth and to sea He bears
A tempest which his mortal vessel tears 30
And yet he rides it out Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza

Rea Is the inscription on Marina's monument
"The fairest sweetest and best lies here"

Who wither'd in her spring of year
 She was of Tyros the King's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter,
 Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'
 the earth
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed, 40
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens be-
 stow'd,
 Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never
 stint,
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint "

No visor does become black villainy
 So well as soft and tender flattery
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
 In her unholy service Patience, then, 50
 And think you now are all in Mytilene [Exit

SCENE V *Mytilene a street before the brothel*

Enter, from the brothel, TWO GENTLEMAN

1st Gent Did you ever hear the like?
 2nd Gent No, nor ever shall do in such a place
 as this, she being once gone

1st Gent But to have divinity preached there!
 did you ever dream of such a thing?

2nd Gent No, no Come, I am for no more
 bawdy houses Shall's go hear the vestals sing?

1st Gent I'll do anything now that is virtuous,
 but I am out of the road of rutting for ever 10
 [Exeunt

SCENE VI *The same a room in the brothel*

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT

Pand Well, I had rather than twice the worth
 of her she had ne'er come her

Bawd Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the
 god Priapus and undo a whole generation We
 must either get her ravished, or be rid of her
 When she should do for clients her fitment, and
 do me the kindness of our profession, she has me
 her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her
 prayers her knees, that she would make a puritan
 of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her

Boult 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll dis-
 furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our
 swearers priests

Pand Now, the pox upon her green-sickness
 for me!

Bawd 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but
 by the way to the pox Here comes the Lord
 Lysimachus disguised

Boult We should have both lord and lown, if

the pceevish baggage would but give way to
 customers 21

Enter LYSIMACHUS

Lys How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd Now, the gods to bless your honour!

Boult I am glad to see your honour in good
 health

Lys You may so, 'tis the better for you that
 your resorters stand upon sound legs How now!
 Wholesome iniquity have you that a man may
 deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd We have here one, sir, if she would—
 but there never came her like in Mytilene 31

Lys If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou
 wouldst say

Bawd Your honour knows what 'tis to say well
 enough

Lys Well, call forth, call forth

Boult For flesh and blood, sir, white and red,
 you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed,
 if she had but—

Lys What, prithee?

Boult O, sir, I can be modest

Lys That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no
 less than it gives a good report to a number to be
 chaste [Exit BOULT

Bawd Here comes that which grows to the
 stalk, never plucked yet, I can assure you

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys 'Faith she would serve after a long voy-
 age at sea Well, there's for you Leave us

Bawd I beseech your honour, give me leave A
 word, and I'll have done presently 51

Lys I beseech you, do

Bawd [To MARINA] First, I would have you
 note, this is an honourable man

Mar I desire to find him so, that I may worthily
 note him

Bawd Next, he's the governor of this country,
 and a man whom I am bound to

Mar If he govern the country, you are bound
 to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that,
 I know not 61

Bawd Pray you, without any more virginal
 fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line
 your apron with gold

Mar What he will do graciously, I will thank-
 fully receive

Lys Ha' you done?

Bawd My lord, she's not paced yet You
 must take some pains to work her to your man-
 age Come, we will leave his honour and her to-
 gether Gothy ways

[*Exeunt* **RAWD** **PANDAR** and **BOULT**]

Lys Now pretty one how long have you been at this trade?

Mar What trade sir?

Lys Why I cannot name it but I shall offend

Mar I cannot be offended with my trade Please you to name it

Lys How long have you been of this profession?

Mar Ever since I can remember

Lys Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar Earlier too sir if now I be one

Lys Why the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale

Mar Do you know this house to be a place of such resort and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place

Lys Why hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar Who is my principal?

Lys Why your herb-woman she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity O you have heard something of my power and so stand aloof for more serious wooing But I protest to thee pretty one my authority shall not see thee or else look friendly upon thee Come bring me to some private place Come, come

Mar If you were born to honour show it now if put upon you make the judgement good That thought you worthy of it

Lys How's this? how's this? Some more be sage

Mar For me

That am a maid though most ungentle fortune Have placed me in this sty where since I came Diseases have been sold dearer than physic O that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies the purer air!

Lys I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well ne'er dream'd thou couldst

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind

Thy speech had alter'd it Hold here's gold for thee

Persever in that clear way thou goest And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar The good gods preserve you!

Lys For me be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent for to me

The very doors and windows say our wily

Fare thee well Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble

I hold here's more gold for thee

A curse upon him die he like a thief

That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost

Hear from me it shall be for thy good

Re-enter **BOULT**

Boult I beseech your honour one piece for me

Lys A vaunt thou damned door keeper!

Your house but for this virgin that doth prop it

Would sink and overwhelm you Away!

Boult How's this? We must tale another

course with you If your peevish chastity which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country

under the cope shall undo a whole household let me be gelded like a spaniel Come your ways

Mar Whither would you have me?

Boult I must have your maidenhead taken off or the common hangman shall execute it Come your ways

We'll have no more gentlemen drench away Come your ways I say

Re-enter **RAWD**

Brud How now? what's the matter?

Boult Worse and worse mistress she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Ly sunachus

Brud O abominable!

Boult She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods

Brud Marry hang her up for ever!

Boult The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman and she sent him away as cold as a snowball saying his prayers too

Brud **Boult** take her away use her at thy pleasure Crack the glass of her virginity and make the rest malleable

Boult An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is she shall be ploughed

Mar Hark hark you gods!

Brud She conjures Away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us Will you not go the way of women kind? Marry come up my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

Boult Come mistress come your ways with me

Mar Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult To take from you the jewel you hold so dear

Mar Pruthee tell me one thing first

Boult Come now your one thing

Mar What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult Why I could wish him to be my master or rather my mistress

Mar Neither of these are so bad as thou art Since they do better thee in their command

120

81

90

100

149

110

170

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st
fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib,
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable, thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs 179
Boult What would you have me do? go to the
wars would you? where a man may serve seven
years for the loss of a leg, and have not money
enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar Do anything but this thou dost Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth,
Serve by indenture to the common hangman
Any of these ways are yet better than this,
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he
speak,

Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place! 191
Here, here's gold for thee

If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast,
And I will undertake all these to teach
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars

Boult But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom 201
That doth frequent your house

Boult Well, I will see what I can do for thee. If
I can place thee, I will

Mar But amongst honest women

Boult Faith, my acquaintance lies little
amongst them. But since my master and mis-
tress have bought you, there's no going but by
their consent, therefore I will make them ac-
quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but
I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll
do for thee what I can, come your way's

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

Enter GOWER

Gow Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and
chances

Into an honest house, our story says

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess like to her admired lays,

Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her need com-
poses

Nature's own shape of bud, bird branch, or
berr,

That even her art sisters the natural roses,

Her ink, silk, twin with the rubied cherry,
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain 10
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him
lost,

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells, and on this
coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep, from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense,
And to him in his barge with fervour hies 20
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles, think thus his bark
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd, please you, sit and hark

[*Exit*]

SCENE I *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene*
A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it,
Pericles within it reclined on a couch. A barge
lying beside the Tyrian vessel

Enter two SAILORS one belonging to the Tyrian
vessel, the other to the barge, to them HELICANUS

Tyr Sail [To the SAILOR of Mytilene]

Where is lord Helicanus? He can resolve you
O, here he is

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel That he have his. Call up some gentlemen

Tyr Sail Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls

Enter two or three GENTLEMEN

1st Gent Doth your lordship call?

Hel Gentlemen, there's some of worth would
come aboard

I pray ye, greet them fairly 10

[*The GENTLEMEN and the TWO SAILORS descend*
and go on board the barge]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and LORDS, with
the GENTLEMEN and the TWO SAILORS

Tyr Sail Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you

Lys Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel And you, sir, to outlive the age I am

And die as I would do

Lys You wish me well
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it to know of whence you are

Hel First, what is your place?

Lys I am the governor of this place you lie before

Hel Sir

Our vessel is of Tyre in it the King
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief

Lys Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel 'T would be too tedious to repeat

But the main grief springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife

Lys May we not see him?

Hel You may

But bootless is your sight He will not speak

To any

Lys Yet let me obtain my wish

Hel Behold him *[PERICLES discovered]* This
was a goodly person

Till the disaster that one mortal night

Drove him to this

Lys Sir King all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail royal sir!

Hel It is in vain he will not speak to you

Lord Sir

We have a maid in Mytilene I durst wager

Would win some words of him

Lys 'Tis well bethought

She questionless with her sweet harmony

And other chosen attractions would allure

And make a battery through his deafen'd parts

Which now are midway stopp'd

She is all happy in the fairest of all

And with her fellow maids is now upon

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side

*[He whispers a LORD who goes off in the
charge of Lysimachus]*

Hel Sure all's effectless yet nothing we'll
omit

That bears recovery's name But since your
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far let us beseech you

That for our gold we may provision have

Wherein we are not destitute for want

But weary for the staleness

Lys O sir a courtesy

Which if we should deny the most just gods

For every graff would send a caterpillar

And so afflict our province Yet once more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause

Of your King's sorrow

Hel Sir sir I will recount it to you

But see I am prevented

*Re-enter from the charge LORD with MARINA and
a young Lady*

Lys

The lady that I sent for Welcome fair one!
Is it not a goodly presence?

Hel

She's a gallant lady

Lys She's such a one that were I well assured

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock

I'd wish no better choice and think me rarely

wed

Fair one all goodness that consists in bounty

Expect even here where is a lovingly patient

If that thy prosperous and artificial feat

Can draw him but to answer thee in sight

Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay

As thy desires can wish

Mar

Sir I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery

Provided

That none but I and my companion maid

Be suffer'd to come near him

Lys Come let us leave her

And the gods make her prosperous!

Marina sings

Lys Mark'd he your music?

Mar

No nor look'd on us

Lys See she will speak to him

Mar Hail sir! my lord lend ear

Per Hush! *[Pushing her back]*

Mar I am a maid

My lord that ne'er before invited eyes

But have been gaz'd on like a comet She speaks

My lord that may be hath endured a grief

Might equal yours if both were justly weigh'd

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,

My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings

But time hath rooted out my parentage

And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude *[Aside]* I will desist

But there is something glows upon my cheek

And whispers in mine ear Go not till he speak

Per My fortunes—parentage—good parent

age—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar I said my lord if you did know my

parentage

You would not do me violence

Per I do think so Pray you turn your eyes

upon me

You are like something that—What country

woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar No nor of any shores

Yet I was mortally brought forth and am

No other than I appear

Per I am great with woe, and shall deliver

weeping

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one

My daughter might have been My queen's square brows,

Her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight, 110

As silver-voiced, her eyes as jewel-like

And cased as richly, in pace another Juno,

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,

The more she gives them speech Where do you live?

Mar Where I am but a stranger From the deck You may discern the place

Per Where were you bred? And how achieved you these endowments, which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar If I should tell my history, it would seem Like lies disdain'd in the reporting

Per Prithee, speak 120 Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in I will believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation

To points that seem impossible, for thou look'st

Like one I loved indeed What were thy friends?

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—

Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest

From good descending?

Mar So indeed I did

Per Report thy parentage I think thou said'st 130

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,

If both were open'd

Mar Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts

Did warrant me was likely

Per Tell thy story,

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part

Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I

Have suffer'd like a girl Yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

Extremity out of act What were thy friends? 140

How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee Come, sit by me

Mar My name is Marina

Per O, I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither

To make the world to laugh at me

Mar Or here I'll cease

Patience, good sir,

Per Nay, I'll be patient Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me, To call thyself Marina

Mar The name

Was given me by one that had some power, 150

My father, and a king

Per How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

Mar You said you would believe me,

But, not to be troubler of your peace, I will end here

Per But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy? Motion! Well, speak on Where were you born? And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar Call'd Marina

For I was born at sea

Per At sea! what mother?

Mar My mother was the daughter of a king, Who died the minute I was born, 160

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping

Per O, stop there a little!

[Aside] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal This cannot be, My daughter's buried Well, where were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story, And never interrupt you

Mar You scorn Believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er

Per I will believe you by the syllable Of what you shall deliver Yet, give me leave 170 How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar The King my father did in Tarsus leave me

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, Did seek to murder me, and having woo'd A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't, A crew of pirates came and rescued me, Brought me to Mytilene But, good sir, Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be, You think me an impostor No, good faith, I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180 If good King Pericles be

Per Ho, Helicanus!

Hel Calls my lord?

Per Thou art a grave and noble counsellor, Most wise in general Tell me, if thou canst, What this maid is, or what is like to be, That thus hath made me weep?

- Hel* Here is the regent sir of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her
Lys She would never tell
Her parentage being demanded that
She would sit still and weep
Per O Helicanus strike me honour'd sir
Give me a gash, put me to present pain
Lest this great sea of joy's rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality
And drown me with their sweetness O come
hither
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget
Thou that wast born at sea buried at Tarsus
And found at sea again! O Helicanus
Down on thy knees thank the holy gods as
loud
As thunder threatens us This is Marina
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that
For truth can never be confirm'd enough
Though doubts did ever sleep
Mar First sir I pray
What is your title?
Per I am Pericles of Tyre but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name as in the rest you
said
Thou hast been godlike perfect
The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father
Mar Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother who did end
The minute I began
Per Now blessing on thee! Rise thou art my
child
Give me fresh garments Mine own Helicanus
She is not dead at Tarsus as she should have
been,
By savage Cleon She shall tell thee all
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess Who is this?
Hel Sir 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who hearing of your melancholy state
Did come to see you
Per I embrace you
Give me my robes I am wild in my beholding
O heavens bless my girl! But hark what music?
Tell Helicanus my Marina tell him
O'er point by point for yet he seems to doubt
How sure you are my daughter But what
music?
Hel My lord I hear none
Per None!
The music of the spheres! Lest my Marina
Lys It is not good to cross him give him way
Per Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
- Lys* My lord I hear
Music
Per Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes Let me rest [Sleeps]
I 'll a pillow for his head
So leave him all Well my companion friends
If this but answer to my just belief
I 'll well remember you
[Exeunt all but PERICLES]
- DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision*
Dia My temple stands in Ephesus Hie thee
thither
And do upon mine altar sacrifice
There when my maiden priests are met together
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife
To mourn thy crosses with thy daughter's call
And give them repentition to the life
Or perform my bidding or thou livest in woe
Do it and happy by my silver bow!
Awake and tell thy dream [Disappears]
Per Celestial Dian goddess argentine
I will obey thee Helicanus!
- Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS and MARINA*
Hel Sir?
Per My purpose was for Tarsus there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon but I am
For other service first Toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails erefoons I 'll tell thee why
[To LYSIMACHUS] Shall we refresh us sir upon
your shore
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys Sir
With all my heart and when you come ashore,
I have another suit
Per You shall prevail
Were it to woo my daughter for it seems
You have been noble towards her
Lys Sir lend me your arm
Per Come, my Marina [Exeunt]
- SCENE II Enter GOWER before the temple of
DIANA at Ephesus*
Gow Now our sands are almost run
More a little and then dumb
Thus my last boon give me
For such kindness must relieve me
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry what fears what shows
What minstrelsy and pretty din
The regent made in Mytilene
To greet the king So he thrived,

That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina, but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade, whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom

10 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
15 *Per* The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thais That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd
Per Immortal Dian!
Thais Now I know you better
19 When we with tears parted Pantapolis,
The King my father gave you such a ring
Shows a ring
Per This, this No more, you gods! your pres-
ent kindness
[Exit] 40 Makes my past miseries sports You shall do
well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms
Mar My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom
Kneels to THAISA
Per Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
Thaisa,
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there
Thais Blest, and mine own!
Hel Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thais I know you not
Per You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre, 50
I left behind an ancient substitute
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft
Thais 'Twas Helicanus then
Per Still confirmation
Embrace him, dear Thaisa, this is he
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserved, and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle
Thais Lord Cerimon, my lord, this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power,
that can 60
From first to last resolve you
Per Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

SCENE III *The temple of Diana at Ephesus, THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess, a number of Virgins on each side, CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending*

Enter PERICLES, with his train, LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady

Per Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre,
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid child call'd Marina, who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon, who at fourteen years
He sought to murder, but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene, 'gainst whose shore 10
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter

Thais Voice and favour!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles! [*Faints*]
Per What means the nun? she dies! help, gentle-
men!

Cer Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife

Per Reverend appearer, no,
I threw her overboard with these very arms

Cer Upon this coast, I warrant you
Per 'Tis most certain 20

Cer Look to the lady, O, she's but o'erjoy'd
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels, recover'd her, and
placed her

Here in Diana's temple

Per May we see them?
Cer Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
house,

Whither I invite you Look, Thaisa is

Recovered

Thais O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity

Cer I will, my lord
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her,
How she came placed here in the temple,
No needless thing omitted
Per Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I

Will offer night-oblations to thee Thaisa, 70
 This prince, the fair betrothed of your daughter
 Shall marry her at Pentapolis And now
 This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form
 And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd
 To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify
 Thus Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit
 Sir

My father's dead
 For Heavens make a star of him! Yet there my
 queen

We'll celebrate their nuptials and ourselves so
 Will in that kingdom spend our following days
 Our son and daughter shall in Ty rus reign
 Lord Cerimon we do our longing stay
 To hear the rest untold Sir lead's the way

{*Exeunt*}

Enter GOWER

GOW. In Antiochus and his daughter you have
 heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward
 In Pericles his queen and daughter seen
 Although assail'd with fortune fierce and
 keen

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast
 Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at
 last

In Helicanus may you well descry 91

A figure of truth of faith of loyalty
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears
 The worth that learned charity aye wears
 For wicked Cleon and his wife when fame
 Had spread their curs'd deed and honour'd
 name

Of Pericles to rage the city turn
 That him and his they in his palace burn
 The gods for murder seem'd so content
 To punish them although not done, but
 meant

So on your patience evermore attending 100
 New joy wait on you! Here our play has end
 ing {*Exit*}

CYMBELINE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain*
 CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband*
 POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen*
 BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*
 GUIDERIUS
 ARVIRAGUS } *sons to Cymbeline disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan*
 PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus* } *Italians*
 IACHIMO, *friend to Philario*
 CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces*
 PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus*
 CORNELIUS, *a physician*
 A ROMAN CAPTAIN
 TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS
 A FRENCHMAN
 A SPANIARD } *friends to Philario*
 A DUTCHMAN
 TWO LORDS of Cymbeline's court
 TWO GENTLEMEN of Cymbeline's court

TWO GAOLERS
 A SOOTH-SAYER
 A TRIBUNE
 TWO SENATORS
 AN ATTENDANT on Cymbeline
 TWO MESSENGERS

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline*
 IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen*
 HELEN, *a lady attending on Imogen*
 A LADY attending on the Queen

SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to Posthumus*
 TWO LEONATI brothers to Posthumus } *Apparitions*
 MOTHER to Posthumus
 JUPITER

NON-SPEAKING Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators and Tribunes Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE Britain, and Rome

ACT I

SCENE I Britain the garden of Cymbeline's palace
 Enter TWO GENTLEMEN

1st Gent You do not meet a man but frowns
 Our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
 Still seem as does the King

2nd Gent But what's the matter?

1st Gent His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
 That late he married—hath referr'd herself
 Unto a poor but worthy gentleman She's

wedded,
 Her husband banish'd, she imprison'd All
 Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
 Be touch'd at very heart

2nd Gent None but the King? 10

1st Gent He that hath lost her too, so is the Queen,

That most desired the match, but not a courtier,
 Although they wear their faces to the bent
 Of the King's looks, hath a heart that is not
 Glad at the thing they scowl at

2nd Gent And why so?

1st Gent He that hath miss'd the Princess is a thing

Too bad for bad report And he that hath her—
 I mean, that married her, alack, good man!

And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
 As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
 For one his like, there would be something fail-

ing
 In him that should compare I do not think
 So fair an outward and such stuff within
 Endows a man but he

2nd Gent You speak him far
 1st Gent I do extend him, sir, within himself,
 Crush him together rather than unfold
 His measure duly

2nd Gent What's his name and birth?
 1st Gent I cannot delve him to the root His father

Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
 Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
 But had his titles by Tenantius whom
 He served with glory and admired success,
 So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus,
 And had, besides this gentleman in question,
 Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
 Died with their swords in hand, for which their father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
 That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
 Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
 As he was born The King he takes the babe 40
 To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
 Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of which he took
As we do air fast as twas mustered
And in spring became a harvest lived in
court—

Which rare it is do—most praised most
loved

A sample to the youngest to the more mature
A glass that feared them and to the graver
A child that guided dorards to his mistress 50
For whom he now banish'd her own price
Proclaims how she esteems him and his virtue
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is

and Gent I honour him
Even out of your report But pray you tell me
Is she sole child to the King?

1st Gent His only child
He had two sons If this be worth your hearing
Mark it the eldest of them at three years old
I the swathing clothes the other from their nur-
sery

Were stol'n and to this hour no guers in knowl-
edge 60

Which way they went

and Gent How long is this ago?

1st Gent Some twenty years

and Gent That a king's children should be so
convey'd

So slackly guarded and the search so slow
That could not trace them?

1st Gent Howsoever strange
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at
Yet it is true sir

and Gent I do well believe you

1st Gent We must forbear here comes the
gentleman

The Queen and Princess [Exeunt

Enter the QUEEN POSTHUMUS and IMOGEN

Queen No be assured you shall not find me
daughter 70

After the slander of most stepmothers
Evil-eyed unto you You're my prisoner but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint For you Posthumus
So soon as I can win the offended king
I will be known your advocate Marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and were good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you

Post Please your Highness
I will from hence to-day

Queen You know the peril 80
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pity me
The pangs of barr'd affections though the
king

Hath charged you should not speak together

Imo

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest hus-
band

I something fear my father's wrath but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me You must be gone
And I shall here abide the hourly shor-
Of angry eyes not comforted to live, 90
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again

Post My queen! my mistress!
O lady weep no more lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man I will remain
The loyal st husband that did ere plight troth
My residence in Rome at one Philario's
Who to my father was a friend to me
Known but by letter Thither write my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send
Though ink be made of gall

Re-enter QUEEN

Queen Be brief I pray you 101
If the king come I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure [Aside] Yet I'll
move him

To walk thus way I never do him wrong
But he does buy my injuries to be friends
Pay's dear for my offences {Exit

Post Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live
The loathing is to depart would grow Adieu!
Imo Nay stay a little

Were you but riding forth to air yourself 110
Such parting were too petty Look here Ime
This diamond was my mother's Take it heart
But keep it till you woo another wife
When Imogen is dead

Post How how! another?
You gentle gods give me but this I have
And tear up my embracements from a nest
With bonds of death! [Putting on the ring]
Remain remain thou here

While sense can keep it on And sweetest
fairest

As if my poor self did exchange for you 120
To your so infinite loss so in our trifles
I still win of you For my sake wear this
It is a miracle of love I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner

Putting a l racket upon her arm

Imo O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords

Post Alack, the King!
Cym Thou basest thing, avoid! Hence, from
my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood

Post The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone [Exit

Imo There cannot be a pinch in death 130
More sharp than this is

Cym O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me

Imo I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation
I am senseless of your wrath, a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears

Cym Past grace? obedience?
Imo Past hope, and in despair, that way, past
grace

Cym That mightst have had the sole son of
my queen!

Imo O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock 140

Cym Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have
made my throne
A seat for baseness

Imo No, I rather added
A lustre to it

Cym O thou vile one!

Imo Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus
You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays

Cym What, art thou mad?
Imo Almost sir, heaven restore me! Would I
were

A near herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym Thou foolish thing! 150

Re-enter QUEEN

They were again together You have done
Not after our command Away with her,
And pen her up

Queen Beseech your patience Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves, and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice

Cym Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged

Die of this folly! [Exeunt CYMBELINE and Lords
Queen Fie! you must give way

Enter PISANIO

Here is your servant How now, sir! What news?

Pis My lord your son drew on my master
Queen Ha! 160

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger They were parted
By gentlemen at hand

Queen I am very glad on't

Imo Your son's my father's friend, he takes his
part

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back Why came you from your
master?

Pis On his command He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven, left these notes 171
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me

Queen This hath been
Your faithful servant I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so

Pis I humbly thank your Highness
Queen Pray, walk awhile

Imo About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me You shall at least
Go see my lord aboard For this time leave me
[Exeunt

SCENE II *The same a public place*

Enter CLOTEN and TWO LORDS

1st Lord Sir, I would advise you to shift a
shirt, the violence of action hath made you reek
as a sacrifice Where air comes out, air comes in
There's none abroad so wholesome as that you
vent

Clo If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it
Have I hurt him?

2nd Lord [Aside] No, 'faith, not so much as
his patience 9

1st Lord Hurt him! his body's a passable car-
cass, if he be not hurt It is a throughfare for
steel, if it be not hurt

2nd Lord [Aside] His steel was in debt, it went
o' the backside the town

Clo The villain would not stand me

2nd Lord [Aside] No, but he fled forward still,
toward your face

1st Lord Stand you! You have land enough of
your own, but he added to your having, gave
you some ground 20

2nd Lord [Aside] As many inches as you have oceans Puppies!

Clo I would they had not come between us

2nd Lord [Aside] So would I till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground

Clo And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

2nd Lord [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election she is damned 30

1st Lord Sir as I told you always her beauty and her brain go not together She's a good sign but I have seen small reflection of her wit

2nd Lord [Aside] She shines not upon fools lest the reflection should hurt her

Clo Come I'll to my chamber Would there had been some hurt done!

2nd Lord [Aside] I wish not so unless it had been the fall of an ass which is no great hurt

Clo You'll go with us? 40

1st Lord I'll attend your lordship

Clo Nay come let's go together

2nd Lord Well my lord [Exeunt]

SCENE III A room in Cymbeline's palace

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

Imo I would thou grewst unto the shores of the haven,

And questiondst every sail If he should write,

And I not have it Where's a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis It was his queen, his queen!

Imo Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis And kiss'd it madam

Imo Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

Pis No madam for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear 10

Distinguish him from others he did keep

The deck with glove or hat or handkerchief

Still waving as the fits and starts of's mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on

How swift his ship

Imo Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow or less ere left

To after-eye him

Pis Madam so I did

Imo I would have broke mine eye strings

crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle 20

Nay follow'd him till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat to air and then

Have turn'd mine eye and wept But good

Pisano

When shall we hear from him?

Pis Be assured madam

With his next vantage

Imo I did not take my leave of him but had

Most pretty things to say Ere I could tell him

How I would think on him at certain hours

Such thoughts and such or I could make him

swear

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest and his honour or have charged 30

him

At the sixth hour of morn at noon at midnight

To encounter me with orisons for then

I am in heaven for him or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss which I had set

Between two charming words comes in my

father

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north

Shakes all our buds from growing

Enter a LADY

Lady The Queen madam

Desires your Highness company

Imo Those things I bid you do get them dis-

patch'd

I will attend the Queen

Pis Madam I shall [Exeunt] 40

SCENE IV Rome Philario's house

Enter PHILARIO LACHIMO a FRENCHMAN a

DUTCHMAN and a SPANIARD

Lach Believe it sir I have seen him in Britain

He was then of a crescent note, expected to prove

so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name

of but I could then have looked on him without

the help of admiration, though the catalogue of

his endowments had been tabled by his side and

I to peruse him by items

Phi You speak of him when he was less fur-

rushed than now he is with that which makes him

both without and within 10

French I have seen him in France We had very

many there could behold the sun with as firm

eyes as he

Lach This matter of marrying his king's daugh-

ter wherein he must be weighed rather by her

value than his own words him, I doubt not a

great deal from the matter

French And then his banishment

Lach Ay and the approbation of those that

weep this lamentable divorce under her colours

are wonderfully to extend him be it but to for-

tify her judgement which else an easy battery

might lay flat for taking a beggar without less

quality But how comes it he is to sojourn with

you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life Here comes the Briton Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality 30

Enter POSTHUMUS

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing

French Sir, we have known together in Orleans

Post Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still 40

French Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness I was glad I did atone my countryman and you, it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature

Post By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller, rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences But upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say, it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight 51

French 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both

Lich Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French Safely, I think 'Twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses, this gentleman as that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France

Lich That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out

Post She holds her virtue still and I my mind

Lich You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy 71

Post Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing though I profess myself her adorer, nor her friend

Lich As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain If she were before others I have seen as that diamond

of yours outlustrs many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many But I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady

Post I praised her as I rated her So do I my stone

Lich What do you esteem it at?

Post More than the world enjoys

Lich Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she is outprized by a trifle

Post You are mistaken The one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods

Lich Which the gods have given you?

Post Which, by their graces I will keep

Lich You may wear her in title yours, but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds Your ring may be stolen too, so your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual, a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last

Post Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail I do nothing doubt you have store of thuees, notwithstanding, I fear not my ring

Phi Let us leave here, gentlemen 109

Post Sir, with all my heart This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first

Lich With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend

Post No, no

Lich I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation And, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world

Post You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt

Lich What's that?

Post A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more, a punishment too 129

Phi Gentlemen enough of this It came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted

Lich Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke!

Post What lady would you choose to assail?

Lich Yours, whom in constancy you think

stands so safe I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring that commend me to the court where your lady is with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved

Post I will wage against your gold gold to it My ring I hold dear as my finger tis part of it

Iach You are afraid and therein the wiser If you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram you cannot preserve it from tainting But I see you have some religion in you that you fear

Post This is but a custom in your tongue you bear a graver purpose I hope

Iach I am the master of my speeches and would undergo what is spoken I swear

Post Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return Let there be covenants drawn between us My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking I dare you to this match here is my ring

Phi I will have it no lay

Iach By the gods it is one If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress my ten thousand ducats are yours so is your diamond too If I come off and leave her in such honour as you have trust in she your jewel this your jewel and my gold are yours provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment

Post I embrace these conditions let us have articles betwixt us Only thus far you shall answer If you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed I am no further your enemy she is not worth our debate If she remain unseduced you nor making it appear otherwise for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword

Iach Your hand a covenant We will have these things set down by lawful counsel and straight away for Britain lest the bargain should catch cold and starve I will fetch my gold and have our two witnesses recorded

Post Agreed

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO*]

French Will this hold think you?

Phi Signior Iachimo will not from it Pray let us follow em

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V Britain a room in Cymbeline's palace

Enter QUEEN LADIES and CORNELIUS

Queen Whiles yet the dew is on ground gather those flowers

Make haste Who has the note of them?

1st Lady I madam

Queen Dispatch [*Exeunt LADIES*]

Now master doctor have you brought those drugs?

Cor Pleaseth your highness ay Here they are, madam [*Presenting a small box*]

But I beseech your Grace without offence— My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds

Which are the movers of a languishing death But though slow deadly?

Queen I wonder doctor

Ti thou ask st me such a question Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea so

That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded—

Unless thou think st me devilish—is it not meet That I did amplify my judgement in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging but none human

To try the virtue of them and apply Allayments to their act and by them gather

Their several virtues and effects

Cor Your Highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart Besides the seeing these effects will be

Both noisome and infectious

Queen O content thee

Enter PISANIO

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal upon him Will I first work He is for his master

And enemy to my son How now Pisanio! Doctor your service for this time is ended

Take your own way

Cor [*Aside*] I do suspect you madam But you shall do no harm

Queen [*To PISANIO*] Hark thee a word

Cor [*Aside*] I do not like her She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons I do know her spirit And will not trust one of her malice with

A drop of such damn'd nature Those she has Will stupefy an I doll the sense awhile

Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs

Then afterward up higher But there is No danger in what show of death it makes

More than the locking-up the spirits a time To be more fresh reviving She is fool'd

With a most false effect, and I the truer,

So to be false with her

Queen No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee

Cor I humbly take my leave [*Exit*

Queen Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think in time

She will not quench and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou work

When thou shalt bring me word she loves my
son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then

50

As great as is thy master, greater, for

His fortunes all lie speechless and his name

Is at last gasp Return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is To shift his being

Is to exchange one misery with another,

And every day that comes comes to decay

A day's work in him What shalt thou expect,

To be depend on a thing that leans,

Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,

59

So much as but to prop him? [*The QUEEN drops*

the box PISANIO takes it up] Thou takest up

Thou know'st not what, but take it for thy
labour

It is a thing I made, which hath the King

Five times redeem'd from death I do not know

What is more cordial Nay, I prithee, take it,

It is an earnest of a further good

That I mean to thee Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her, do't as from thyself

Think what a chance thou changest on, but think

Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee I'll move the
king

To any shape of thy preferment such

71

As thou'lt desire, and then myself, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound

To load thy merit richly Call my women

Think on my words [*Exit PISANIO*

A sly and constant knave,

Not to be shaken, the agent for his master

And the remembrancer of her to hold

The hand fast to her lord I have given him that

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her

Of hegers for her sweet, and which she after,

80

Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

To taste of too

Re-enter PISANIO and LADIES

So, so, well done, well done

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet I are thee well, Pisanio

Think on my words [*Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES*

Pis And shall do

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,

I'll choke my self, there's all I'll do for you

[*Exit*

SCENE VI *The same another room in the palace*

Enter IMOGEN

Imo A father cruel, and a step-dame false,

A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

That hath her husband banish'd—O, that hus-
band!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated

Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,

As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

Is the desire that's glorious Blest be those,

How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,

Which seasons comfort Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and LACHIMO

Pis Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome 10

Comes from my lord with letters

Lach Change you, madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety

And greets your Highness dearly

Presents a letter

Imo Thanks, good sir,

You're kindly welcome

Lach [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most
rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,

She is alone the Arabian bird, and I

Have lost the wager Boldness be my friend!

Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight, 20

Rather, directly fly

Imo [*Reads*] "He is one of the noblest note,

to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied

Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your
trust—

Leonatus"

So far I read aloud,

But even the very middle of my heart

Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully

You're as welcome, worthy sir, as I

Have words to bid you, and shall find it so 30

In all that I can do

Lach Thanks, fairest lady

What are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop

Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

The fiery orbs above and the twin'd stones

Upon the number'd beach? and can we not

Partition malice with spectacles so precious

'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo What malice is our admiration?

Lach It cannot be in the eye, for apes and mon-
keys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter thus way and

Contemn with mows the other nor the judge
ment

For idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite nor the appetite
Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed
Should make desire vomit emptiness
Not so allured to feed

Imo What is the matter trow?

Iach The cloyed will

That satiate yet unsatisfied desire that tub
Both fill'd and running ravening first the lamb
Longs after for the garbage

Imo What dear sir 50

Thus raps you? Are you well?
Iach Thanks madam well [*To PISANIO*] Be
seech you sir desire

My man's abode where I did leave him He
Is strange and peevish

Pis I was going sir

To give him welcome [*Exit*]

Imo Continues well my lord? His health be
seech you?

Iach Well madam

Imo Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is

Iach Exceeding pleasant none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome He is call'd 60
The Briton reveller

Imo When he was here

He did incline to sadness and oft times
Nor knowing why

Iach I never saw him sad

There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur that it seems much loves
A Gallian girl at home he furnaces
The thick sighs from him whales the jolly
Briton—

Your lord I mean—laughs from a free lungs
cries O

Can my sides hold to think that man who
knows

By history report or his own proof 70
What woman is yea what she cannot choose
But must be will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo Will my lord say so?

Iach Ay madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter

It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman But heav-
ens know

Some men are much to blame

Imo Not he I hope

Iach Not he but yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be used more thankfully In himself tis much
In you which I account his beyond all talents 80

Whilst I am bound to wonder I am bound
To pity too

Imo What do you pity sir?

Iach Two creatures heartily

Imo Am I one sir?

You look on me What w reck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo I pray you sir

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands Why do you pity me?

Iach That others do— 90

I was about to say—enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it
Not mine to speak on

Imo You do seem to know

Something of me or what concerns me Pray
you—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do for certainties
Either are past remedies or timely knowing
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop

Iach Had I this cheek 99

To bathe my lips upon this hand whose touch
Whose every touch would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty this object which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye
Fixing it only here should I damn'd then
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood as
With labour then by peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow it were fit 110
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt

Imo My lord I fear

Has forgot Britain

Iach And himself Not I

Inclined to this intelligence pronounce
The beggary of his change but tis your graces
That from my muteest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out

Imo Let me hear no more

Iach O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity that doth make me sick A lady
So fair and fasten'd to an empery 120
Would make the great stinking double—to be
partner'd

With tombboys hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased
ventures

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature¹ such boild^d
stuff

As well might poison poison¹ Be revenged,
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock

Imo Revenged¹
How should I be revenged? If this be true—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close ■■ sure

Imo What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach Let me my service tender on your lips
Imo Away! I do condemn mine ears that 141
have

So long attended thee If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st—as base as strange
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike What ho, Pisanio!
The King my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault If he shall think it fit, 150
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach O happy Leonatus! I may say
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assured credit Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er, and he is one
The truest manner'd such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him,
Half all men's hearts are his

Imo You make amends
Iach He sits 'mongst men like a descended
god
He hath a mind of honour sets him off, 170
More than a mortal seeming Be not angry,

Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report, which
hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judge-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless Pray, your pardon
Imo All's well, sir Take my power ■ the court
for yours

Iach My humble thanks I had almost forgot
To entreat your Grace but in a small request, 181
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord, my self and other noble friends
Are partners in the business

Imo Pray, what is 't?
Iach Some dozen Romans of us and your
lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled
sums

To buy a present for the Emperor,
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France 'Tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great,
And I am something curious, being strange, 191
To have them in safe stowage May it please
you

To take them in protection?

Imo Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber

Iach They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night,
I must aboard to-morrow

Imo O, no, no
Iach Yes, I beseech, or I shall short my
word

By lengthening my return From Gallia 201
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your Grace

Imo I thank you for your pains,
But not away to-morrow!

Iach O, I must, madam,
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing do't to-night
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present

Imo I will write
Send your trunk to me, it shall safe be kept, 209
And truly yielded you You're very welcome
[Exit

ACT II

SCENE I Britain before Cymbeline's palace

Enter CLOTEN and TWO LORDS

Clo Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on it and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure

1st Lord What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bow!

2nd Lord *[Aside]* If his wit had been like him that broke it it would have run all out

Clo When a gentleman is disposed to swear it is not for any standers by to curtail his oaths ha?

2nd Lord No my lord *[Aside]* nor crop the ears of them

Clo Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2nd Lord *[Aside]* To have smelt like a fool

Clo I am not vexed more at anything in the earth a pox on it! I had rather not be so noble as I am they dare not fight with me because of the Queen my mother Every Jack slave hath his belliful of fighting and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match

2nd Lord *[Aside]* You are cock and capon too and you crow cock with your comb on

Clo Sayest thou?

2nd Lord It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to

Clo No I know that But it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors

2nd Lord Ay it is fit for your lordship only

Clo Why so I say

1st Lord Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo A stranger and I not know on it!

2nd Lord *[Aside]* He's a strange fellow himself and knows it not

1st Lord There's an Italian come and tis thought one of Leonatus' friends

Clo Leonatus! a banished rascal and he's another whatsoever he be Who told you of this stranger?

1st Lord One of your lordship's pages

Clo Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in it?

2nd Lord You cannot derogate my lord

Clo Not easily I think

2nd Lord *[Aside]* You are a fool granted therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate

Clo Come, I'll go see this Italian What I have

lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him

Comm go

2nd Lord I'll attend your lordship

[Exeunt CLOTEN and FIRST LORD]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman that Bears all down with her brain and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart 60 And leave eighteen Alas poor princess Thou divine Imogen what thou endurest Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd A mother hourly coining plots a wooer More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour keep unshak'd That temple thy fair mind that thou may'st stand

To enjoy this banish'd lord and this great land!

[Exit 70]

SCENE II Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace a trunk in one corner of it

IMOGEN in bed reading HELEN a Lady attending

Imo Who's there? my woman Helen?

Hel Please you madam

Imo What hour is it?

Hel Almost midnight madam

Imo I have read three hours then Mine eyes are weak

Fold down the leaf where I have left To bed

Take not away the taper leave it burning

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock

I prithee call me Sleep hath seized me wholly

[Exit HELEN]

To your protection I commend me gods

From furies and the tempters of the night

Guard me beseech ye

[Sleeps IMOGEN comes from the trunk]

Iach The crickets sing and man's o'er labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest Our Tarquin thus

Did softly preys the rushes ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded Cytherea

How bravely thou becomest thy bed fresh lily

And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!

But kiss one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd

How dearly they do it! 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the chamber thus The flame o' the taper

Bows toward her and would under peep her lids

To see the enclosed lights now canopied

Under these windows white and azure lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct But my design

To note the chamber I will write all down

Such and such pictures there the wainbow such

The adornment of her bed, the arras, figures,
Why, such and such, and the contents o' the
story

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory 30
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off
Taking off her bracelet
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make This secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and
ta'en 41

The treasure of her honour No more To what
end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up I have enough
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawn-
ing

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear,
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here 50
Clock strikes

One, two, three, time, time!

[Goes into the trunk The scene closes]

SCENE III *An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's
apartments*

Enter CLOTEN and LORDS

1st Lord Your lordship is the most patient man
in loss the most coldest that ever turned up ace
Clo It would make any man cold to lose

1st Lord But not every man patient after the
noble temper of your lordship You are most hot
and furious when you win

Clo Winning will put any man into courage If I
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold
enough It's almost morning, is't not? 10

1st Lord Day, my lord

Clo I would this music would come I am ad-
vised to give her music o' mornings, they say it
will penetrate

Enter Musicians

Come on, tune If you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so, we'll try with tongue too If
none will do, let her remain, but I'll never give

o'er First, a very excellent good-conceited thing,
after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich
words to it, and then let her consider 20

SONG

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies,
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise 30

Clo So, get you gone If this penetrate, I will
consider your music the better, if it do not, it is a
vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-
guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot,
can never amend *[Exeunt Musicians]*

2nd Lord Here comes the King

Clo I am glad I was up so late, for that's the
reason I was up so early He cannot choose but
take this service I have done fatherly

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN

Good morrow to your Majesty and to my gra-
cious mother 41

Cym Attend you here the door of our stern
daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo I have assailed her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice

Cym The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him Some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours

Queen You are most bound to the King,
Who lets go by no vantages that may 50

Prefer you to his daughter I frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended

With aptness of the season, make denials
Increase your services, so seem as if

You were inspired to do those duties which

You tender to her, that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless

Clo Senseless! not so

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome,
The one is Caius Lucius

Cym A worthy fellow, 60
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now,
But that's no fault of his We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender,

And towards himself his goodness forespent on
us

We must extend our notice Our dear son
When you have given good morning to your
mistress

Attend the Queen and us we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman Come our
queen [Exeunt all but CLOTEN]

Clo If she be up I'll speak with her if not
Let her lie still and dream [Knocks] By your
leave ho' 70

I know her women are about her What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance oft it doth yea and
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves yield up
Their deer to the stand & the stealer and tis
gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the
thief

Nay sometime hangs both thief and true man
What

Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me for
I yet not understand the case my self 80
[Knocks] By your leave

Enter HELEN

Hel Who's there that knocks?

Clo A gentleman

Hel No more?

Clo Yes and a gentlewoman's son

Hel That's more

Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours
Can justly boast of What's your lordship's
pleasure?

Clo Your lady's person Is she ready?

Hel Ay

To keep her chamber

Clo There's gold for you

Sell me your good report

Hel How! my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think 'em good?—The Princess! 90

Enter IMOGEN

Clo Good morrow fairest Sister your sweet
hand [Exit HELEN]

Imo Good morrow sir You lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble The thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks

And scarce can spare them

Clo Still, I swear I love you

Imo If you but said so 'twere as deep with me

If you swear still your recompense is still

That I regard it not

Clo This is no answer

Imo But that you shall not say I yield being
silent

I would not speak I pray you spare me Faith
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 101

To your best kindness One of your great know-
ing

Should learn being taught forbearance

Clo To leave you in your madness 'twere my
sin

I will not

Imo Fools are not mad folks

Clo Do you call me fool?

Imo As I am mad I do

If you'll be patient I'll no more be mad

That cures us both I am much sorry sir

You put me to forget a lady's manners 110

By being so verbal And learn now for all

That I which know my heart do here pro-
nounce

By the very truth of it I care not for you

And am so near the lack of charity—

To accuse myself—I hate you which I had
rather

You felt than make 'em my boast 80

Clo You sin against

Obedience which you owe your father For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch

One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes

With scraps of the court it is no contract none

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 121

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their
souls

On whom there is no more dependency

But brats and beggary in self-figured knot

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence of the crown and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave

A hilding for a livery a squire's cloth

A pantler not so eminent

Imo Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more 130

But what thou art besides thou wert too base

To be his groom Thou wert dignified enough,

Even to the point of envy if 'twere made

Comparative for your virtues to be styled

The under-hangman of his kingdom and hated

For being prefer'd so well

Clo The south fog rot him!

Imo He never can meet more mischance than
come

To be but named of thee His meanest garment

That ever hath but clipp'd his body is dearer

In my respect than all the hairs above thee 140

Were they all made such men How now? Piss
no!

*Enter PISANIO**Clo* "His garment!" Now the devil—*Imo* To Dorothy my woman hue thee presently—*Clo* "His garment!"*Imo* I am sprited with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm It was thy master's, 'shrew
me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe I do think

I saw't this morning Confident I am

Last night 'twas on mine arm, I kiss'd it

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord

That I kiss aught but he

Phi 'T will not be lost*Imo* I hope so Go and search*[Exit PISANIO]**Clo* You have abused me

"His meanest garment!"

Imo Ay, I said so, sir

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't

Clo I will inform your father*Imo* Your mother too

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent

Clo I'll be revenged

"His meanest garment!" Well

SCENE IV *Rome Philario's house**Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO**Post* Fear it not, sir I would I were so sure

To win the King as I am bold her honour

Will remain hers

Phi What means do you make to him?*Post* Not any, but abide the change of time,

Quake in the present winter's state and wish

That warmer days would come In these sear'd

hopes,

I barely gratify your love, they failing,

I must die much your debtor

Phi Your very goodness and your company

O'erpass all I can do By this, your king

Hath heard of great Augustus Caius Lucius

Will do's commission thoroughly, and I think

He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearsages,

Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grief

Post I do believe,

Statist though I am none nor like to be

That this will prove a war, and you shall hear

The legions now in Gallia sooner landed

In our not fearing Britain than have tidings

Of any penny tribute paid Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their
courageWorthy his frowning at Their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make
knownTo their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world*Enter IACHIMO**Phi* See! Iachimo!*Post* The swiftest harts have posted you by
land,And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble*Phi* Welcome, sir*Post* I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return*Iach* Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon

Post And therewithal the best, or let her beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts

And be false with them

Iach Here are letters for you*Post* Their tenour good, I trust*Iach* 'Tis very like*Phi* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court

When you were there?

Iach He was expected then,

But not approach'd

Post All is well yet

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not

Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach If I had lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold

I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness which

Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won

Post The stone's too hard to come by*Iach* Not a whit,

Your lady being so easy

Post Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport I hope you know that we

Must not continue friends

Iach Good sir, we must,

If you keep covenant Had I not brought

The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant

We were to question further, but I now

Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring, and not the wronger

Of her or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills

Post If you can make 't apparent

That you have tasted her in bed, my hand

And ring is yours, if not, the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword at mine or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them

Iach *Sir* my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them
Must first induce you to believe whose strength
I will confirm with oath which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare when you shall
find

You need it not

Post Proceed

Iach First her bedchamber—
Where I confess I slept not but profess
Had that was well worth watching—at was
hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver the story
Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman 70
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks or for
The press of boats or pride a piece of work
So bravely done so rich that it did strive
In workmanship and value which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought
Since the true life on it was—

Post This is true
And this you might have heard of here by me
Or by some other

Iach More particulars

Must justify my knowledge

Post So they must

Or do your honour injury

Iach The chimney 80
Is south the chamber and the chimney piece
Chaste Dian bathing Never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves The curter
Was as another Nature dumb outwent her
Motion and breath left out

Post This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap
Being as it is much spoke of

Iach The roof of the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted Her auditors—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver each on one foot standing nicely 90
Depending on their brands

Post This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and
praise

Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid

Iach Then, if you can

Showing the bracelet

Be pale I beg but leave to see this jewel see!
And now tis up again It must be married
To that your diamond I'll keep them

Post

Jove's

Once more let me behold it Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach *Sir*—I thank her—that 100

She stripp'd it from her arm I see her yet
Her pretty action did outsell her gift
And yet enrich'd it too She gave it me and said
She prized it once

Post May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me

Iach She writes so in you doth she?

Post O no no no! tis true Here take this
too [Gives the ring]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye
Kills me to look on Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty truth where semblance
love 109

Where there is another man The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues which is nothing
O above measure false!

Pla Have patience, sir
And take your ring again tis not yet won
It may be probable she lost it or
Who knows if one of her women being cor-
rupted

Hath stol'n it from her?

Post Very true

And so I hope he came by it Back my ring
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this for this was stol'n 110

Iach By Jupiter I had it from her arm

Post Hark you he swears by Jupiter he swears
Tis true—nay keep the ring—tis true I am
sure

She would not lose it Her attendants are
All sworn and honourable They induced to
steal it

And by a stranger! No he hath enjoy'd her
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly

There take thy hire and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Pla *Sir* be patient 110
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post Never talk on it
She hath been colted by him

Iach If you seek
For further satisfying under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole right proud
Of that most delicate lodging By my life,
I kiss'd it and it gave me present hunger
To feed again though full You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post Ay and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it

Iach Will you hear more?

Post Spare your arithmetic, never count the turns,

Once, and a million!

Iach I'll be sworn—

Post No swearing

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

Thou'st made me cuckold

Iach I'll deny nothing

Post O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there and do't, i' the court, before

Her father I'll do something— [Exit

Phi Quite besides

The government of patience! You have won 150

Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath

He hath against himself

Iach With all my heart [Exeunt

SCENE V Another room in Philario's house

Enter POSTHUMUS

Post Is there no way for men to be but women

Must be half workers? We are all bastards,

And that most vicerable man which I

Did call my father, was I know not where

When I was stamp'd, some corner with his tools

Made me a counterfeit Yer my mother seem'd

The Dian of that time, so doth my wife

The nonpareil of this O, vengeance, vengeance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd

And pray'd me oft forbearance, did it with 10

A pudency so rosy the sweet view on't

Might well have warm'd old Saturn, that I

thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow O, all the devils!

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour—was't not?

Or less—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,

Like a full acorn'd boar, a German one,

Cried "O!" and mounted, found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose and she

Should from encounter guard Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion 21

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm

It is the woman's part be it lying, note it,

The woman's, flattering hers, deceiving hers,

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers, revenges,

hers,

Ambitions, covetings change of prides disdain,

Nice longing, slanders, mutability,

All faults that may be named, nay, that hell

knows,

Why, hers, in part or all, but rather, all,

For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still 30

One vice, but of a minute old, for one

Not half so old as that I'll write against them,

Detest them, curse them Yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate, to pray they have their will,

The very devils cannot plague them better [Exit

ACT III

SCENE I Britain a hall in Cymbeline's palace

Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and LORDS at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants

Cym Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues

Be thome and hearing ever, was in this Britain

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle—

Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less

Than in his feats deserving it—for him

And his succession granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee

lately

Is left untender'd
Queen And, to kill the marvel, 10

Shall be so ever

Clo There be many Cæsars,

Ere such another Julius Britain is

A world by itself, and we will nothing pay

For wearing our own noses

Queen That opportunity

Which then they had to take from 's, to resume

We have again Remember, sir, my liege,

The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in 20

With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,

With sands that will not bear your enemies

boats,

But suck them up to the topmast A kind of

conquest

Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag

Of "Came and saw and overcame" With

shame—

The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried

From off our coast, twice beaten, and his ship-

pings—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,

Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks, for joy whereof

The famed Cassibelan who was once at point—

O giplot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword 31

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright

And Britons strut with courage

Clo Come there's no more tribute to be paid
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time
and as I said there is no more such Cæsars. Other
of them may have crook'd noses but to owe such
straight arms none

Cym Son let your mother end 39

Clo We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan. I do not say I am one but I
have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
blanket or put the moon in his pocket we will
pay him tribute for light, else sir no more trib-
ute pray you now

Cym You must know

Till the injurious Romans did extort

This tribute from us we were free Cæsar's am-
bition

Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides of the world against all colour here 51
Did put the yoke upon us which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people whom we reckon
Ourselves to be

Clo and Lords We do

Cym Say then to Cæsar
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws whose use the sword of
Cæsar

Hath too much mangled whose repair and fran-
chise

Shall by the power we hold be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king

Luc I am sorry Cymbeline

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar that hath more kings his servants than
Thy self domestic officers—thine enemy
Receive it from me then war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I against thee. Look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus died
I thank thee for my self

Cym Thou art welcome. Caus
Thy Cæsar knighted me my youth I spent 70
Much under him of him I gather'd honour
Which he to seek of me again perforce
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold
So Cæsar shall not find them

Luc Let proof speak

Clo His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-
time with us a day or two or longer. If you seek

us afterwards in other terms you shall find us in
our salt water girdle. If you beat us out of it it is
yours if you fall in the adventure, our crowns
shall fare the better for you and there's an end

Luc So sir

Cym I know your master's pleasure and he
mine

All the remain is Welcome! [Exit]

SCENE II Another room in the palace

Enter PISANIO with a letter

Pis How! of adultery? Wherefore write you
not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian
As poisonous tongued as handed hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No
She's punish'd for her truth and undergoes
More goddess like than wife like such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were 10
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I
Have made to thy command? I her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to? [Reading] Do t
the letter

That I have sent her by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble
Art thou a fedary for this act and look at 21
So virgin like without? Lo here she comes
I am ignorant in what I am commanded

Enter IMOGEN

Imo How now Pisanio!

Pis Madam here is a letter from my lord

Imo Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!
O learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters
He'd lay the future open. You good gods
Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
Of my lord's health of his content yet not
That we two are asunder let that grieve him
Some griefs are medicinal that is one of them
For it doth physic love of his content
All but in that! Good woe thy leave I lest be
You beers that make these locks of counsel

Lords

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike
Though forfeiters you cast in prison yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news
gods! 39

[*Reads*] "Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven, what your own love will out of this advise you, follow So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus"

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio? 50

He is at Milford-Haven Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio— Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord, who long'st—

O, let me bate—but not like me—yet long'st, But in a fainter kind —O, not like me, For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick,

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,

To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60 To this same blessed Milford, and by the way Tell me how Wales was made so happy as To inherit such a haven, but first of all, How we may steal from hence, and for the gap That we shall make in tune, from our hencegoing

And our return, to excuse But first, how get hence?

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter Prithee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis One score 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you, [*Aside*] and too much too 71

Imo Why, one that rode to's execution man, Could never go so slow I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf But this is foolery Go bid my woman feign a sickness, say She'll home to her father, and provide me presently

A riding suit, no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife

Pis Madam, you're best consider 81 Imo I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through Away, I prithee, Do as I bid thee There's no more to say, Accessible is none but Milford way [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Wales a mountainous country with a cave*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following

Bel A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys, this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you

To a morning's holy office The gates of monarchs

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun Hail, thou fair heaven! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As proud livers do

Gut Hail, heaven!

Arv Hail, heaven!

Bel Now for our mountain sport Up to yond hill, 10

Your legs are young, I'll tread these flats Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens and sets off, And you may then revolve what tales I have told you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war This service is not service, so being done, But being so allow'd To apprehend thus Draws us a profit from all things we see, And often, to our comfort, shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20

Than is the full-wing'd eagle O, this life Is nobler than attending for a check, Richer than doing nothing for a bauble, Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk Such gain the cap of hum that makes 'em fine, Yet keeps his book uncross'd No life to ours

Gut Out of your proof you speak We, poor unfledged,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know nor

What air's from home Haply this life is best, If quiet life be best, sweeter to you 30 That have a sharper known, well corresponding With your stiff age But unto us it is A cell of ignorance, traveling a-bed, A prison for a debtor that not dares To stride a limit

Arv What should we speak of When we are old as you? When we shall hear The rain and wind beat dark December, how, In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing, We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40

Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat
Our valour ■ to chase what flies our cage
We make a quire as doth the prison d hird
And sing our bondage freely

Bel How you speak!
Did you but know the city a usuries
And felt them knowingly the art o the court
As hard to leave as keep whose top to climb
Is certain falling or so slippery that
The fear s as bad as failing the toil o the war
A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
I the name of fame and honour which dies i the
search

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act nay many times
Doth ill deserve by doing well what s worse
Must court sy at the censure O boys this story
The world may read in me My body s mark d
With Roman swords and my report was once
First with the best of note Cymbeline lov'd me
And when a soldier was the theme my name
Was not far off Then was I as a tree 60
Who e boughs did bend with fruit But in one
night

A storm or robbery call it what you will
Shook down my mellow hangings nay my leaves
And left me bare to weather

Gur Uncertain favour!
Bel My fault being nothing—as I have told
you oft—

But that two villains whose false oaths prevail d
Before my perfect honour swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans So
Follow d my banishment and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my
world 70

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time But up to the moun-
tains!

This is not hunters language He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o the feast
To him the other two shall minister
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place of greater state I'll meet you in the
valleys [Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS]
How hard it ■ to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive 80
They think they are munc and though train d up
thus meanly

I the cave wherein they bow their thoughts do
hut

The roofs of palaces and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prize it much
Beyond the trick of others Thus Polydore,

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain who
The king his father call d Guiderius—Jove!
When on my three foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike fears I have done his spirits fly out
Into my story say Thus mine enemy fell 90
And thus I set my foot on s neck even then
The princely blood flow s in his cheek he sweats
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words The younger brother Cad-
wal

Once Arviragus in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving —Hark the game is
roust'd!—

O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience know s
Thou didst unjustly banish me whereon, 100
At three and two years old I stole these babes
Thinking to bar thee of succession as
Thou rest ■ me of my lands Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse they took thee for their
mother

And every day do honour to her grave
Myself Belarius that am Morgan call d
They take for natural father —The game is up
[Ent]

SCENE IV Country near Milford Haven

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN

Imo Thou told e me when we came from
horse the place
Was near at hand ne er long d my mother so
To see me first ■ I have now Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh

From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex d
Beyond self-explication Put thyself
Into a haivour of less fear ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses What s the matter?
Why tender st thou that paper to me with 11
A look untender? Is't be summer news
Smile to t before if winterly thou need st
But keep that countenance still My husband s
hand?

That drug-damn d Italy hath out-crafi'd him,
And he s at some hard point Speak man Thy
tongue

May take off some extremity which to read
Would be even mortal to me

Pu Please you read
And you shall find me wretched man, a thing
The most disdain d of fortune 120

Imo [Reads] Thy mistress Pisanio hath played
the strumpet in my bed the testimonies whereof

lie bleeding in me I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers Let thine own hands take away her life I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven She hath my letter for the purpose, where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal "

Pis What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper

Hath cut her throat already No, 'tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue

Outs enoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath Rides on the posting winds and doth belie All corners of the world Kings, queens and states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40
This viperous slander enters What cheer, madam?

Imo False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed,
is it?

Pis Alas, good lady!

Imo I false! Thy conscience witness Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dst like a villain, now methinks
Thy favour's good enough Some jay of Italy 50
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion,
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd—To pieces with me! O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good
seeming

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy, not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies

Pis Good madam, hear me

Imo True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas, 60

Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's
weeping

Did scandal many, a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness So thou, Posthumus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men,
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
From thy great fail Come, fellow, be thou honest

Do thou thy master's bidding When thou see'st
him,

A little witness my obedience Look!
I draw the sword myself Take it, and hut
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart 70
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it Do his bidding, strike
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward

Pis Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand

Imo Why, I must die,
And if I do not by thy hand thou art
No servant of thy master's Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand Come, here's my
heart 80

Something's afore't Soft, soft! we'll no defence,
Obedient as the scabbard What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers Though those that are be-
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up 90
My disobedience 'gainst the King my father
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness, and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou trest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me Prithee, dispatch,
The lambentreats the butcher, where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100
When I desire it too

Pis O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business
I have not slept one wink

Imo Do't, and to bed then

Pis I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first

Imo Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose return Why hast thou gone so far, 110
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis But to win time
To lose so bad employment, in the which

I have consider'd of a course Good lady

Hear me with patience

Imo Talk thy tongue weary speak
I have heard I am a strumpet and mine ear
Therein false struck can take no greater wound
Nor rent to bosome that But speak

Pis Then madam
I thought you would not back again

Imo Most like
Bringing me here to kill me

Pis Not so neither 120

But if I were as wise as honest then

My purpose would prove well It cannot be

But that my master is abused

Some villain ay and singular in his art

Hath done you both this cursed injury

Imo Some Roman courtesan

Pis No on my life

I'll give but notice you are dead and send him

Some bloody sign of it for tis commanded

I should do so You shall be miss'd at court

And that will well confirm it

Imo Why good fellow 130

What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?

Or in my life what comfort when I am

Dead to my husband?

Pis If you'll back to the court—

Imo No court no father nor no more ado

With that harsh noble simple nothing

That Cloten whose love suit hath been to me

As fearful as a siege

Pis If not at court

Then not in Britain must you bide

Imo Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day night

Are they not but in Britain? I the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it but not in it 141

In a great pool a swan's nest Prithce, think

There's silvers out of Britain

Pis I am most glad

You think of other place The ambassador

Lucius the Roman comes to Milford Haven

To-morrow Now if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune in and but disguise

That which, to appear itself must not yet be

But by self-danger you should tread a course

Pretty and full of view yea, haply near 150

The residence of Posthumus so nigh at least

That though his actions were not visible yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear

As truly as he moves

Imo O for such means!

Though peril to my modesty not death on't

I would adventure

Pis Well then here's the point

You must forget to be a woman change

Command into obedience fear and niceness—

The handmaids of all women or more truly

Woman it pretty self—into a wagging courage

Ready in gibes quick answer'd saucy and 161

As quarrelous as the vessel nay you must

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek

Exposing it—but O the harder heart!

Alack no remedy—to the greedy touch

Of common kissing Titan and forget

Your laboursome and dainty trims wherein

You made great Juno angry

Imo Nay be brief

I see into thy end and am almost

A man already

Pis First make yourself but like one 170

Fore thinking this I have already fit—

Tis in my cloak bag—doublet hat hose all

That answer to them Would you in their serving

And with what imitation you can borrow

From youth of such a season fore noble I ucius

Present yourself desire his service tell him

Wherein you're happy—which you'll make him
know

If that his head have ear in music—doubtless

With joy he will embrace you for he's honour
able

And doubling that most holy Your means
abroad 180

You have me rich and I will never fail

Beginning nor supplyment

Imo Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with Prithce away

There's more to be consider'd but we'll even

All that good time will give us This attempt

I am soldier to and will abide it with

A prince's courage Away I prithee

Pis Well madam we must take a short fare
well

Lest being miss'd I be suspected of

Your carriage from the court My noble mistress

Here in a box I had it from the Queen 190

What's in it is precious if you are sick at sea,

Or stomach-quail'd at land a dram of this

Will drive away distemper To some shade

And fit you to your manhood May the gods

Direct you to the best!

Imo Amen! I thank thee [Exeunt severally]

SCENE V A room in Cymbeline's palace

Enter CYMBELINE QUEEN CLOTEN LUCIUS,

LORDS and ATTENDANTS

Cym Thus far and so far've I

Luc Thanks royal sir

My emperor hath wrote I must from hence

And am in the sorry that I must report ye

My master's enemy

Cym Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke, and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike

Luc So, sir I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven
Madam, all joy befall your Grace!

Queen And you!
Cym My lords, you are appointed for that
office, 10

The due of honour in no point omit
So farewell, noble Lucius

Luc Your hand, my lord

Clo Receive it friendly, but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy

Luc Sir, the event
Is yet to leave the winner Fare you well

Cym Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn Happiness!

[*Exit* LUCIUS and LORDS]

Queen He goes hence frowning, but it hon-
ours us

That we have given him cause

Clo 'Tis all the better,

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it 20

Cym Lucius hath wrote already to the Em-
peror

How it goes here It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain

Queen 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly

Cym Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd 31

The duty of the day She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty,
We have noted it Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in suffering

[*Exit* an ATTENDANT

Queen Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been, the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her She's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes 40
And strokes death to her

Re-enter ATTENDANT

Cym Where is she, sir? How

Can her contempt be answer'd?

Attendant Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no an-
swer

That will be given to the loudest noise we make

Queen My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer This
She wish'd me to make known, but our great
court 50

Made me to blame in memory

Cym Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit*]

Queen Son, I say, follow the King

Clo That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days

Queen Go, look after [*Exit* CLOTEN

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!

He hath a drug of mine, I pray his absence

Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes

It is a thing most precious But for her,

Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized
her, 60

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown

To her desired Posthumus Gone she is

To death or to dishonour, and my end

Can make good use of either She being down,

I have the placing of the British crown

Re-enter CLOTEN

How now, my son!

Clo 'Tis certain she is fled

Go in and cheer the King He rages, none

Dare come about him

Queen [*Aside*] All the better May

This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit*]

Clo I love and hate her, for she's fair and

royal, 70

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Than lady, ladies, woman, from every one

The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,

Outsells them all I love her therefore, but

Disdaining me and throwing favours on

The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement

That what's else rare is choked, and in that point

I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,

To be revenged upon her For when fools 79

Shall—

Enter PISANIO

Who is here? What, are you packing sirrah?

Come hither Ah you precious pandar! Villain.

Where is thy lady? In a word, or else

Thou art straightway with the fiends

Pis O good my lord!

Clo Where is thy lady? or by Jupiter

I will not ask again Close villain

I'll have this secret from thy heart or rip

Thy heart to find it Is she with Posthumus?

From whose so many weights of baseness cannot

A dram of worth be drawn

Pis Alas my lord 89

How can she be with him? When was she muss'd?

He is in Rome

Clo Where is she sir? Come nearer

No further halting Satisfy me home

What is become of her

Pis O my all worthy lord!

Clo All worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is at once

At the next word No more of worthy lord!

Speak or thy silence on the instant is

Thy condemnation and thy death

Pis Then, sir

This paper is the history of my knowledge 99

Touching her flight {Presenting a letter}

Clo Let's see: I will pursue her

Even to Augustus throne

Pis {Aside} Or this or perish

She's far enough and what he learns by this

May prove his travel not her danger

Clo Hum!

Pis {Aside} I'll write to my lord she's dead

O Imogen,

Safe may at thou wander safe return again!

Clo Sirrah is this letter true?

Pis Sir as I think

Clo It is Posthumus hand I know't Sirrah

If thou wouldst not be a villain but do me true

service, undergo those employments wherein

I should have cause to use thee with a serious

industry that is what villainy so'er I bid thee

do to perform it directly and truly I would

think thee an honest man Thou shouldst neither

waste my means for thy relief nor my voice for

thy preferment

Pis Well my good lord

Clo Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently

and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare for

tune of that beggar Posthumus thou canst not in

the course of gratitude but be a diligent fol

lower of mine Wilt thou serve me?

Pis Sir I will

Clo Give me thy hand here's my purse

Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy

possession?

Pis I have, my lord, at my lodging the same

suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and

mistress

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Clo The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither Let it be thy first service go

Pis I shall my lord

{Exit}

Clo Meet thee at Milford Haven!—I forgot

to ask him one thing I'll remember anon—

even there thou villain Posthumus will I kill

thee I would these garments were come She

said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch

from my heart—that she held the very garment

of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and

natural person together with the adornment of

my qualities With that suit upon my back will

I ravish her first kill him and in her eyes there

shall she see my valour which will then be a tor

ment to her contempt He on the ground my

speech of insultment ended on his dead body and

when my lust hath dined—which as I say to

vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so

praised—to the court I'll knock her back foot

her home again She hath despised me rejoic

ingly and I'll be merry in my revenge 150

Re-enter PISANIO with the clothes

Be those the garments?

Pis Ay my noble lord

Clo How long is't since she went to Milford

Haven?

Pis She can scarce be there yet

Clo Bring this apparel to my chamber that

is the second thing that I have commanded thee

The third is that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to

my design Be but dutious and true prefer

ment shall render itself to thee My revenge it

now at Milford Would I had wings to follow it!

Come and be true {Exit}

Pis Thou bidst me to my loss for true to thee

Were to prove false which I will never be

To him that is most true To Milford go

And find not her whom thou pursuest Flow

flow

You heavenly blessings on her! This fool's

speed

Be cross'd with slowness labour be his meed!

{Exit}

SCENE VI *Wales before the cave of Delarius*

Enter IMOGEN in Foy & clo her

Imo I see a man's life is a tedious one

I have tired myself and for two nights together

I have made the ground my bed I should be

sick

But that my resolution helps me Milford

When from the mountain top PISANIO show'd

thee

Thou wast within a ken O Jove! I think

Foundations fly the wretched such I mean,

Where they should be relieved Two beggars
told me
I could not miss my way Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10
A punishment or trial? Yes, no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true To lapse in
fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones Now I think on
thee,

My hunger's gone, but even before, I was
At point to sink for food But what is this?
Here is a path to't 'Tis some savage hold
I were best not call, I dare not call, yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant 20
Plenty and peace breeds cowards, hardness ever
Of hardness is mother Ho! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak, if savage,
Take or lend Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter
Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't

Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave
Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS
Bel You, Polydore, have proved best woodman
and

Are master of the feast Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant, 'tis our match
The sweat of industry would dry and die, 31
But for the end it works to Come, our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself?

Gui I am thoroughly weary
Arv I am weak with toil, yet strong in appe-
tite

Gui There is cold meat i' the cave, we'll
browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd
Bel [Looking into the cave] Stay, come not in
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41
Here were a fairy

Gui What's the matter, sir?
Bel By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN

Imo Good masters, harm me not
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took
Good troth,
I have stol'n nothing, nor would not, though I had
found

Gold strew'd i' the floor Here's money for my
meat 50

I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider

Gui Money, youth?

Arv All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods

Imo I see you're angry
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it

Bel Whither bound?

Imo To Milford-Haven

Bel What's your name? 60

Imo Fidele, sir I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy, he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence

Bel Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it
Boys, bid him welcome

Gui Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom In hon-
esty, 70

I bid for you as I'd buy
Arv I'll make 't my comfort

He is a man, I'll love him as my brother,
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours Most wel-
come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends
Imo 'Mongst friends,
If brothers [Aside] Would it had been so, that
they

Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus

Bel He wears at some distress

Gui Would I could free 't!
Arv Or I, whate'er it be, 80

What pain it cost, what danger Gods!
Bel Hark, boys

Whispering
Imo [Aside] Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying
by

That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not our peer these twain Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false

Bel It shall be so
Boys we'll go dress our hunt Fair youth come
in 90
Discourse is heavy fasting when we have
 suppd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story
 So far as thou wilt speak it
Gwi Pray draw near
Arv The night to the owl and morn to the lark
 less welcome
Imo Thanks sir
Arv I pray draw near {*Exeunt*

SCENE VII *Rome a public place**Enter TWO SENATORS and TRIBUNES*

1st Sen This is the renown of the Emperor's writ
 That since the common men are now in action
 Gainst the Parthians and Dalmatians
 And that the legions now in Gallia are
 Full weak to undertake our wars against
 The fall'n-off Britons that we do incite
 The gentry to this business He creates
 Lucius proconsul and to you the tribunes
 For this immediate levy he commends
 His absolute commission Long live Caesar! 10
1st Tri Is Lucius general of the forces?
and Sen Ay
1st Tri Remaining now in Gallia?
1st Sen With those legions
 Which I have spoke of whereunto your levy
 Must be supplyant The words of your commis-
 sion
 Will tie you to the numbers and the time
 Of their dispatch
1st Tri We will discharge our duty {*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Wales near the cave of Belarius**Enter CLOTEN*

Clo I am near to the place where they should
 meet if Pisanio have mapped it truly How fit
 his garments serve me! Why should his mistress
 who was made by him that made the tailor not
 be fit too? the rather—saying reverence of the
 word—for tis said a woman's fitness comes by
 fits Therein I must play the workman I dare
 speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a
 man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—
 I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as
 his no less young more strong nor beneath him
 in fortunes beyond him in the advantage of the
 time, above him in birth alike conversant in gen-
 eral service, and more remarkable in single op-
 positions yet thus imperceivable thing loves

him in my despite What mortality is! Post
 humus thy head which now is growing upon
 thy shoulders shall within this hour be off thy
 mistress enforced thy garments cut to pieces
 before thy face and all this done spurn her home
 to her father who may haply be a little angry
 for my so rough usage but my mother having
 power of his restiness shall turn all into my
 commendations My horse is tied up safe Our
 sword and to a sore purpose! Fortune put them
 into my hand! This is the very description of
 their meeting place and the fellow dares not de-
 ceive me {*Exit*

SCENE II *Before the cave of Belarius**Enter from the cave BELARIUS GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS and IMOGEN*

Bel {*To IMOGEN*} You are not well Remain here
 in the cave
We'll come to you after hunting
Arv {*To IMOGEN*} Brother stay here
 Are we not brothers?
Imo So man and man should be
 But clay and clay differs in dignity
 Whose dust is both alike I am very sick
Gwi Go you to hunting I'll abide with him
Imo So sick I am not yet I am not well
 But not so citizen a wanton as
 To seem to die ere sick So please you leave me
 Sick to your journal course The breach of cus-
 tom 10
 Is breach of all I am ill but your being by me
 Cannot amend me society is no comfort
 To one not sociable I am not very sick
 Since I can reason of it Pray you trust me here
 I'll rob none but myself and let me die
 Stealing so poorly

Gwi I love thee I have spoke it
 How much the quantity the weight as much
 As I do love my father

Bel What! how! how!
Arv If it be sin to say so sir I yoke me
 In my good brother's fault I know not why 20
 I love this youth and I have heard you say
 Love a reason's without reason The bier at door
 And a demand who is't shall die I'd say
 My father not this youth

Bel {*Aside*} O noble strain!
 O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
 Cowards father cowards and base things sure
 base
 Nature hath meal and bran contempt and grace
 I'm not their father yet who this should be,
 Doch miracle itself loved before me
 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn

Arv Brother, farewell 30
Imo I wish ye sport
Arv You health So please you, sir
Imo [*Aside*] These are kind creatures Gods,
 what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court
 Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
 The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish
 I am sick still, heart-sick *Pisano*,
 I'll now taste of thy drug [*Swallows some*]
Gut I could not stir him
 He said he was gentle, but unfortunate,
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest 40
Arv Thus did he answer me, yet said, here-
 after

I might know more
Bel To the field, to the field!
 We'll leave you for this time Go in and rest
Arv We'll not be long away
Bel Pray, be not sick,
 For you must be our housewife
Imo Well or ill,
 I am bound to you
Bel And shalt be ever

[*Exit IMOGEN, to the cave*]
 This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath
 had

Good ancestors
Arv How angel-like he sings!
Gut But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
 In characters,
 And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick 50
 And he her dieter

Arv Nobly he yokes
 A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
 Was that it was, for not being such a smile,
 The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
 From so divine a temple, to commix
 With winds that sailors rail at

Gut I do note
 That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
 Mingle their spurs together
Arv Grow, patience!
 And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
 His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60
Bel It is great morning Come, away!—Who's
 there?

Enter CLOTEN

Clo I cannot find those runagates, that villain
 hath mock'd me I am faint
Bel "Those runagates!"
 Means he not us? I partly know him 'Tis
 Cloten, the son o' the Queen I fear some am-
 bush

I saw him not these many years, and yet
 I know 'tis he We are held as outlaws, hence!
Gut He is but one You and my brother search
 What companies are near Pray you, away,
 Let me alone with him

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS*]
Clo Soft! What are you 70
 That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
 I have heard of such What slave art thou?

Gut A thing
 More slavish did I ne'er than answering
 A slave without a knock

Clo Thou art a robber,
 A law-breaker, a villain Yield thee, thief
Gut To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
 not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth Say what thou art,
 Why I should yield to thee?

Clo Thou villain base, 80
 Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gut No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
 Who is thy grandfather He made those clothes,
 Which, as it seems, make thee

Clo Thou precious varlet,
 My tailor made them not

Gut Hence, then, and thank
 The man that gave them thee Thou art some
 fool,

I am loath to beat thee
Clo Thou injurious thief,
 Hear but my name, and tremble

Gut What's thy name?
Clo Cloten, thou villain

Gut Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
 I cannot tremble at it Were it Toad, or Adder,
 Spider, 90

'Twould move me sooner
Clo To thy further fear,
 Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
 I am son to the Queen

Gut I am sorry for 't, not seeming
 So worthy as thy birth

Clo Art not afraid?
Gut Those that I reverence those I fear, the
 wise

At fools I laugh, not fear them
Clo Die the death!

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
 And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads
 Yield, rustic mountaineer [*Exeunt, fighting*] 100

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS

Bel No companies abroad?

Arv None in the world You did mistake him
sure

B I I cannot tell Long is it since I saw him
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
favour

Which then he wore the natches in his voice
And burst of speaking were as his I am absolute
Twa very Cloten

Arv In this place we left them
I wish my brother make good time with him
You say he is so fell

Bel Being scarce made up
I mean to man he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors for the effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear But see thy brother

Re-enter GUIDERIUS with Cloten s l ad

Gur This Cloten was a fool an empty purse
There was no money in't Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains for he had
none

Yet I not doing this the fool had borne
My head as I do his

Bel What hast thou done?
Gur I am perfect what cut off one Cloten's
head

Son to the Queen after his own report
Who call'd me traitor mountaineer and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in 127
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—
they grow

And set them on Lud's town

Bel We are all undone
Gur Why worthy father what have we to
lose,

But that he swore to take our lives? The law
Protects not us Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us
Play judge and executioner all him self
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel No single soul 130
Can we set eye on but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants Though his hu-
mour

Was nothing but mutation ay and that
From one bad thing to worse not frenzy not
Absolute madness could so far have raved
To bring him here alone although perhaps
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws and in time
May make some stronger head the which he
hearing—

As it is like him—might break out and swear 140
He'd fetch us in yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking

Or they so suffering Then on good ground we
fear

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head

Arv Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it How soe'er
My brother hath done well

Bel I had no mind
To hunt this day The boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth

Gur With his own sword
Which he did wave against my throat I have 150
ta'en

His head from him I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock and let it to the sea
And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son Cloten
That's all I seek [Exit]

Bel I fear twill be revenged
Would Polydore thou hadst not done it though
valour

Becomes thee well enough

Arv Would I had done it
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore
I love thee brotherly but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed I would re-
venge

That possible strength might meet would seek
us through 160

And I put us to our arms

Bel Well, 'tis done
We'll hunt no more to-day nor seek for
danger

Where there's no profit I prithee to our
rock

You and Fidele play the cooks I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return and bring him
To dinner presently

Arv Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him To gain his colour
I'd let a patch of such Cloten's blood
And praise myself for charity [Exit]

Bel O thou goddess 165
Thou divine Nature how thy self thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet

Not wagging his sweet head and yet as rough
Their royal blood enchauf'd as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd honour untaught
Civility not seen from other valour

That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 170
As if it had been sow'd Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends
Or what his death will bring us

Re-enter GUIDERIUS

Gai Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother His body's hostage
For his return

Solemn music

Bel My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gai Is he at home?

Bel He went hence even now

Gai What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother 190

It did not speak before All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead,
bearing her in his arms*

Arv The bird is dead
That we have made so much on I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this

Gai O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself

Bel O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made,
but I,

Thou didst, a most rare boy, of melancholy
How found you him?

Arv Stark, as you see 209
Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at, his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion

Gai Where?
Arv O' the floor,
His arms thus leagued I thought he slept, and
put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud

Gai Why, he but sleeps
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed,
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

And worms will not come to thee

Arv With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fiddle, 219
I'll sweeten thy sad grave Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,
nor

The azure harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath The ruddock
would,

With charitable bill—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none,

To winter-ground thy corse

Gai Prithce, have done,
And do not play in wench like words with that
Which is so serious Let us bury him, 231
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt To the grave!

Arv Say, where shall's lay him?

Gai By good Euriphile, our mother
Arv Be't so

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother, use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele

Gai Cadwal,
I cannot sing I'll weep, and word it with thee,
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse 241
Than priests and fanes that lie

Arv We'll speak it, then

Bel Great griefs, I see, medicine the less, for
Cloten

Is quite forgot He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low Our foe was
princely,

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince

Gai Pray you fetch him hither 251
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive

Arv If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst Brother, begin

[Exit BELARIUS]

Gai Nay, Cadwal we must lay his head to the
cast,

My father hath a reason for't

Arv

'Tis true

Gut Come on then, and remove him

Art So Begin

SONG

Gut Fear no more the heat \equiv the sun
Nor the furious winter \equiv rages
Thou thy worldly task hast done 260
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust

Art Fear no more the frown \circ the great
Thou art past the tyrant \equiv stroke
Care no more to clothe and eat
To thee the reed \equiv as the oak
The sceptre learning physic must
All follow this and come to dust

Gut Fear no more the lightning flash 270

Art Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone

Gut Fear not slander censure rash

Art Thou hast finish'd joy and moan

Both All lovers young all lovers must
Consign to thee and come to dust

Gut No exorciser harm thee!

Art Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gut Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Art Nothing ill come near thee!

Both Quiet consummation have 280
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS with the body of CLOTEN

Gut We have done our obsequies Come lay
him down

Bel Here \equiv a few flowers but 'bout midnight
more

The herbs that have on them cold dew \circ the
night

Are strewn \equiv fitt \equiv for graves Upon their faces

You were as flowers now wither'd even so

These herblets shall which we upon you strew

Come on away apart upon our knees

The ground that gave them first has them again

Their pleasures here are past so is their pain 290

[*Exit BELARIUS, GUTTERUS and ARVIRAGUS*]

Imo [*Awaking*] Yes sir to Milford Haven
which is the way?

I thank you—Hyliond bush?—Pray how far
thither?

Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?

I have gone all night Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep

But soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!

Sings the body of CLOTEN

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world

This bloody man the care on't I hope I dream

For so I thought I was a cave keeper

And took \equiv honest creatures But tis not so

'Twas but a bolt of nothing shot at nothing 300

Which the brain makes of fumes Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments blind Good
faith

I tremble still with fear but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren \equiv fear d gods a part of it!

The dream \equiv here still even when I wake it is

Without me as within me not imagined felt

A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of \equiv leg This is his hand

His foot Mercurial his Martial thigh 310

The brawns of Hercules but his jovial face—

Murder in heaven?—How!—Tis gone Pisanio

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks

And mine to boot be darted on thee! Thou

Conspired with that irregular devil Cloten

Hast here cut off my lord To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio

Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world

Struck the main top! O Posthumus! alas 320

Where is thy head? where \equiv that? Ay me!

where \equiv that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart

And left this head on How should this be?

Pisanio?

Tis he and Cloten Malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here O, tis pregnant preg-
nant!

The drug he gave me which he said was precious

And cordial to me have I not found it

Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home

This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's O!

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood 330

That we the horrid may seem to those

Which chance to find us O my lord my lord!

Falls on the body

*Enter ILCIUS a CAPTAIN and other Officers and
a SOOTHISAYER*

Cap To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia

After your will have cross'd the sea attending

You here at Milford Haven with your ships

They are in readiness

Luc But what from Rome?

Cap The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners

And gentlemen of Italy most willing spirits

That promise noble service and they come 340

Under the conduct of bold Iachimo

Syenna's brother

Luc When expect you them?

Cap With the next benefit of the wind

Luc This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair Command our present
numbers
Be must'r'd, bid the captains look to 't Now,
sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
Sooth Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams, which por-
tends—

Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host

Luc Dream often so,
And never false Soft, ho' what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather,
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead
Let's see the boy's face

Cap He's alive, my lord

Luc He'll then instruct us of this body
Young one, 360

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy in-
terest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo I am nothing or if not,
Nothing to be were better This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain Alas! 370
There is no more such masters I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master

Luc 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding Say his name, good
friend

Imo Richard du Champ [*Aside*] If I do lie and
do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it—Say you, sir?

Luc Thy name?
Imo Fidele sir

Lu Thou dost approve thyself the very same,
Thy name well fits thy faith thy faith thy name
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved The Roman Emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee Go with me
Imo I'll follow, sir But first, an't please the
gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig, and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
his grave, 390

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me

Luc Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee than master thee
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties Let us
Find out the prettiest daisted plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave Come, arm him Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd 401
As soldiers can Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes
Some falls are means the happier to arise

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *A room in Cymbeline's palace*

*Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, PISANIO, and
Attendants*

Cym Again, and bring me word how 'tis with
her [*Exit an Attendant*]

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger Heav-
ens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone, my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful was point at me, her son gone,
So needful for this present It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and 10
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture

Pis Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will, but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return Beseech your
Highness,

Hold me your loyal servant

1st Lord Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found

Cym The time is troublesome

[To DISANIUS] We'll slip you for a season but our
jealousy

Does yet depend

1st Lord So please your Majesty

The Roman legions all from Gallia drawn

Are landed on your coast with a supply

Of Roman gentlemen by the Senate sent

Cym Now for the counsel of my son and
queen!

I am amazed with matter

1st Lord Good my liege

Your preparation can affront no less

Than what you hear of Come more for more

you're ready 30

The want is but to put those powers in motion

That long to move

Cym I thank you Let us withdraw

And meet the time as it seeks us We fear not

What can from Italy annoy us but

We grieve at chances here Away!

[Exeunt all but DISANIUS]

Dis I heard no letter from my master since

I wrote him Imogen was slain 'Tis strange

Nor hear I from my mistress who did promise

To yield me often tidings neither know I

What is betid to Cloten but remain 40

Perplex'd in all The heavens still must work

Wherein I am false I am honest not true to be

true

These present wars shall find I love my country

Even to the note of the king or I'll fall in them

All other doubts by time let them be clear'd

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd

[Exit]

SCENE IV Wales before the tower of Belarius

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDRIUS and AMIRAGUS

Gui The noise is round about us

Bel Let us from it

Arv What pleasure sir find we in life to lock

it

From action and adventure?

Gui Nay what hope

Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans

Must or for Britons slay us or receive us

For barbarous and unnatural revolts

During their use, and slay us after

Bel Sons

We'll higher to the mountains there secure

us

To the king's party there's no going New

ness

Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not

muster'd

Among the bands—may drive us to a render 10

Where we have liv'd, and so extort from us that

Which we have done whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture

Gui This is sir a doubt

In such a time nothing becoming you

Nor satisfying us

Arv It is not likely

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh

Behold their quarter'd fires have both their

eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now

That they will waste their time upon our note 20

To know from whence we are

Bel O I am known

Of many in the army Many years

Though Cloten then but young you see not

wore him

From my remembrance And besides the

king

Hath not deserved my service nor your loves

Who find in my exile the want of breeding

The certainty of this hard life aye hopeless

To have the courtesy your cradle promised

But to be still hot summer's tanlings and

The shrinking slaves of winter

Gui Than be so 30

Better to cease to be Pray sir to the army

I and my brother are not known yourself

So out of thought and thereto so overgrown

Cannot be question'd

Arv By this sun that shines

I'll thither What thing is it that I never

Did see man die scarce ever look'd on blood

But that of coward hares hot goats and venison!

Never bestrid a horse save one that had

A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel 40

Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed

To look upon the holy sun, to have

The benefit of his blest beams remaining

So long a poor unknown

Gui By heaven! I'll go

If you will bless me sir and give me leave

I'll take the better care but if you will not

The hazard therefore due fall on me by

The hands of Romans!

Arv So say I amen

Bel No reason I since of your lives you set

So slight a valuation should reserve

My crack'd one to more care. I have with you

loves!

If in your country wars you chance to die

That is my bad too lads and there I'll lie

Lead lead [Aside] The time seems long their

blood thanks scorn

Till it fly out and show them princes' loves

[Exeunt]

ACT V

SCENE I *Britain the Roman camp**Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief*

Post Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus You married ones,

If each of you should take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands,

No bond but to do just ones Gods! if you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never

Had lived to put on this So had you saved

The noble Imogen to repent, and struck 10

Me, wretch more worth your vengeance But, alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults, that's love,

To have them fall no more You some permit

To second ills with ills, each elder worse,

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift

But Imogen is your own, do your best wills,

And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight

Against my lady's kingdom 'Tis enough

That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress, peace!

I'll give no wound to thee Therefore, good heavens, 21

Hear patiently my purpose I'll disrobe me

Of these Italian weeds and suit myself

As does a Briton peasant, so I'll fight

Against the part I come with, so I'll die

For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life

Is every breath a death, and thus, unknown,

Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

Myself I'll dedicate Let me make men know

More valour in me than my habits show 30

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!

To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin

The fashion, less without and more within *[Exit]*

SCENE II *Field of battle between the British and Roman camps*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS IACHIMO, and the Roman Army, from the other side, the British Army, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier They march over and go out Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS, he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him

Iach The heaviness and guilt within my bosom Takes off my manhood I have belied a lady, The princess of this country, and the air on't

Revengefully enfeeble me, or could this carl, A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn

If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds

Is that we scarce are men and you are gods 10 *[Exit]*

The battle continues, the Britons fly, CYMBELINE is taken then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

Bel Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground,

The lane is guarded Nothing routs us but

The villainy of our fears

Gus } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv }

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons, they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt Then re-enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN

Luc Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself,

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such As war were hoodwink'd

Iach 'Tis their fresh supplies

Luc It is a day turn'd strangely Or betimes Let's re-inforce, or fly *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III *Another part of the field*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a BRITISH LORD

Lord Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post I did, Though you, it seems, come from the fliers

Lord I did

Post No blame be to you, sir, for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought The king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down 9

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Mercy through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living

To die with lengthen'd shame

Lord Where was this lane?

Post Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier
An honest one I warrant who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to
In doing this for s country Athwart the lane
He with two striplings—lads more like to run 19
The country base than to commit such slaughter
With faces fit for masks or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased or shame—
Made good the passage cried to those that fled
Our Britain's harts die flying not our men
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards
Stand
Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly and may
save
But to look back in frown Stand stand These
three
Three thousand confident in act as many—
For three performers are the file when all 30
The rest do nothing—with this word Stand
stand
Accommodated by the place more charming
With their own nobleness which could have
turn d
A distaff to a lance gilded pale looks
Part shame, part spirit renew d that some
turn d coward
But by example—O a sin in war
Damn d in the first beginners'—gan to look
The way that they did and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o the hunters Then began
A stop the chaser a retire, anon 40
A rout confusion thick forthwith they fly
Chickens the way which they stoop d eagles
slaves
The strides they victors made And now our
cowards
Like fragments in hard covages became
The life o the need Having found the back-door
open
Of the unguarded hearts heavens how they
wound'
Some slain before some dying some their
friends
Or borne the former wave Ten chased by
one
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty
Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
The mortal bugs o the field
Lord This was strange chance
A narrow lane an old man and two boys
Post Nay do not wonder at it You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any Will you rhyme upon t
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one
'Two boys an old man twice a boy a lane,

Preserved the Britons was the Romans bane
Lord Nay be not angry sir
Post Lack to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe I'll be his friend 60
For if he'll do as he is made to do
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too
You have put me into rhyme
Lord Farewell you're angry
Post Still going? [Exit LORD] This is a lord's O
noble misery
To be in the field and ask what news? of me!
To-day how many would have given their hon
ours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to
do t
And yet died too! I in mine own woe charm d
Could not find death where I did hear him
groan
Nor feel him where he struck Being an ugly 70
monster
Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups soft
beds
Sweet words or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives the war Well I will find
him
For being now a favourer to the Briton
No more a Briton I have resumed again
The part I came in Fight I will no more
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman great the answer be
Britons must take For me my ransom's death
On either side I come to spend my breath 80
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again
But end it by some means for Imogen

Enter TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS and Soldiers

1st Cap Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is
taken
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were
angels
2nd Cap There was a fourth man in a silly
habit
That gave the affront with them
1st Cap So 'tis reported
But none of em can be found Stand! who's
there?
Post A Roman
Who had not now been drooping here if
seconds
Had answer'd him
2nd Cap Lay hands on him a dog! 90
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here He brags
his service
As if he were of note Bring him to the King

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman Captives. The captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler, then exeunt omnes

SCENE IV *A British prison*

Enter POSTHUMUS and TWO GAOLERS

1st Gaol You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you,

So graze as you find pasture

2nd Gaol Ay, or a stomach

[*Exeunt GAOLERS*]

Post Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout, since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cured

By the sure physician, Death, who is the key

To unbar these locks My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10

Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease,

Gods are more full of mercy Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desired more than constrain'd, to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

No stricter render of me than my all

I know you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third, 20

A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement That's not my desire

For Imogen's dear life take mine, and though

'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life, you coin'd it

'Tween man and man they weigh not every

stamp,

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake,

You rather mine, being yours, and so, great

powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,

And cancel these cold bonds O Imogen!

I'll speak to thee in silence [*Sleeps*]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS father to Posthumus an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping

Sici No more, thou thunder-master, show 30

Thy spite on mortal flies

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,

That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,

Whose face I never saw?

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd

Attending nature's law,

Whose father then, as men report

Thou orphans' father art, 40

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From this earth-eating smart

Moth Lucina lent not me her aid,

But took me in my throes,

That from me was Posthumus ript,

Came crying 'mongst his foes,

A thing of pity!

Sici Great nature, like his ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair,

That he deserved the praise o' the world,

As great Sicilius' heir 50

1st Bro When once he was mature for man,

In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel,

Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best

Could deem his dignity?

Moth With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,

To be exiled, and thrown

From Leonati seat, and cast 60

From her his dearest one,

Sweet Imogen?

Sici Why did you suffer Iachimo,

Slight thing of Italy,

To taint his nobler heart and brain

With needless jealousy,

And to become the geck and scorn

O' th' other's villainy?

2nd Bro For this from stiller seats we came,

Our parents and us twain 70

That striking in our country's cause

Fell bravely and were slain,

Our fealty and Tenantius right

With honour to maintain

1st Bro Like hardiment Posthumus hath

To Cymbeline perform'd

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due, 80

Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici Thy crystal window ope, look out,

No longer exercise

Upon a valiant race thy harsh

And potent injuries

Moth Since, Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his muse rises

Sir Peep through thy marble mansion help
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity

90

Both Bro Help Jupiter or we appeal
And from thy justice fly

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning sitting upon an eagle he throws a thunderbolt The Ghosts fall on their knees

Jup No more you petty spirits of region low
Offend our hearing hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer whose bolt you know
Sky planted barriers all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium hence and rest
Upon your never withering banks of flowers

Be not with mortal accidents oppress
No care of ours it is you know tis ours

100

Whom best I love I cross to make my gift
The more delay'd delighted Be content
Your low laid son our godhead will uplift
His comforts thrive his trials well are spent
Our jovial star reign'd at his birth and in
Our temple was he married Rise and fade
He shall be lord of lady Imogen

And happier much by his affliction made
This tablet lay upon his breast wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine
And so away! No further with your din
Express impatience lest you stir up mine
Mount eagle to my palace crystaline

[*Ascends*]

Sir He came in thunder his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell The holy eagle
Stoop'd as to foot us His ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his beak
As when his god is pleased

All Thank's Jupiter!
Sir The marble pavement closes he is

120

enter d
His radiant roof Away! and, to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest

[*The Ghosts vanish*]

Post [To *sking*] Sleep thou hast been a grand
sire and begot

A father to me and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers but O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
born

And so I am awake Poor wretches that depend
On greatness favour dream as I have done
Wake and find nothing But alas I serve
Many dream not to find neither deserve

130

And yet are steep'd in favours so am I

That have this golden chance and know not why
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare
one!

Be not as is our fangled world a garment
Nobler than that it covers! Let thy effects
So follow to be most unlike our courtiers
As good as promise

[*Raris*] When as a lion's whelp shall to him
self unknown without seeking find and be em
braced by a piece of tender air and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopped branches which
being dead many years shall after revive be
jointed to the old stock and freshly grow then
shall Posthumus end his miseries Britain be
fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty
Tis still a dream or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not either both or nothing
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie Be what it is
The action of my life is like it which

150

I'll keep if but for sympathy

Re-enter GAIUS

1st Gai Come sir are you ready for death?
Post Over roasted rather ready long ago

1st Gai Hanging is the word sir If you be
ready for that you are well cooked

Post So if I prove a good repast to the specta
tors the dish pays the shew

1st Gai A heavy reckoning for you sir But the
comfort is you shall be called to no more pay
ments fear no more tavern bills which are often
the sadness of parting as the procuring of mirth
You come in faint for want of meat depart
reeling with too much drink sorry that you have
paid too much and sorry that you are paid too
much purse and brain both empty the brain the
heavier for being too light the purse too light
being drawn of heaviness Of this contradiction
you shall now be quit O the charity of a penny
cord! it turns up thousands in a trice You have
no true debtor and creditor but it of what's
past is and to come the discharge Your neck
sir is pen, book and counters so the acquaintance
follows

Post I am merrier to die than thou art to live

1st Gai Indeed sir he that sleeps feels not the
tooth ache but a man that were to sleep your
sleep and a hangman to help him to bed I
think he would change places with his officer
for look you sir you know not which way you
shall go

Post Yes indeed do I fellow

1st Gai Your death has eyes in a head then
I have not seen him so pictured You must either
be directed by some that take upon them to

know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after inquiry on your own peril And how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one

191

Post I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them

1st Gaol What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking

Enter a MESSENGER

After knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King

200

Post Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free

1st Gaol I'll be hang'd then

Post Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler, no bolts for the dead

[Exeunt all but the FIRST GAOLER]

1st Gaol Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman, and there be some of them too that die against their wills, so should I, if I were one I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good, O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't

[Exit]

SCENE V *Cymbeline's tent*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, LORDS, OFFICERS, and Attendants

Cym Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne Woe in my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought, Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targets of proof, cannot be found He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so

Bel I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing, Such precious deeds in one that promised nought But beggary and poor looks

Cym No tidings of him? 10
Pis He hath been search'd among the dead and living

But no trace of him

Cym To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, *[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,*

and ARVIRAGUS] which I will add
To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are Report it

Bel Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest

Cym Bow your knees

Arise my knights o' the battle I create you 20
Companions to our person and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates

Enter CORNELIUS and LADIES

There's business in these faces Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain

Cor Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead

Cym Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too How ended she? 30

Cor With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself What she confess'd
I will report, so please you These her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd

Cym Prithee, say

Cor First, she confess'd she never lov'd you,
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you,
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person

Cym She alone knew this, 40

And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it Proceed

Cor Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison

Cym O most delicate fiend!

Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor More, sir, and worse She did confess she
had

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took, 50
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you, in which time she pur-
posed,

By watching, weeping, rendance, kissing, to
Overcome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with craft, to

Her son into the adoption of the crown
But failing of her end by this strange absence
Grew shameless-desperate open d in despite
Of heaven and men her purposes repented
The evils she hatch d were not effected so 60
Despairing died

Cym Heard you all this her women?
1st Lady We did so please your Highness
Cym Mine eyes
Were not in fault for she was beautiful
Mine ears that heard her flattery nor my heart
That thought her like her seeming it had been
VICIOUS

To have mistrusted her yet O my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou mayst say
And prove it in thy feeling Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS IACHIMO the SOOTHISAYER and
other Roman Prisoners guarded POSTHUMUS
behind and IMOGEN*

Thou comest not Caius now for tribute that 69
The Britons have razed out though with the loss
Of many a bold one whose kinsmen have made
suit

That their good souls may be appeased with
slaughter
Of your their captives which ourself have granted
So think of your estate

Luc Consider sir the chance of war The day
Was yours by accident had it gone with us
We should not when the blood was cool have
threaten d

Our prisoners with the sword But since the gods
Will have it thus that nothing but our lives
May be call d ransom let it come Sufficeth 80
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer
Augustus lives so think on t and so much
For my peculiar care This one thing only
I will entreat my boy a Briton born
Let him be ransom d Never master had
A page so kind so dutious diligent
So tender on his occasions true
So fear so nurse-like Let his virtue join
With my request which I'll make bold your
Highness

Cannot deny he hath done no Briton harm 90
Though he have serv'd a Roman Save him sir
And spare no blood beside

Cym I have surely seen him
His favour is familiar to me Boy
Thou hast look d thy self into my grace
And art mine own I know not why wherefore
To say live boy Ne'er thank thy master live
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it
Yea though thou do demand a prisoner

The noblest ta'en

Imo I humbly thank your Highness 100
Luc I do not bid thee beg my life good lad
And yet I know thou wilt

Imo No no alack
There's other worl in hand I see a thing
Bitter to me as death Your life good master
Must shuffle for itself

Luc The boy disdains me
He leaves me scorns me Briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys
Why stands he so perplexed?

Cym What wouldst thou boy?
I love thee more and more Think more and more
What's best to ask know st him thou look st
on? speak 110

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo He is a Roman no more kin to me
Than I to your Highness who being born your
vassal

Am something nearer

Cym Wherefore eyest him so?
Imo I'll tell you sir in private if you please
To give me hearing

Cym Ay, with all my heart
And lend my best attention What's thy name?

Imo Fidele sir

Cym Thou art my good youth my page
I'll be thy master Walk with me speak freely
CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart

Bel Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Art One and another 120
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died and was Fidele What think you?

Gut The same dead thing alive

Bel Peace peace! see further he eyes us not
forbear

Creatures may be alike Were t he I am sure
He would have spok'd to us

Gut But we saw him dead
Bel Be silent let's see further

Pos [Aside] It is my mistress
Since she is living let the time run on
To good or bad

CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward

Cym Come stand thou by our side
Make thy demand aloud [To IACHIMO] Sir step
you forth 130

Give answer to this boy and do it freely
Or by our greatness and the grace of it
Which is our honour bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood On speak to
him

Imo My boon is that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring

Post [Aside] What's that to him?

Cym That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee

Cym How! me? 140

Iach I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal By villainy
I got this ring 'Twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish, and—which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground Wilt thou hear more,
my lord?

Cym All that belongs to this

Iach That paragon, thy daughter—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail to remember—Give me leave, I faint

Cym My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength 150

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more Strive, man, and speak

Iach Upon a time—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome—ac-
cursed

The mansion where!—'twas at a feast—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Post-
humus—

What should I say? He was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy 161

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak, for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature, for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym I stand on fire
Come to the matter

Iach All too soon I shall
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly Thus Post-
humus, 170

Most like a noble lord in love and one
That had a royal lover, took his hunt,
And not disparaging whom we praised—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture, which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in it, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sorts

Cym Nay, nay, to the purpose

Iach Your daughter's chastity—there it begins
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180
And she alone were cold Whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of's bed and w in this ring
By hers and mine adultery He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
And would so, had it been a carbuncle 189
Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's car Away to Britain
Post I in this design Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous Being thus
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely, for my vantage, excellent,
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough 200
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus, averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Post [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justice! Thou, King, send out
For torturers ingenious It is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter—villain-like, I lie—
That caused a lesser villain than my self,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't The temple 220
Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me Every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo Peace my lord hear, hear—
Post Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,
There lie thy part [Striking her she falls]
Pis O gentlemen, help!

Mine and your mistress! O my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now Help help!
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym Does the world go round?
Post How come these staggers on me?

Pis Wake my mistress!
Cym If this be so the gods do mean to strike
me

To death with mortal joy
Pis How fares my mistress?
Imo O get thee from my sight
Thou gavest me poison Dangerous fellow hence!
Breathe not where princes are

Cym The tune of Imogen!
Pis Lady

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me if 240
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing I had it from the Queen

Cym New matter still?
Imo It poison'd me

Cor O gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd
Which must approve thee honest If *Pisano*
Have said she given his mistress that con-
fection

Which I gave him for cordial she is served
As I would serve a rat

Cym What's this *Cornelius*?
Cor The Queen sir very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her still pretending 250

The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile as cats and dogs
Of no esteem I dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger did compound for her
A certain stuff which being ta'en would cease
The present power of life but in short time
All offices of nature should again

Do their due functions Have you ta'en of it?

Imo Most like I did for I was dead

Bel My boys
There was our error

Gut This is sure *Fidele* 260

Imo Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think that you are upon a rock and now
Throw me down [*Embracing him*]

Post Hang there like fruit my soul
Till the tree die!

Cym How now my flesh, my child!
What makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo [*Awaking*] Your blessing sir
Bel [*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRACUS*] Though
you did love this youth I blame ye not

You had a motive for't

Cym My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee! *Imogen*

Thy mother's dead

Imo I am sorry for't my lord 270

Cym O she was naught and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely But her son
Is gone we know not how nor where

Pis My lord,
Now fear is from me I'll speak troth Lord

Cloten

Upon my lady's missing came to me
With his sword drawn foam'd at the mouth, and
swore

If I discover'd not which way she was gone
It was my instant death By accident

I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket which directed him 280

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford
Where in a frenzy in my master's garments

Which he enforced from me away his posts
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate

My lady's honour What became of him
I further know not

Gut Let me end the story

I slew him there

Cym Marry the gods forfend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence *Prithce* valiant youth

Deny't again

Gut I have spoke it and I did it 290

Cym He was a prince

Gut A most incivil one The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince like for he did provoke me

With language that would make me spurn the
sea,

If it could so roar to me I cut off's head
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine

Cym I am sorry for thee
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd and
must

Endure our law Thou art dead

Imo That headless man
I thought had been my lord

Cym Bind the offender 300
And take him from our presence

Bel Stay sir hang
This man is better than the man he slew,

As well deserved as thyself and hath
More of thee merited than a band of *Clotens*

Had ever fear for [*To the Guard*] Let his arms
alone

They were not born for bondage

Cym Why old soldier
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for

By tasting of our wrath? I low of descent
As good as we?

Arv In that he spake too far
Cym And thou shalt die for't
Bel We will die all three, 310
 But I will prove that two on's are as good
 As I have given out him My sons, I must,
 For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
 Though, haply, well for you
Arv Your danger's ours
Gui And our good his
Bel Have at it then, by leave
 Thou hadst, great King, a subject who
 Was call'd Belarius
Cym What of him? he is
 A banish'd traitor
Bel He it is that hath
 Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man,
 I know not how a traitor
Cym Take him hence 320
 The whole world shall not save him
Bel Not too hot
 First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,
 And let it be confiscate all, so soon
 As I have receiv'd it
Cym Nursing of my sons!
Bel I am too blunt and saucy, here's my knee
 Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
 Then spare not the old father Mighty sir,
 These two young gentlemen, that call me father
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine,
 They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
 And blood of your begetting
Cym How! my issue!
Bel So sure as you your father's I, old Morgan,
 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd
 Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
 ment
 Itself, and all my treason, that I suffer'd
 Was all the harm I did These gentle princes—
 For such and so they are—these twenty years
 Have I train'd up Those arts they have as I
 Could put into them, my breeding was, sir, as 339
 Your Highness knows Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment I mov'd her to't,
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then Beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
 Unto my end of stealing them But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again, and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world
 The benediction of these covering heavens 350
 Fall on their heads like dew for they are worthy
 To play heaven with stars
Cym Thou weep'st, and speak'st
 The service that you three have done is more

Unlike than this thou tell'st I lost my children
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons
Bel Be pleas'd awhile
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 359
 Your younger princely son, he, sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which for more probation
 I can with ease produce
Cym Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star,
 It was a mark of wonder
Bel This is he,
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now
Cym O, what, am I
 A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother 369
 Rejoiced deliverance more Blest pray you be,
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom
Imo No, my lord,
 I have got two worlds by't O my gentle brothers,
 Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
 But I am truest speaker You call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister, I you brothers,
 When ye were so indeed
Cym Did you e'er meet?
Arv Ay, my good lord
Gui And at first meeting lov'd,
 Continued so, until we thought he died 380
Cor By the Queen's dram she sw allow'd
Cym O rare instinct!
 When shall I hear all through? This fierce
 abridgement
 Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in Where? how lived
 you?
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
 How parted with your brothers? how first met
 them?
 Why fled you from the court? and whither?
 These,
 And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded,
 And all the other by-dependencies, 390
 From chance to chance, but nor the time nor
 place
 Will serve our long inter'gatories See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
 And she his harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master hitting
 Each object with a joy, the counterchange

Is severally in all Let's quit this ground
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices
 [To BELARIUS] Thou art my brother so we'll
 hold thee ever
Imo You are my father too and did relieve
 me 400
 To see this gracious season
Cym All o'erjoy'd,
 Save these in bonds Let them be joyful too
 For they shall taste our comfort
Imo My good master
 I will yet do you service
Luc Happy be you!
Cym The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought
 He would have well become this place and
 graced
 The thankings of a king
Post I am sir
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeching rivas a firmest for
 The purpose I then follow'd That I was he 410
 Speak Iachimo I had you down and might
 Have made you finish
Iach [Kneeling] I am down again
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did Take that life beseech
 you
 Which I so often owe but your ring first
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess
 That ever swore her faith
Post Kneel not to me
 The power that I have on you is to spare you
 The malice towards you to forgive you Live
 And deal with others better
Cym Nobly doom'd! 420
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law
 Pardon's the word to all
Art You help us sir
 As you did mean indeed to be our brother
 Joy'd are we that you are
Iost Your servant Princes Good my lord of
 Rome,
 Call forth your soothsayer As I slept methought
 Great Jupiter upon his eagle back'd,
 Appeared to me with other spritely shows
 Of mine own kindred When I waked I found
 This label on my bosom whose containing 430
 Is so from sense in hardness that I can
 Make no collection of it Let him show
 His skill in the construction
Luc Philarnonius!
Sooth Here, my good lord
Luc Read and declare the meaning
Sooth [Reads] When as a lion's whelp shall
 to himself unknown, without seeking find and be

embraced by a piece of tender air and when
 from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches
 which being dead many years shall after revive
 be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow
 then shall Posthumus end his miseries Britain be
 fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty
 Thou Leonatus art the lion's whelp
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being *leo-natus* doth import so much
 [To CYMBELINE] The piece of tender air thy
 virtuous daughter
 Which we call *mollis aer* and *mollis aer*
 We term it *uncler*, which *uncler* I divine
 Is this most constant wife who even now
 Answering the letter of the oracle 450
 Unknown to you, unsought were clipp'd about
 With this most tender air
Cym This hath some seeming
Sooth The lofty cedar royal Cymbeline
 Personates thee and thy lopp'd branches point
 Thy two sons forth who by Belarius stol'n,
 For many years thought dead are now revived
 To the majestic cedar join'd whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty
Cym Well
 My peace we will begin And *Caius Lucius*
 Although the victor we submit to Caesar 460
 And to the Roman empire promising
 To pay our wonted tribute from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen
 Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers
 Have laid most heavy hand
Sooth The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd for the Roman eagle, 470
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft
 Lessen'd herself and in the beams of the sun
 So vanish'd which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
 The imperial Caesar should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline
 Which shines here in the west
Cym Laud we the gods!
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their
 nostrils
 From our blest altars Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects Set we forward Let
 A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
 Friendly together So through *Lud's* town march
 And in the temple of great Jupiter
 Our peace we'll ratify seal it with feasts
 Set on there! Never was a war did cease
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd with such a
 peace [Exeunt]

THE WINTER'S TALE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Time, as Chorus

LEONTES, King of Sicilia
 MAMILLIUS young Prince of Sicilia
 CAMILLO
 ANTIGONUS
 CLEOMENES four Lords of Sicilia
 DION
 POLIXENES, King of Bohemia
 FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia
 ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia
 OLD SHEPHERD reputed father of Perdita
 CLOWN, his son
 AUTOLYCUS, a rogue
 A MARINER
 A GAOLER
 THREE GENTLEMEN

A LORD attending on Leontes
 THREE SERVANTS to Leontes
 AN OFFICER
 A SERVANT to the Old Shepherd

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes
 PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione
 PAULINA wife to Antigonus
 EMILIA a lady attending on Hermione
 MOPSA shepherdesses
 DORCAS
 TWO LADIES attending on Hermione

NON-SPEAKING Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen Officers
 Servants, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants

SCENE Sicilia and Bohemia

ACT I

SCENE I Antechamber in Leontes' palace

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS

Arch If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia

Cam I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him

Arch Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves, for indeed—

Cam Beseech you,—

Arch Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge. We cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us

Cam You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely

Arch Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance

Cam Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal

have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as if were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamilius. It is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note

Cam I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child, one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh. They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man

Arch Would they else be content to die?

Cam Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live

Arch If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one

[Exit

SCENE II A room of state in the same

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS,
 POLIXENES, CAMILLO and Attendants

Pol Nine changes of the watery star hath been. The shepherd's note since we have left our throne. Without a burthen, time as long again. Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks, And yet we should for perpetuity, Go hence in debt, and therefore like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply

With one We thank you many thousands moe
That go before it

Leon Stay your thanks a while

And pay them when you part

Pol Sir that s to-morrow 10

I am question'd by my fears of what may chance

Or breed upon our absence that may blow

No sneaping winds at home to make us say

This is put forth too truly Besides I have
stay'd

To tire your royalty

Leon We are tougher brother

Than you can put us to t

Pol No longer stay

Leon One seven night longer

Pol Very sooth to morrow

Leon We'll part the time between s then and
in that

I'll no gainsaying

Pol Press me not beseech you so

There is no tongue that moves none none i the
world 20

So soon as yours could win me So it should now

Were there necessity in your request although

I were needful I denied it My affairs

Do even drag me homeward which to hinder

Were in your love a whip to me my stay

Go you a charge and trouble To save both

Farewell our brother

Leon Tongue tied our Queen? speak you

Her I had thought sir to have held my peace
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay

You sir

Charge him too coldly Tell him you are sure 30

All in Bohemia s well this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd Say this to him

He s beat from his best ward

Leon Well said Hermione

Her To tell he longs to see his son were
strong

But let him say so then, and let him go

But let him swear so and he shall not stay

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

The borrow of a week When at Bohemia

You take my lord I'll give him my commis-
sion 40

To let him there a month behind the gest

Prefix'd for s parting yet good deed Leontes

I love thee not a jar o the clock behind

What lady she her lord You'll stay?

Pol No madam

Her Nay but you will?

Pol I may not verily

Her Verily!

You put me off with lumber vows but I

Though you would seek in unsphere the stars
with oaths

Should yet say Sir no going Verily

You shall not go a lady s Verily s 50

As potent as a lord s Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner

Nor like a guest so you shall pay your fees

When you depart and save your thanks How
say you?

My prisoner or my guest? by your dread

Verily

One of them you shall be

Pol Your guest then madam

To be your prisoner should import offending

Which is for me less easy to commit

Than you to punish

Her Not your gaoler then 55

But your kind hostess Come I'll question you

Of my lord s tricks and yours when you were
boys

You were pretty lordings then?

Pol We were fair Queen

Two lads that thought there was no more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day

And to be boys eternal

Her Was not my lord

The verier wago the two?

Pol We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk
i the sun

And bleat the one at the other What we changed

Was innocence for innocence we knew not

The doctrine of ill-doing nor dream'd 70

That any did Had we pursued that life

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly Not guilty the imposition clear'd

Hereditary ours

Her By this we gather

You have tripp'd since

Pol O my most sacred lady!

Temptations have since then been born to s for

In those unfledged days was my wife a girl

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes

Of my young play fellow

Her Grace to boot! 80

Of this make no conclusion lest you say

Your Queen and I are devils Yet go on

The offences we have made you do we'll answer

If you first aim'd with us and that with us

You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not

With any but with us

Leon Is he won yet?

Her He'll stay my lord

Leon At my request he would not

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose

Her Never?

Leon Never, but once

Her What! have I twice said well? when
was't before? 90

I prithee tell me, cram 's with praise, and make 's
As far as tame things One good deed dying
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that
Our praises are our wages You may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre But to the goal
My last good deed was to entreat his stay,
What was my first? It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you O, would her name were
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose, when?
Nay, let me have't, I long

Leon Why, that was when 101
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand
And clap thyself my love Then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever"

Her 'Tis grace indeed

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,

The other for some while a friend

Leon [Aside] Too hot, too hot!

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods
I have tremor cordis on me, my heart dances,
But not for joy, not joy This entertainment 111

May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent, 't may, I grant,
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort' o' the deer, O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam Ay, my good lord

Leon I' fecks! 120

Why, that's my baw cock What, hast smutch'd
thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine Come, cap-
tain,

We must be neat, not neat, but cleanly, cap-
tain

And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf
Are all call'd neat—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam Yes, if you will, my lord

Leon Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me, yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs, women say so, 130
That will say any thing But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, y^e were it true
To say this boy were like me Come, sir page,
Lool on me with your welkin eye Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may't
be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams—how can this be?—
With what's unreal thou coactive art, 141
And fellow'st nothing Then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something, and thou
dost,

And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows

Pol What means Sicilia?

Her He something seems unsettled

Pol How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon No, in good earnest 150

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money? 161

Mam No, my lord, I'll fight

Leon You will! why, happy man be'st dole!

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol If at home sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth my matter,
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,
My parasite my soldier, statesman all
He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childishness cures in me 170
Thoughts that would thick my blood

Leon So stands this squire
Officed with me We two will walk, my lord
And leave you to your graver steps

How thou lovest us show in our brother's welcome

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap

Next to thy self and my young rover he's

Apparent to my heart

Her If you would seek us

We are yours in the garden. Shall I attend you there?

Leon To your own bents dispose you, you'll be found

Be you beneath the sky [Aside] I am angling now 180

Though you perceive me not how I give line
Go to go to!

How she holds up the net, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband!

[Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE and Attendants]

Gone already!

Inch thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!

Go play boy, play! Thy mother plays and I

Play too, but so disgraced a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave, contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. Go play boy, play! There have been 190

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now

And many a man there is, even at this present

Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm

That little thinks she has been sluiced in his absence

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't

Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd

As mine, against their will, should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none 200

It is a bawdy planet that will strike

Where 'tis predominant, and 'tis powerful, think it

From east, west, north and south. Be it concluded

No barricado for a belly. Know it

It will let in and out the enemy

With bag and baggage. Many thousand on's

Have the disease, and feel it not. How now, boy?

Mam, I am like you, they say

Leon Why, that's some comfort

What, Camillo there?

Cam Ay, my good lord 210

Leon Go play, Macmillan, thou'rt an honest man [Exit MACMILLAN]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer

Cam You had much ado to make his anchor hold

When you cast out, it still came home

Leon Didst note it?

Cam He would not stay at your petitions made

His business more material

Leon Didst perceive it?

[Aside] They're here with me already, whispering rounding

'Sicilia is a so-forth. 'Tis far gone

When I shall gust it last. How came't Camillo That he did stay?

Cam At the good Queen's entreaty 220

Leon At the Queen's be't, good, should be pertinent

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in

More than the common blocks. Not noted in't

But of the finer natures? By some several

Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes

Perchance are on this business purblind? Say

Cam Business, my lord! I think most under stand

Bohemia stays here longer

Leon Ha!

Cam Stays here longer 230

Leon Ay, but why?

Cam To satisfy your Highness and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress

Leon Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! Satisfy!

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils, wherein priest-like thou

Hast cleansed my bosom. I from thee departed

This penitent reform'd, but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd 240

In that which seems so

Cam Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon To hide upon't, thou art not honest, or

If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,

Which boxes honesty behind, restraining

From course required, or else thou must be

counted

A traitor, grafted in my serious trust

And therein negligent, or else a fool

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn

And takest it all for jest

Cam My gracious lord

I may be negligent, foolish and fearful 250

In every one of these, no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear

Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly, if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end, if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of But, beseech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By its own visage If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine

Leon Ha' not you seen, Camillo—
But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth plight, say 't and justify't
Cam I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this, which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true

Leon Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with this pin and web but theirs, theirs
only,

That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't is
nothing,

The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these
nothings,

If this be nothing

Cam Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous

Leon Say it be, 'tis true

Cam No, no, my lord

Leon It is, you lie, you lie

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass

Cam Who does infect her?
Leon Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About his neck, Bohemia, who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits, 310
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing, ay, and thou,
His cupbearer—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst
see

Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees
heaven,

How I am galled—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial

Cam Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram that should not work
Maliciously like poison, but I cannot 321
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable
I have loved thee—

Leon Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation, sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,
Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine, 331
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam I must believe you, sir,
I do, and will fetch off Bohemia for 't,
Provided that, when he's removed, your High-
ness

Will take again your Queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for scaling
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours

Leon Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down 340
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none

Cam My lord,
Go then, and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your Queen I am his cupbearer
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant

Leon This is all
Do t and thou hast the one half of my heart
Do t not thou split at thine own

Cam I'll do t my lord
Leon I will seem friendly as thou hast advised
me *(Exit 350)*

Cam O miserable lady! But for me
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes and my ground to do t
Is the obedience to a master one
Who in rebellion with himself will have
All that are his so too To do this deed
Promotion follows If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after I did not do t but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one
Let villainy itself forswear t I must *361*
Iorsake the court To do t or no is certain
To me a break neck Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia

Re-enter POLIXENES

Pol This is strange methinks
My favour here begins to warp Not speak?
Good day Camillo

Cam Hail most royal sir!
Pol What is the news at the court?
Cam None rare my lord
Pol The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province and a region
Loved as he loves himself Even now I met him
With customary compliment when he *371*

Wasting his eyes to the contrary and falling
A lip of much contempt speeds from me and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changeth thus his manners

Cam I dare not know my lord
Pol How! dare not! Do not Do you know
and dare not?

Be intelligent to me tis thereabouts
For to yourself what you do know you must
And cannot say you dare not Good Camillo *380*
Your changed complexions are to me a murmur
Which shows me mine changed too for I must
be

A party in this alteration finding
Myself thus altered with t

Cam There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper but
I cannot name the disease and it is caught
Of you that yet are well

Pol How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk
I have look'd on thousands who have spied the
better

By my regard but kill'd none so Camillo—
As you are certainly a gentleman thereto *391*
Clerk like experienced which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents noble names
In whose success we are gentle—I beseech you
If you know aught which does behoove my knowl-
edge

Thereof to be inform'd imprison t not
In ignorant concealment

Cam I may not answer
Pol A sickness caught of me and yet I well!
I must be answer'd Dost thou hear Camillo?
I conjure thee by all the parts of man *400*
Which honour does acknowledge whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me how far off how near
Which way to be prevented if to be
If not how best to bear it

Cam Sir I will tell you
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable therefore mark my
counsel

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it or both yourself and me *410*
Cry lost and so good night!

Pol On good Camillo
Cam I am appointed him to murder you
Pol By whom Camillo?

Cam By the king
Pol For what?

Cam He thinks nay with all confidence he
swears
As he had seen t or been an instrument
To vice you to t that you have touch'd his
Queen
Forbiddenly

Pol O then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to *420*
A savour that may strike the dustiest nostril
Where I arrive and my approach be shunn'd
Nay hated too worse than the great st infection
That e'er was heard of read!

Cam Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences you may as well
Forbidden the sea for to obey the moon
As or by nath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith and will continue *430*
The standing of his body

Pol How should this grow?
Cam I know not but I am sure tis safer to

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
 That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
 Shall bear along impawn'd away to-night!
 Your followers I will whisper to the business,
 And will by twos and threes at several posterns
 Clear them o' the city For myself, I'll put
 My fortunes to your service, which are here 440
 By this discovery lost Be not uncertain,
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by, nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth,
 thereon
 His execution sworn

Pol I do believe thee,
 I saw his heart in's face Give me thy hand
 Be pilot to me and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine My ships are ready and
 My people did expect my hence departure 450
 Two days ago This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature As she's rare,
 Must it be great, and as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent, and as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter Fear o'ershades me
 Good expedition be my friend and comfort
 The gracious Queen, part of his theme, but
 nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo 460
 I will respect thee as a father if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence Let us avoid
Cam It is in mine authority to command
 The keys of all the posterns Please your High-
 ness
 To take the urgent hour Come, sir, away
 [Exeunt]

ACT II

SCENE I A room in Leontes' palace

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and LADIES

Her Take the boy to you, he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring
Mam Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play fellow?
Mam No, I'll none of you
Mam Why, my sweet lord?
Mam You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if
 I were a baby still I love you better
Mam And why so, my lord?
Mam Not for because
 Your brows are blacker, yet black brows they
 523,
 Become some women best, so that there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10
 Or a half-moon made with a pen

2nd Lady Who taught you this?

Mam I learnt it out of women's faces Pray
 now

What colour are your eyebrows?

1st Lady Blue, my lord

Mam Nay, that's a mock I have seen a lady's
 nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows

1st Lady Hark ye,

The Queen your mother rounds apace We shall

Present our services to a fine new prince

One of these days, and then you'd wanton with
 us,

If we would have you

2nd Lady She is spread of late
 Into a goodly bulk Good time encounter her! 20

Her What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
 sir, now

I am for you again Pray you, sit by us,
 And tell's a tale

Mam Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her As merry as you will

Mam A sad tale's best for winter I have one
 Of sprites and goblins

Her Let's have that good sir

Come on, sit down, come on, and do your best
 To fright me with your sprites, you're powerful
 at it

Mam There was a man—

Her Nay, come, sit down, then on

Mam Dwelt by a churchyard I will tell it
 softly, 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it

Her Come on then,
 And give 't me in mine ear

Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, LORDS,
 and others

Leon Was he met there? his train? Camillo
 with him?

1st Lord Behind the tuft of pines I met them,
 never

Saw I men scour so on their way I eyed them
 Even to their ships

Leon How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion!

Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed

In being so blest! There may be in the cup
 A spider steep'd and one may drink depart 40

And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected, but if one present

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
 sides,

With violent hefts I have drunk and seen the spider

Camillo was his help in this his pandar
There is a plot against my life, my crown
All s true that I mistrusted That false villain
Whom I employ d was pre-employ d by him
He has discover d my design and I

Remain a pinch d thing yea a very trick
For them to play at will How came the posterns
So easily open?

1st Lord By his great authority
Which often hath no less prevail d than so
On your command

Leon I know t too well
Give me the boy I am glad you did not nurse him

Though he does bear some signs of me yet you
Have too much blood in him

Her What is this? sport?

Leon Bear the boy hence he shall not come about her

Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she s big with for tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus

Her But I d say he had not
And I ll be sworn you would believe my saying
Howe er you lean to the nay ward

Leon You my lords
Look on her mark her well be but about

To sav she is a goodly lady and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add

Tis pity she s not honest honourable

Praise her but for this her without-door form

Which on my faith deserves high speech and

straight

The shrug the hum or ha these perty brands

That calumny doth use—O I am out—

That mercy does for calumny will sear

Virtue itself these shrugs these hums and ha s

When you have said She s goodly come be tween

Ere you can say She s honest But be t known
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be

She s an adulteress

Her Should a villain say so

The most replenish d villain in the world,
He were as much more villain You my lord, 80
Do but mistake

Leon You have mistook my lady

Polixenes for Leontes O thou thing!

Which I ll not call a creature of thy place

Least barbarism, making me the precedent

Should a like language use to all degrees

And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Between the prince and beggar I have said

She s an adulteress I have said with whom

More she s a traitor and Camillo is

A federy with her and one that knows 90

What she should shame to know herself

But with her most vile principal that she s

A bed swerger even as bad as those

That vulgars give bold st titles ay and privy

To thus their late escape

Her No by my life

Privy to none of this How will this grieve you

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus have publish d me! Gentle my lord

You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say

You did mistake

Leon No if I mistake 100

In those foundations which I build upon

The centre is not big enough to bear

A school boy s top Away with her! to prison!

He who shall speak for her is a far off guilty

But that he speaks

Her There s some ill planet reigns

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favourable Good my lords

I am not prone to weeping as our sex

Commonly are the want of which I am dew

Perchance shall dry your pities but I have 110

That honourable grief lodged here which burns

Worse than tears drown Beseech you all my

lords

With thoughts so qualified as your charities

Shall best instruct you measure me and so

The King s will be perform d!

Leon Shall I be heard?

Her Who is t that goes with me? Beseech

your Highness

My women may be with me for you see

My plight requires it Do not weep good fools

There is no cause When you shall know your

mistress

Has deserved prison then abound in tears 120

As I come out This action I now go on

Is for my better grace Adieu my lord

I never wish d to see you sorry now

I trust I shall My women come you have leave

Leon Go do our bidding hence!

[*Exit QUEEN guarded with LADIES*]

1st Lord Beseech your Highness call the Queen

again

Ant Be certain what you do sir lest your jus-

tice

Prove violence in the which three great ones

suffer

Yourself your queen your son

1st Lord For her my lord,

I dare my life lay down and will do t sir 130

Please you to accept it that the Queen is spotless

I' the eyes of heaven and to you, I mean,
In this which you accuse her

Art If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her,
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her,
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be

Leon Hold your peace

in Lord Good my lord—
Ant It is for you we speak, not for ourselves
You are abused and by some putter-on 141
That will be damn'd for 't, would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn him Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters, the eldest is cleven,
The second and the third, nine, and some five,
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't By mine
honour,

I'll geld 'em all, fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations They are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue

Leon Cease, no more
You smell this business with a sense as cold 151
As is a dead man's nose, but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel

Art If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth

Leon What! lack I credit?
in Lord I had rather you did lack than I, my
lord,

Upon this ground, and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160
Be blamed for 't how you might

Leon Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this, which if you or stupified
Or seeming so in skill cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice The matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours

Art And I wish my liege, 170
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more or censure

Leon How could that be?
E'er thou art most ignorant by age
Or thou wert born a fool Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,

Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceed-
ing

Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency Now from the oracle
They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me Have I done well?

1st Lord Well done, my lord
Leon Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190
Give rest to the minds of others such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform Come, follow us,
We are to speak in public, for this business
Will raise us all

Ant [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II A prison

Enter PAULINA, a Gentleman, and Attendants

Paul The keeper of the prison, call to him,
Let him have knowledge who I am

[*Exit Gentleman*]

Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the GAOLER

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

Gaol For a worthy lady

And one whom much I honour

Paul Pray you then,

Conduct me to the Queen

Gaol I may not, madam

To the contrary I have express commandment

Paul Here s'ado

To lock up honesty and honour from 10

The access of gentle visitors! Is 't law full, pray
you,

To see her women any of them? Emilia?

Gaol So please you madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I

Shall bring Emilia forth

Paul I pray now, call her

Withdraw yourselves

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*]

Gaol And madam
I must be present at your conference
Paul Well be it so prithee *(Exit GAOLER)*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring

Re enter GAOLER with EMILIA

Dear gentlewoman, 20
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together. On her frights and griefs
Which never tender lady hath borne greater
She is something before her time deliver'd

Paul A boy?
Emil A daughter and a goodly babe
Lusty and like to live. The queen receives
Much comfort in it says. My poor prisoner
I am innocent as you

Paul I dare be sworn
These dangerous unsafe lunes the king be
shrew them! 30

He must be told on it and he shall. The office
Becomes a woman best. I'll take it upon me
If I prove honey-mouth'd let my tongue blister
And never to my red look danger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you Emilia
Commend my best obedience to the queen

If she dares trust me with her little babe
I'll show it the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudst. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight of the child 40
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails

Emil Most worthy madam
Your honour and your goodness is so evident
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue. There is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady
ship

To visit the next room. I'll presently
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design
But durst not tempt a minister of honour 50
Lest she should be denied

Paul Tell her Emilia
I'll use that tongue I have. If wit flow from it
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good

Emil Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the Queen. Please you come something
nearer

Gaol Madam, if it please the Queen to send the
babe

I know not what I shall incur to pass it
Having no warrant

Paul You need not fear it sir

This child was prisoner to the womb and is
By law and process of great nature thence 60
Freed and enfranchis'd not a party to
The anger of the king nor guilty of
If any be the trespass of the Queen
Gaol I do believe it
Paul Do not you fear. Upon mine honour I
Will stand betwixt you and danger *(Exeunt)*

SCENE III A room in Leontes palace

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, LORDS, and
SERVANTS*

Leon Nor night nor day no rest. It is but weak-
ness

To bear the matter thus mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being—part is the cause,
She the adulteress for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm out of the blank
And level of my brain plot proof but she
I can hark to me. Say that she were gone
Given to the fire a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

1st Serv My lord?

Leon How does the boy?

1st Serv He took good rest to-night 10

'Tis hop'd his sickness is discharged

Leon To see his nobleness!

Concerning the dishonour of his mother
He straight declined droop'd took it deeply
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on it in himself
Threw off his spirit his appetite his sleep
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely. Go
See how he fares. *(Exit SERVANT)* Fie! fie! no
thought of him

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me. In himself too mighty 20
And in his parties his alliance let him be
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me make their pastime at my sorrow
They should not laugh if I could reach them nor
Shall she within my power

Enter PAULINA with a child

1st Lord You must not enter
Paul Nay rather good my lords be second to
me

Fear you his tyrannous passion more alas
Than the Queen a life? a gracious innocent soul
More free than he is jealous

Ant That's enough 30
and Serv Madam he hath not slept to-night
commanded

None should come at him

Paul Not so hot good sir
I come to bring him sleep 'Tis such as you,

That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
At each his needless lull as lulls, such as you
Nowish the cause of his awaking, I
Decome with words as middlemost as true,
Honest as clither, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord, but needful conference
About some gossip for your highness.

Leon. How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about
me.

I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. I from all dishonesty he can. In this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. In you now, you hear. 30

When she will take the rein I let her run

But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come.

And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare
I ever appeal so in comforting your evils,
Then such as most seem yours. I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord.

Good queen! I say, good queen!

And would by combat make her good, so were I

A man, the worst about you. 40

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trills of his eyes

Let him me. On mine own account I'll off.

But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,

For the best, hath brought you forth a daughter.

Here 'tis; commend it to your blessing.

Leon. Lay down the child.

Paul. Out!

A minkind which! Hence with her, out o' d' world!

A most intelligent bawd!

Paul. Not so.

I am as ignorant in that as you

In counselling me, and in exhorting. 70

Then you are wiser, which is enough, I'll warrant,

As this worldly one, to press for honest

Leon. To the point!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard

Should stand! thou art women-tired, unsexed!

By thy dame Parlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say! give't to thy crone.

Paul.

For ever

Unconquerable be thy hands, if thou

Take'st up the prince's by that forced baseness

Which he has put upon't!

Leon.

He deads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; the n'twice past all
doubt.

So

You'd call your children yours.

Leon.

A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul.

Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself, for he

The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

His hopeful son's, his babe's, he trays to stand for,

Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and

will not—

For, as the case now stands, it is a curse

He cannot be compell'd to't—once to move

The root of his opinion, which is rotten

As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon.

A caller 90

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her hus-
band

And now batts me! This bat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes.

Hence with it, and toss thee with the daisy

Commit them to the fire!

Paul.

It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your
charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,

Although the price be little, the whole matter

And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,

The trick of his frown, his forehead, nay, the val-
ley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek, 100

His smiles,

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger,

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast

made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast

The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours

No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,

Her children not her husband's!

Leon.

A proverb!

And, lo! thou art worthy to be hum'd,

Thou wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant.

Hung all the husbandry. 110

Thou cannot do that feat, you'll have yourself

Finally one subject.

Leon.

Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unbecom'd lord

Comes you more

Leon.

I'll ha' thee burnt

Paul I care not
It is an heretic that makes the fire
Not she which burns in't I'll not call you tyrant
But this most cruel usage of your queen
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak hinged fancy something
savours

Of tyranny and will ignoble make you 10
Yea scandalous to the world

Leon On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant
Where were her life? she durst not call me so
If she did know me one Away with her!

Paul I pray you do not push me I'll be gone
Look to your babe my lord tis yours Jove
send her

A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender of his follies
Will never do him good not one of you
So so farewe'll we are gone [Exit 130

Leon Thou traitor hast set on thy wife to this
My child? away with't! Even thou that hast
A heart so tender of it take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire
Even thou and none but thou Take it up straight
Within this hour bring me word tis done
And by good testimony or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath say so
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out Go take it to the fire 140
For thou set'st on thy wife

Ant I did not sir
These lords my noble fellows if they please,
Can clear me in't

Lords We can My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither

Leon You re liars all
it Lord Beseech your Highness give us better
credit

We have always truly served you and beseech
you
So to esteem of us and on our knees we beg
As recompense of our dear services 150
Past and to come, that you do change this pur-
pose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody must
Lead on to some foul issue we all kneel

Leon I am a feather for each wind that blows
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now
Than curse it then But be it let it live
It shall not neither You, sir come you hither
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery your midwife there 160
To save this bastard's life—for tis a bastard,

So sure as this beard's grey—what will you ad-
venture

To save this brat's life?

Ant Anything my lord
That my ability may undergo
And nobleness impose at least thus much
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent Anything possible
Leon It shall be possible Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding

Ant I will my lord!
Leon Mark and perform it see'st thou? for the
fall 170

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thy self but to thy lewd tongued wife
Whom for this time we pardon We enjoin thee
As thou art liege man to us that thou carry
This female bastard hence and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place quite out
Of our dominions and that there thou leave it
Without more mercy to its own protection
And far out of the climate As by strange fortune
It came to us I do in justice charge thee 180
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it Take it up

Ant I swear to do this though a present death
Had been more merciful Come on poor babe
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens

To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears they say
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity Sir be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side 190
Poor thing condemn'd to loss!

[Exit with the child
Leon No I'll not rear
Another's issue

Enter a SERVANT

Serv Please your Highness posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos are both landed,
Hasting to the court

1st Lord So please you sir their speed
Hath been beyond account

Leon Twenty three days
They have been absent 'Tis good speed fore-
tells

The great Apollo suddenly will have 200
The truth of this appear Prepare you, lords
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady for as she hath
Been publicly accused so shall she have

A just and open trial While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me Leave me,
And think upon my bidding [Exit]

ACT III

SCENE I *A sea-port in Sicilia*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION

Cleo The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears

Dion I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the rever-
ence

Of the grave wearers O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense 10
That I was nothing

Dion If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the Queen—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't

Cleo Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like

Dion The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business When the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20
Even then will rush to knowledge Go, fresh
horses!

And gracious be the issue! [Exit]

SCENE II *A court of Justice*

Enter LEONTES, LORDS, and OFFICERS

Leon This sessions, to our great grief we pro-
nounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife and one
Of us too much beloved Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation
Produce the prisoner

Officer It is his Highness' pleasure that the
Queen

Appear in person here in court Silence! 10

Enter HERMIONE guarded, PAULINA and

LADIES attending

Leon Read the indictment

Off [Reads] "Hermione, Queen to the worthy
Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused
and arraigned of high treason, in committing
adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and
conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of
our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband
the pretence whereof being by circumstances
partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the
faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst coun-
sel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly
away by night"

Her Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot
me

To say "Not guilty" Mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received But thus if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush and tyranny
Tremble at patience You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy, which is more
Than history can pattern though devised
And play'd to take spectators For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing 40
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare, for hon-
our,

'Tis a derivative from me to mine
And only that I stand for I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so, since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I 50
Have strain'd to appear thus if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my nearst of kin
Cry sic upon my grave!

Leon I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first

Her That's true enough,
10 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me

Leon You will not own it

Her More than mistress of 60
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge For Polixenes,

With whom I am accused I do confess
 I loved him as in honour he required
 With such a kind of love as might become
 A lady like me with a love even such
 So and no other as yourself commanded
 Which not to have done I think had been in me
 Both disobedience and ingratitude
 To you and toward your friend whose love had
 spoil'd 70

Even since it could speak from an infant freely
 That it was yours Now for conspiracy
 I know not how it tastes though it be dish'd
 For me to try how All I know of it
 Is that Camillo was an honest man
 And why he left your court the gods themselves
 Wotting no more than I are ignorant

Leon You knew of his departure as you know
 What you have undertaken to do in his absence

Her Sir 80

You speak a language that I understand not
 My life stands in the level of your dreams
 Which I'll lay down

Leon Your actions are my dreams

You had a bastard by Polixenes

And I but dream'd it As you were past all
 shame—

Those of your fact are so—so past all truth
 Which to deny concerns more than avails for as
 Thy brat hath been cast out like to itself
 No father owning it—which is indeed
 More criminal in thee than it—so thou 90
 Shalt feel our justice in whose easiest passage
 Look for no less than death

Her Sir spare your threats
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
 To me can life be no commodity
 The crown and comfort of my life your favour
 I do give lost for I do feel it gone
 But know not how it went My second joy
 And first fruits of my body from his presence
 I am barr'd like one infectious My third com-
 fort

Scarr'd most unluckily is from my breast 100
 The innocent milk in it moe innocent mouth
 Haled out to murder myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet with unmodest hatred
 The child bed privilege denied which longs
 To women of all fashion lastly hurried
 Here to this place & the open air before
 I have got strength of limit Now my hege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive
 That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed
 But yet hear this mistake me not no life 110
 I prize it not a straw but for mine honour
 Which I would free if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else

But what your jealousies awake I tell you
 'Tis rigour and not law Your honours all
 I do refer me to the oracle
 Apollo be my judge!
 1st Lord This your request
 Is altogether just, therefore bring forth
 And in Apollo's name his oracle

[Exit certain Officers]

Her The Emperor of Russia was my father
 O that he were alive and here beholding 121
 His daughter's trial that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery yet with eyes
 Of pity not revenge!

Re-enter OFFICERS with CLEOMENES and DION

Off You here shall swear upon this sword of
 justice
 That you Cleomenes and Dion have
 Been both at Diphos and from thence have
 brought

This seal'd up oracle by the hand deliver'd
 Of great Apollo's priest and that since then
 You have not dared to break the holy seal 130
 Nor read the secrets in't

Cleo Dion All this we swear

Leon Break up the seals and read

Off [Reads] Hermione is chaste Polixenes
 blameless Camillo a true subject Leontes a jeal-
 ous tyrant his innocent babe truly begotten and
 the King shall live without an heir if that which
 is lost be not found

Lords Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her Praised!

Leon Hast thou read truth?

Off Ay my lord even so 140

Leon There is no truth at all; the oracle

The sessions shall proceed This is mere false-
 hood

Enter SERVANT

Serv My lord the King the King!

Leon What is the business?

Serv O sir I shall be hated to report it!

The Prince your son with mere conceit and fear
 Of the Queen's speed is gone

Leon How! gone!

Serv Is dead

Leon Apollo's angry and the heavens them-
 selves

Do strike at my injustice [HERMIONE'S ROOMS]

How now there!

Paul This news is mortal in the Queen Look
 down

And see what death is doing

Leon Take her hence 150

Her heart is but o'ercharged, she will recover
I have too much believed mine own suspicion
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life

[*Exit PAULINA and LADIES, with HERMIONE.*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy,
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes, which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and
with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing 't and being done He, most humane
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclass'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended, 170
No richer than his honour How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re enter PAULINA

Paul Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

ist Lord What fit is this, good lady?

Paul What studied torments, tyrant, hast for
me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boil-
ing?

In leads or oils? what old or new er torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves 180
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it
That thou betray'st Polixenes, 'twas nothing,
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful, nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's hon-
our,

To have him kill a king, poor trespasses, 190
More monstrous standing by, whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little, though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't,
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam, this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer but the last—O lords, 200
When I have said, cry "woe!"—the Queen, the
Queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and ven-
geance for 't

Not dropp'd down yet

ist Lord The higher powers forbid!

Paul I say she's dead, I'll swear 't If word nor
oath

Prevail not, go and see If you can bring
Intincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir, therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair A thousand knees 211
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert

Leon Go on, go on,

Thou canst not speak too much I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest

ist Lord Say no more
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech

Paul I am sorry for 't
All faults I make, when I shall come to know
them,

I do repent Alas! I have show'd too much 221
The rashness of a woman, he is touch'd
To the noble heart What's gone and what's past
help

Should be past grief Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman
The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children,
I'll not remember you of my own lord, 231
Who is lost too Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing

Leon Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth, which I receive much
better

Than to be pitied of thee Prithce, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son
One grave shall be for both, upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation So long as nature

Will bear up with this exercise so long
I daily vow to use it Come and lead me
Unto these sorrows

[Exit]

SCENE III *Bohemia a desert country near the sea*

Enter ANTIGONUS with a Child and a MARINER

Ant Thou art perfect then our ship hath
touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar Ay my lord and fear

We have landed in ill time The skies look
grimly

And threaten present blusters In my conscience,

The heavens with that we have in hand are
angry

And frown upon us

Ant Their sacred walls be done! Go get
aboard

Look to thy bark I'll not be long before

I call upon thee

Mar Make your best haste and go not

10

Too far the land 'tis like to be loud weather

Besides this place is famous for the creatures

Of prey that keep upon it

Ant Go thou away

I'll follow instantly

Mar I am glad at heart

To be so rid o' the business

[Exit]

Ant Come poor babe

I have heard, but not believed the spirits o' the
dead

May walk again If such thing be thy mother

Appear'd to me last night for ne'er was dream

So like a waking To me comes a creature

Sometimes her head on one side, some an
other

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow

21

So fill'd and so becoming In pure white robes

Like a very sanctity she did approach

My cabin where I lay thrice bow'd before me

And gasping to begin some speech her eyes

Became two spouts the fury spent anon

Did this break from her Good Antigonus

Since fate, against thy better disposition,

Hath made thy person for the thrower-out

Of my poor babe, according to thine oath

30

Places remote enough are in Bohemia

There weep and leave it crying and, for the
babe

Is counted lost for ever Perdita

I prithee, call it For this ungentle business

Put on thee by my lord thou ne'er shalt see

Thy wife Paulina more And so with shrieks

She melted into air Affrighted much

I did in time collect my self and thought

This was so and no slumber Dreams are toys

Yet for this once, ye superstitiously

40

I will be squared by this I do believe

Hermione hath suffer'd death and that

Apollo would thus being indeed the issue

Of King Polixenes it should here be laid

Either for life or death upon the earth

Of its right father Blossom speed thee well!

There lie and there thy character there

these

Which may if fortune please both breed thee,

pretty

*Laying down the babe with a paper and a
bundle*

And still rest thine The storm begins Poor

wretch

That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed

50

To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot

But my heart bleeds and most accursed am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this Farewell!

The day frowns more and more thou art like to

have

A lullaby too rough I never saw

The heavens so dim by day A savage clamour!

Well may I get aboard! This is the chase

I am gone for ever

[Exit pursued by a bear]

Enter a SHEPHERD

Shep I would there were no age between six

teen and three and twenty or that youth would

sleep out the rest for there is nothing in the be-

tween but getting wenches with child wronging

the neighbour stealing fighting—Hark you now!

Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen

and two-and twenty hunt this weather? They

have scared away two of my best sheep which I

fear the wolf will sooner find than the master if

any where I have them 'tis by the seaside brows-

ing of ivy Good luck an't be thy will! what

have we here? Mercy on's a barme! A very

pretty barme! A boy or a child I wonder? A

pretty one a very pretty one sure some scape

Though I am not bookish yet I can read waiting

gentlewoman in the scape This has been some

stair work, some trunk work some behind-door

work they were warmer that got this than the

poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity yet I'll

tarry till my son come he halloo'd but even

now Whoa ho ho!

Enter CLOWN

Clo Hillos ho!

80

Shep What art so near? If thou see a thing

to talk on when thou art dead and rotten come

hither What ailest thou man?

Clo I have seen two such sights by sea and by

land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now

the sky betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point

Shep Why, boy, how is it?

Clo I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em, now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head And then for the land service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone, how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it, but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them, and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather

Shep Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these sights The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman He's at it now

Shep Would I had been by, to have helped the old man! 111

Clo I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her, there your charity would have lacked footing

Shep Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy Now bless thyself, thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born Here's a sight for thee, look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here, take up, take up, boy, open 't So, let's see It was told me I should be rich by the fairies This is some changeling, open 't What's within, boy?

Clo You're a made old man, if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live Gold! all gold!

Shep This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so Up with 't, keep it close Home, home, the next way We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy Let my sheep go Come, good boy, the next way home

Clo Go you the next way with your findings I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten They are never curst but when they are hungry If there be any of him left, I'll bury it

Shep That's a good deed If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him

Clo Marry, will I, and you shall help to put him in the ground 141

Shep 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't [Exeunt]

ACT IV

SCENE I

Enter TIME, the Chorus

Time I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror

Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was 10
Or what is now received I witness to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning and make
stale

The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be 20
In fair Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the King's, which Florizel
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering What of her ensues
I list not prophesy, but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth A shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now, 30
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may [Exit]

SCENE II Bohemia the palace of Polixenes

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO

Pol I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate 'Tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this

Cam It is fifteen years since I saw my country, though I have for the most part been aired abroad I desire to lay my bones there Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure 10

Pol As thou lovest me, Camillo wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now The need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made, better not to have had thee than thus to

want thee Thou having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done which if I have not enough considered as too much I cannot to be more thankful to thee shall be my study and my profit therein the heaping friendships Of that fatal country Sicilia prithe speak no more whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent as thou callest him and reconciled king my brother whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented Say to me when sawest thou the Prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy their issue not being gracious than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues

Cam Sir it is three days since I saw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be are to me unknown but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared

Pol I have considered so much Camillo and with some care so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness from whom I have this intelligence that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd a man that say that from very nothing and born of the imagination of his neighbours is grown into an unspeakable care

Cam I have heard sir of such a man who hath a daughter of most rare note. The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage

Pol That is likewise part of my intelligence but I fear the angle that plucks our son thither Thou shalt accompany us to the place where we will not appearing what we are have some question with the shepherd from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither Prithe be my present partner in this business and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia

Cam I willingly obey your command

Pol My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves *[Exit]*

SCENE III A road near the Shepherd's cottage

Enter AUTOLYCUS singing

When daffodils begin to peer
With heigh! the daisy over the dale
Why then comes in the sweet o the year
For the red blood reigns in the winter's
pale

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge
With heigh! the sweet birds O how they
sing!
Doth set my pricking tooth on edge
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king

The lark that turra ly ra chants
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the
jay
Are summer songs for me and my aunts
While we lie tumbling in the hay

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time
wore three pile but now I am out of service

But shall I go mourn for that my dear?
The pale moon shines by night
An I when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right

If tinkers may have leave to live
And bear the sow skin budget
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks as much it

My traffic is sheets when the kite builds look to
lester linen My father named me Autolycus
who being as I am littered under Mercury was
likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles
With die and drab I purchased this caparison,
an I my revenue in the silly cheat Callows and
knock are too powerful on the highway beating
and hanging are terrors to me for the life to
come I sleep out the thought of it A prize! a
prize!

Enter CLOWN

Clow Let me see every leaven whether tod's
every tod yields pound and odd shilling fifteen
hundred shorn what comes the wool to?

Aut *[Aside]* If the spring hold the cock a mine
Clow I cannot do it without counters Let me see
what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?
Three pound of sugar five pound of currants
rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice?
But my father hath made her mistress of the
feast and she lays it on She hath made me four
and twenty nosebags for the shearers three man
song men all and very good ones but they are
most of them meary and bases but one puritan
amongst them and he sings psalms to hornpipes
I must have saffron to colour the warden pie
macc dices—none that's out of my nose but
megs seven a race or two of ginger but that I
may beg four pound of prunes and as many of
raisins o the sun

Aut O that ever I was born!

Groelling on the ground

Clo I' the name of me—

Aut O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off

Aut O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions

61

Clo Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter

Aut I am robbed, sir, and beaten, my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me

Clo What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut A footman, sweet sir, a footman

Clo Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee. If this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand

Aut O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo Alas, poor soul!

Aut O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out

Clo How now! canst stand?

Aut [Picking his pocket] Softly, dear sir, good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office

81

Clo Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee

Aut No, good sweet sir, no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going, I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart

Clo What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

90

Aut A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the Prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court

Clo His vices, you would say, there's no virtue whipped out of the court. They cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide

99

Aut Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well. He hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process server, a bailiff, then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinkler's wife within a mile where my land and living lies, and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue. Some call him Autolycus

Clo Out upon him! prig, for my life prig. He haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings

Aut Very true, sir, he, sir, he, that's the rogue that put me into this apparel

111

Clo Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia. If you had but looked b g and spit at him, he'd have run

Aut I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter. I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him

Clo How do you now?

Aut Sweet sir, much better than I was, I can stand and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's

Clo Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut No, good-faced sir, no, sweet sir

Clo Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing

Aut Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit clown] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

131

[Sings] "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a,

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a" [Exit]

SCENE IV *The Shepherd's cottage*

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

Flo These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life, no shepherdess, but Flora. Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

ing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,

And you the queen on't

Per Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes it not becomes me. O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured

With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts In every mess have folly and the feeders

11

Digest it with a custom. I should blush

To see you so attired, sworn. I think,

To show my self a glass

Flo I bless the time

When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground

Per Now Jove afford you cause!

To me the difference forges ahead, your greatness

Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble To think your father, by some accident,

Should pass this way as you did O the Fates! 20
How would he look to see his work so noble
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo Apprehend
Nothing but jollity The gods themselves
Humbling their deities to love have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them Jupiter
Became a bull and bellow'd the green Neptune
A ram and bleated and the fire robed god
Golden Apollo a poor humble swain, 30
As I seem now Their transformation
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith

Per O but sir
Your resolution cannot hold when tis
Opposed as it must be by the power of the
king
One of these two must be necessities
Which then will speak that you must change
this purpose,
Or I my life

Flo Thou dearest Perdita 40
With these forced thoughts I prithee darken
not

The mirth o' the feast Or I'll be thine my fair,
Or not my father's For I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any if
I be not thine To this I am most constant
Though destiny say no Be merry gentle
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while Your guests are
coming

Lift up your countenance as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50
We two have sworn shall come

Per O lady Fortune
Stand you auspicious!

Flo See your guests approach
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly
And let's be red with mirth

*Enter SHEPHERD CLOWN MOPSA DORCAS and
others with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised*

Shep Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived,
upon

This day she was both pantler butler cook
Both dame and servant welcomed all served all
Would sing her song and dance her turn now
here,

At upper end o' the table now's the middle
On his shoulder and his back face o' fire 60
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,

She would to each one sip You are retired
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting Pray you bid
These unknown friends to's welcome for it is
A way to make us better friends more known
Come quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are mistress o' the feast Come
on

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing
As your good flock shall prosper

Per [To POLIXENES] Sir welcome 70
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess ship o' the day [To CAMILLO] You're
welcome sir

Give me those flowers there Dorcas Reverend
sirs

For you there's rosemary and rue these keep
Seeming and savour all this winter long
Grace and remembrance be to you both
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol Shepherdess—
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter

Per Sir the year growing ancient
Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth 80
Of trembling winter the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors
Which some call Nature's bastards Of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren and I care not
To get slips of them

Pol Wherefore gentle maiden
Do you neglect them?

Per For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature

Pol Say there be
Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean so over that art 90
Which you say adds to Nature is an art
That Nature makes you see sweet maid we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock
And make conceit's bark of bayer kind
By bud of nobler race This is an art
Which does mend Nature change it rather but
The art itself is Nature

Per So it is
Pol Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards

Per I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them 100
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say I were well and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me Here's flowers for you

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram,
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age You're very welcome
Cam I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,
And only live by gazing

Per Out, alas! 110
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through Now, my
fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that
might

Become your time of day, and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 121

Or Cytherea's breath, pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids, bold oxlips and
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds,
The flow'rs-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo What, like a corse?
Per No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse, or if, not to be buried, 131
But quick and in mine arms Come, take your
flowers

Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals Sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition

Flo What you do
Still betters what is done When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever When you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so give alms,
Pray so, and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do 141
Nothing but that, move still, still so
And own no other function Each your doing
So singular in each particular,
Crows what you are doing in the present deed
That all your acts are queens

Per O Doricles,
Your praises are too large But that your youth
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150
You woo'd me the false way

Flo I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't But come, our dance, I pray
Your hand, my Perdita So turtles pair,
That never mean to part

Per I'll swear for 'em
Pol This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward Nothing she does or
seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place

Cam He tells her something
That makes her blood look out Good sooth, she
is

The queen of curds and cream 161

Clo Come on, strike up!

Dor Mopsa must be your mistress, marry, gar-
lic,

To mend her kissing with!

Mop Now, in good time!

Clo Not a word, a word, we stand upon our
manners

Come, strike up!

Music Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherd-
esses

Pol Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep They call him Doricles, and boasts him-
self

To have a worthy feeding, but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it, 170
He looks like sooth He says he loves my daugh-
ter

I think so too, for never gazed the moon
Upon the water as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes, and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best

Pol She dances fealtly
Shep So she does anything though I report it,
That should be silent If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of 180

Enter SERVANT

Serv O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at
the door, you would never dance again after a
tabor and pipe no, the bagpipe could not move
you He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell
money he utters them as he had eaten ballads
and all men's ears grew to his tunes

Clo He could never come better he shall co me
in I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dolo-
ful matter merrily set down or a very

thing indeed and sung lamentably 190

Serv He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves He has the prettiest love songs for maids so without bawdry which is strange with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings jump her and thump her and where some stretch mouthed ra cal would as it were mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop do me no harm good man' puts him off slight's him with 'Whoop do me no harm good man' 201

Pol This is a brave fellow

Clo Believe me thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv He hath ribbons of all the colours the rainbow points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle though they come to him by the gross inkles caddisses cambrics lawns Why he sings em over as they were gods or goddesses you would think a smock were a she-angel he so chants to the sleeve hand and the work about the square on it

Clo Pruthee bring him in and let him approach singing

Per Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in tunes [Exit servant]

Clo You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you d think sister

Per Ay good brother or go about to think

Enter AUTOLICUS singing

Lawn as white as driven snow 220

Cyprus black as e'er was crow

Gloves as sweet as damask roses

Masks for faces and for noses

Bugle bracelet necklace amber

Perfume for a lady's chamber

Golden quoif and stomachers

For my lads to give their dears

Pins and poking sticks of steel

Wh. t maids lack from head to heel

Come buy of me come come buy come buy

Buy lads, or else your lasses cry 231

Come buy

Clo If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves

Mop I was promised them against the feast but they come not too late now

Dor He hath promised you more than that or there be liars 240

Mop He hath paid you all he promised you

May be he has paid you more which will shame you to give him again

Clo Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking time when you are going to bed or kiln hole to whistle off the secrets but you must be tittle rattling before all our guests? tis well they are whispering Clamour your tongues and not a word more 251

Mop I have done Come you promised me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves

Clo Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut And indeed sir there are cozeners abroad therefore it behooves men to be wary

Clo Fear not thou man thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut I hope so sir for I have about me many parcels of charge 261

Clo What hast here? ballads?

Mop Pray now buy some I love a ballad in print o life for then we are sure they are true

Aut Here's one to a very doleful tune how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carlinnadoed

Mop Is it true think you?

Aut Very true and but a month old 270

Dor Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut Here's the midwife's name to it one Mistress Tale porter and five or six honest wives that were present Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop Pray you now buy it

Clo Come on lay it by and let's first see moe ballads We'll buy the other things anon

Aut Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four score of April forty thousand fathom above water and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids It was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her The ballad is very pitiful and is true

Dor Is it true too think you?

Aut Five justices hands at it and witnesses more than my pack will hold

Clo Lay it by too Another 290

Aut This is a merry ballad but a very pretty one

Mop Let's have some merry ones

Aut Why this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man' There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it tis in request I can tell you

Mop We can both sing it If thou'll bear a part

thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts

Dor We had the tune on 't a month ago 300

Aut I can bear my part, you must know 'tis
my occupation, have at it with you

SONG

Aut Get you hence, for I must go

Where it fits not you to know

Dor Whither? *Mop* O, whither? *Dor*
Whither?

Mop It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell

Dor Me too, let me go thither

Mop Or thou goest to the grange or mill

Dor If to either, thou dost ill 310

Aut Neither *Dor* What, neither? *Aut* Nei-
ther

Dor Thou hast sworn my love to be

Mop Thou hast sworn it more to me

Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo We'll have this song out anon by ourselves
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and
we'll not trouble them Come, bring away thy
pack after me Wenches, I'll buy for you both
Pedlar, let's have the first choice Follow me,
girls

[Exit with *DORCAS* and *MOPSA*

Aut And you shall pay well for 'em

Follows singing

"Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new't and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar,

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a"

[Exit 330

Re-enter SERVANT

Serv Master, there is three carters, three shep-
herds, three neat-herds, three swine herds, that
have made themselves all men of hair, they
call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance
which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gam-
bols, because they are not in 't, but they them-
selves are in the mind, if it be not too rough for
some that know little but bowling, it will please
pleasantly 339

Shep Away! we'll none on't Here has been
too much homely foolery already I know sir
we can you

Pol You weary those that refresh us Pray,
let's see these four threes of herdsmen

Serv One three of them, by their own report,
sir, hath danced before the King, and not the
worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a
half by the squire

Shep Leave your prating Since these good
men are pleased, let them come in, but quickly
now 351

Serv Why, they stay at door, sir [Exit

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs

Pol O, father, you'll know more of that here-
after

[To *CAMILLO*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to
part them

He's simple and tells much [To *FLORIZEL*] How
now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting Sooth, when I was
young

And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks I would have ran-
sack'd 359

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance, you have let him go
And nothing marted with him If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her

Flo Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already, 369
But not deliver'd O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's
bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er

Pol What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you our
But to your protestation, let me hear
What you profess

Flo Do and be witness to me 379

Pol And this my neighbour too?

Flo And he, and more
Than he and men, the earth, the heavens, and all
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eyes swerve, had force and know-
ledg

More than as ever man's, I would not prize
them

Without her love for her employ them all,
Commend them and condemn them to her service

Or to their own perdition

Pol Fairly offer'd

Carr This shows a sound affection

Shep But my daughter

Say you the like to him?

Per I cannot speak 390

So well nothing so well no nor mean better

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out

The purity of his

Shep Take hands a bargain!

And friends unknown you shall bear witness
to it

I give my daughter to him and will make

Her portion equal his

Flo O that must be

I the virtue of your daughter One being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet

Enough then for your wonder But come on 399

Contract us fore these witnesses

Shep Come your hand

And daughter yours

Pol Soft swain awhile beseech you

Have you a father?

Flo I have but what of him?

Pol knows he of this?

Flo Ne neither does nor shall

Pol Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest

That best becomes the table Pray you once
more

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear? 409

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bedrid? and again does nothing

But what he did being childish?

Flo No good sir

He has his health and ampler strength indeed

Than most have of his age

Pol By my white beard

You offer him if this be so a wrong

Something unfilial Reason my son

Should choose himself a wife, but as good
reason

The father all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity should hold some counsel

In such a business

Flo I yield all this 420

But for some other reasons my grave sir

Which tis not fit you know I not acquaint

My father of this business

Pol Let him know it

Flo He shall not

Pol Pruthee let him

Flo No he must not

Shep Let him my son He shall not need to
grieve

At knowing of thy choice

Flo Come come he must not

Mark our contract

Pol Mark your divorce young sir

Discovering himself

Whom son I dare not call Thou art too base

To be acknowledged Thou a sceptre's heir 429

That thus affect at a sheep-hook! Thou old
traitor

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week And thou fresh
piece

Of excellent witchcraft who of force must know

The royal fool thou copest with—

Shep O my heart!

Pol I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with bruis
and made

More homely than thy state For thee fond boy

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack as never

I mean thou shalt we'll bar thee from succession

Nor hold thee of our blood no nor our kin 440

Far than Deucalion off Mark thou my words

Follow us to the court Thou churl for this time

Though full of our displeasure yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it And you enchant

ment—

Worthy enough a herdsman see him too

That makes himself but for our honour therein

Unworthy thee—if ever henceforth thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces

I will devise a death as cruel for thee 450

As thou art tender to it [Exit

Per Even here undone!

I was not much afraid for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage but

Looks on alike Will it please you sir be gone?

I told you what would come of this Beseech you

Of your own state take care This dream of
mine—

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther

But milk my ewes and weep 460

Carr Why how now father?

Speak ere thou diest

Shep I cannot speak nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore three

That thought to fill his grave in quiet yet,

To lie close by his honest bones but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust O cursed
wretch,
That knew 'st this was the Prince, and wouldst
adventure 471

To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire [Exit

Flo Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid, delay'd,
But nothing alter'd What I was, I am,
More straining on for plucking back, not fol-
lowing

My leash unwillingly

Cam Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper At this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him, and as hardly

Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear 480
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,
Come not before him

Flo I not purpose it

I think, Camillo?

Cam Even he, my lord

Per How often have I told you 'twould be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last

But till 'twere known!

Flo It cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith, and then

Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks

From my succession wipe me, father, I 490

Am heir to my affection

Cam Be advised

Flo I am, and by my fancy If my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason,

If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,

Do bid it welcome

Cam This is desperate, sir

Flo So call it, but it does fulfil my vow,

I needs must think it honesty Camillo,

Not for Bohemia nor the pomp that may

Be thereof glean'd for all the sun sees or 499

The close earth womb or the profound seas hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair beloved, therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honour'd

friend

When he shall miss me—as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more—cast your good counsels

Upon his passion Let my self and fortune

Tug for the time to come This you may know

And so deliver I am put to sea

Whether whom here I cannot hold on shore,

And not opportune to our need I have 510

A vessel rides fast by but not prepared

For this design What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting

Cam O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice,

Or stronger for your need

Flo Hark, Perdita [Drawing her aside]

I'll hear you by and by

Cam He's irremovable,

Resolved for flight Now were I happy, if

His going I could frame to serve my turn, 519

Save him from danger, do him love and honour,

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia

And that unhappy king, my master, whom

I so much thirst to see

Flo Now, good Camillo,

I am so fraught with curious business that

I leave out ceremony

Cam Sir, I think

You have heard of my poor services, 't the love

That I have borne your father?

Flo Very nobly

Have you deserved It is my father's music

To speak your deeds, not little of his care 529

To have them recompensed as thought on

Cam Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the King

And through him what is nearest to him which is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction

If your more ponderous and settled project

May suffer alteration, on mine honour,

I'll point you where you shall have such receiving

As shall become your Highness, where you may

Enjoy your mistress from the whom, I see,

There's no disjunction to be made, but by — 539

As heavens forfend!—your ruin, marry her,

And, with my best endeavours in your absence,

Your discontenting father strive to qualify

And bring him up to liking

Flo How, Camillo,

May this, almost a miracle be done?

That I may call thee something more than man

And after that trust to thee

Cam Have you thought on

A place whereto you'll go?

Flo Not any yet

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty

To what we wildly do so we profess

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies 550

Of every wind that blows

Cam Then list to me

This follows if you will not change your purpose

But unlergo this flight, make for Sicilia

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she—as be 'fore Leonte

She shall be habited as it becomes

The partner of your bed Methinks I see

Leontes opening his free arms and weeping 558
His welcomes forth asks thee the son forgive-
ness

As twere the father's person kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess: o'er and o'er divides him
Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo Worthy Camillo
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Carm Sent by the King your father
To greet him and to give him comforts Sir
The manner of your bearing toward him with
What you as from your father shall deliver
Things known betwixt us three I will write you
down

The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say that he shall not perceiue
But that you haue your father s bosom there
And speak his very heart

Flo I am bound to you
There is some sap in this

Carm A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of ourselves
To unpath'd waters undream'd shores most cer-
tain

To miseries enough no hope to help you
But as you shake off one to take another
Nothing so certain as your anchors who 580
Do their best office if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be Besides you know
Properity is the very bond of love
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
gether

Affliction alters

Per One of these is true
I think affliction may subdue the cheek
But not take in the mind

Carm Yea say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven
years

Be turn another such

Flo My good Camillo
 She is as forward of her breeding as 590
 She is the rear our birth

Cam I cannot say his pity
She lacks instructions for she seems a mistress
To most that teach

Per Your pardon sir for this
I'll blush you thanks

No My prettiest Perdita!

But O the thorns we stand upon! Camillo
Preserver of my father now of me
The medicine of our house how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,

Not shall appear in *Steglia*

Cam. My lord
Fear none of this I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there It shall be so my care 607
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine For instance sir
That you may know you shall not want one
word

They talk as if

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS

Aut Ha ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust his sworn brother a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery not a counterfeited stone not a ribbon glass pomander brooch table book ballad knife tape glove shoe tie bracer horn ring to keep my pack from fainting They throng who should buy first as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture and what I saw to my good use I remembered My own who wants but something to be a reasonable man grew so in love with the wench's song that he would not stir his petticoats till he had both tune and words which drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses struck in ears You might have punched a plucker it was senseless 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse I could have filed keys off that hung in chains No hearing no feeling but my sir's song and admiring the nothing of it So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son and scared my thoughts from the chaff I had not left a purse alive in the whole army 650

[CAMILLO FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward
Cam Nat, but my letters by this means being
there

So soon as you arrive shall clear that doubt
Flo And those that you ll procure from King

Leontes—

Cam Shall satisfy your father

Per Happy be you!

All that you speak shows a fair

Cam Who have we here?

Spring AUTOLYCLS

We'll make an instrument of this omit

Nothing may give us aid

Aut If they have overheard me now why hanging 639

Cam How now good fellow! why shakest
thou so? Fear not man here's no harm in-
tended to thee

Ant I am a poor fellow sir

Cam Why, be so still, here's nobody will steal that from thee. Yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange, therefore disease thee instantly—thou must think there's a necessity in't—and change garments with this gentleman. Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut I am a poor fellow, sir [*Aside*] I know yewell enough.

Cam Nay, prithee, dispatch. The gentleman is half slayed already.

Aut Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't.

Flo Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut Indeed, I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam Unbuckle, unbuckle 660

FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy

Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself

Into some covert. Take your sweetheart's hat

And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,

Dismantle you, and, as you can, dislike

The truth of your own seeming, that you may—

For I do fear eyes o'er—to shipboard

Get undescried.

Per I see the play so lies

That I must bear a part.

Cam No remedy 669

Have you done there?

Flo Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam Nay, you shall have no hat

Giving it to PERDITA

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend,

Aut Adieu, sir

Flo O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!

Pray you a word.

Cam [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell

the king

Of this escape and whither they are bound,

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after, in whose company

I shall review Sicilia for whose sight

I have a woman's longing.

Flo Fortune speed us! 680

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea side

Cam The swifter speed the better

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA and CAMILLO*]

Aut I understand the business, I hear it. To

have an open ear, a quick eye and a nimble

hand is necessary for a cut purse, a good nose

is requisite also to smell out work for the other

parts. I see this is the time that the unjust

may doth thrive. What an exchange had this

been without boot! What a boot is here with

this exchange! Sure the gods do this year contrive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work. 701

Clo See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the King she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep Nay, but hear me.

Clo Nay but hear me.

Shep Go to, then.

Clo She being none of your flesh and blood,

your flesh and blood has not offended the king,

and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished

by him. Show those things you found about

her, those secret things, all but what she has

with her. This being done, let the law go whistle.

I warrant you.

Shep I will tell the King all, every word,

yea, and his son's pranks too, who, I may say,

is no honest man, neither to his father nor to

me, to go about to make me the King's brother-

in-law. 720

Clo Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest

off you could have been to him and then your

blood had been the dearer by I know how much

an ounce.

Aut [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep Well, let us to the king. There is that

in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut [*Aside*] I know not what impediment

this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo Pray heartily, he be at palace. 730

Aut [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally

honest, I am so sometimes by chance. Let me

pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off*

his false beard] How now, rustics! whither are

you bound?

Shep To the palace, as it like your worship.

Aut Your affairs there, what with whom the

condition of that fardel, the place of your dwell-

ing, your names, your ages of what having

breeding and anything that is fitting to be

known discover.

Clo We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut A lie, you are rough.

have no lying. It becomes

and they often give us soldiers the lie but we pay them for it with stamped coin not stabbing steel therefore they do not give us the lie

Clo Your worship had like to have given us one if you had not taken yourself with the manner

Shep Are you a courtier an t like you sir?

Aut Whether it like me or no I am a courtier Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court contempt? Thinkst thou, for that I insinuate or toaze from thee thy business I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there whereupon I command thee to open thy affair

Shep My business sir is to the hang

Aut What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep I know not, an t like you

Clo Advocate s the court word for a pheasant

Say you have none

Shep None sir I have no pheasant cock nor hen 770

Aut How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are

Therefore I will not disdain

Clo This cannot be but a great courtier

Shep His garments are rich but he wears them not handsomely

Clo He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical A great man, I'll warrant I know by the picking on s teeth

Aut The fardel there? what s s the fardel?

Wherefore that box? 781

Shep Sir there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the hang and which he shall know within this hour if I may come to the speech of him

Aut Age, thou hast lost thy labour

Shep Why sir?

Aut The hang is not at the palace he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself for if thou beest capable of things serious thou must know the hang is full of grief

Shep So eis said sir about his son, that should have married a shepherd s daughter

Aut If that shepherd be not in hand fast let him fly The curses he shall have the tortures he shall feel will break the back of man, the heart of monster

Clo Think you so sir? 798

Aut Not he alone shall suffer what we can make heavy and vengeance bitter but those that

are germane to him, though removed fifty times shall all come under the hangman which though it be great pity yet it is necessary An old sheep-whistling rogue a ram tender to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned but that death is too soft for him say I Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few the sharpest too easy

Clo Has the old man e'er a son sir do you hear an t like you sir? 810

Aut He has a son who shall be stayed alive then nointed over with honey set on the head of a wasp s nest then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead then recovered again with aqua vitæ or some other hot infusion then raw as he is and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims shall he be set again t a brick wall the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death But what talk we of these traitorly rascals whose miseries are to be smiled at their offences being so capital? Tell me for you seem to be honest plain men what you have to the hang Being something gently considered I'll bring you where he is aboard tender your persons to his presence whisper him in your behalfs and if it be in man besides the hang to effect your suits here is man shall do it 821

Clo He seems to be of great authority Close with him give him gold and though authority be a stubborn bear yet he is oft led by the nose with gold Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand and no more ado Remember stoned and stayed alive

Shep An t please you sir to undertake the business for us here is that gold I have I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you

Aut After I have done what I promised?

Shep Ay sir 840

Aut Well give me the moiety Are you a party in this business?

Clo In some sort sir but though my case be a painful one I hope I shall not be stayed out of it

Aut O that s the case of the shepherd s son Hang him he'll be made an example

Clo Comfort good comfort! We must to the hang and show our strange rights He must know tis none of your daughter nor my sister we are gone else Sir I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says your pawn till it be brought you

Aut I will trust you Walk before toward the sea side go on the right hand I will but look upon the hedge and follow you

Clo We are blest in this man, as I may say,
even blest

Shep Let's before as he bids us He was pro-
vided to do us good 860

[*Exeunt* SHEPHERD and CLOWN

Aut If I had a mind to be honest, I see For-
tune would not suffer me She drops booties in
my mouth I am courted now with a double oc-
casion, gold and a means to do the Prince my
master good, which who knows how that may
turn back to my advancement? I will bring these
two moles, these blind ones, aboard him If he
think it fit to shore them again and that the com-
plaint they have to the King concerns him noth-
ing let him call me rogue for being so far
officious, for I am proof against that title and
what shame else belongs to't To him will I
present them There may be matter in it [*Exit*

ACT V

SCENE I A room in Leontes' palace

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and
Servants

Cle Sir, you have done enough, and have per-
form'd

A saint like sorrow No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd, indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil,
With them forgive yourself

Leon Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did my self, which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and 10
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of

Paul True, too true, my lord
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill d
Would be unparallel'd

Leon I think so kill'd'
She I kill d' I did so, but thou strik'st me
Cord, to say I did, it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as is my thought Now, good
now,

Say so but seldom

Cle Not at all good lady 20
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would

Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better

Paul You are one of those
Would have him wed again

Dion

If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name, consider little
What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Uncertain lookers on What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well? 30
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes,
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason 41

As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me, who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills [*To* LEONTES] Care
not for issue,

The crown will find an heir Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best

Leon Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul And left them
More rich for what they yielded

Leon Thou speak'st truth
No more such wiles, therefore, no wife One
worse,
And better used would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we're offenders now, appear soul-ex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"

Paul Had she such power, 60
She had just cause

Leon She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married

Paul I should so
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her then I'd shriek that even your
ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that fol-
low'd

Should be "Remember mine"

Leon Stars stars,

And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife

I'll have no wife Paulina

Paul Will you swear

Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

Leon Never Paulina so be blest my spirit!

Paul Then good my lords bear witness to his oath

Cleo You tempt him over much

Paul Unless another

As like Hermione as in her picture

Affront his eye

Cleo Good madam—

Paul I have done

Yet if my lord will marry—if you will sir

No remedy but you will—give me the office

To choose you a queen She shall not be so young

As was your former but she shall be such

As walk'd you, first queen's ghost it should take joy 80

To see her in your arms

Leon My true Paulina

We shall not marry till thou bid us

Paul That

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath

Never till then

Enter a Gentleman

Gent One that gives out himself Prince Florizel

Son of Polixenes with his princess she

The fairest I have yet beheld desires access

To your high presence

Leon What with him? he comes not

Like to his father's greatness His approach

So out of circumstance and sudden tells us 90

'Tis not a visitation framed but forced

By need and accident What train?

Gent But few

And those but mean

Leon His princess say you with him?

Gent As the most peerless piece of earth I think

That e'er the sun shone bright on

Paul O Hermione

As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better gone so must thy grave

Give us what's seen now! Sir you yourself

Have said and writ so but your writing now

Is colder than that theme 'She had not been' 100

Nor was not to be equal'd Thus your verse

Flow'd with her beauty once 'Tis shrewdly

ebb'd

To say you have seen a better

Gent Pardon, madam

The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—

The other when she has obtain'd your eye

Will have your tongue too This is a creature

Would she begin a sect might quench the zeal

Of all professors else make proselytes

Of who she but bid follow

Paul How! not women?

Gent Women will love her that she is a

woman 110

More worth than any man men that she is

The rarest of all women

Leon Go Cleomenes

Yourself assisted with your honour'd friends

Bring them to our embracement Still tis strange

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES and others*]

He thus should steal upon us

Paul Had our prince

Jewel of children seen this hour he had pair'd

Well with this lord There was not full a month

Between their births

Leon Prudence no more cease thou know'st

He dies to me again when talk'd of Sure 120

When I shall see this gentleman thy speeches

Will bring me to consider that which may

Unfurnish me of reason They are come

Re-enter CLEOMENES and others with FLORIZEL in a PERDITA

Your mother was most true to wedlock prince

For she did print your royal father off

Conceiving you Were I but twenty one

Your father's image is so hit in you

His very air that I should call you brother

As I did him and speak of something wildly

By us perform'd before Most dearly welcome!

And your fair princess—goddess!—O alas! 131

I lost a couple that twixt heaven and earth

Might thus have stood begetting wonder

You gracious couple do and then I lost—

All mine own folly—the society

Amity too of your brave father whom

Though bearing misery I desire my life

Once more to look on him

Flo By his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him

Give you all greetings that a king at friend 140

Can send his brother and but infirmity

Which waits upon worn times hath something

seized

His wish'd ability he had himself

The lands and waters twixt your throne and his

Measured to look upon you whom he loves—

He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres

And those that bear them living

Leon O my brother

Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee

afresh within me and these thy offices

So rarely kind, are my interpreters 150

Of my behind hand slackness Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo Good my lord,
She came from Libya
Leon Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo Most royal sir, from thence, from him,
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her

Thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me

For visiting your Highness My best train

I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify

Not only my success in Libya, sir,

But my arrival and my wife's in safety

Here where we are

Leon The blessed gods

Purge all infection from our air whilst you

Do climate here! You have a holy father,

A graceful gentleman, against whose person,

So sacred as it is, I have done sin,

For which the heavens, taking angry note,

Have left me issueless, and your father's blest,

As he from heaven merits it, with you

Worthy his goodness What might I have been,

Night I a son and daughter now have look'd on,

Such goodly things as you!

Enter a LORD

Lord Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh Please you, great
sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself by me,

Desires you to attach his son, who has—

His dignity and duty both cast off—

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with

A shepherd's daughter

Leon Where's Bohemia? speak

Lord Here in your city, I now came from
him

I speak amazedly, and it becomes

My marvel and my message To your court

Whilst he was hastening in the chase it seems

Of this fair couple meets he on the way

His father of this seeming lady and

Her brother having both their countries quitted

With this young prince

Flo Camillo has betray'd me

Whose honour and whose honesty till now

Endured all weathers

Lord Lay't so to his charge,

He's with the King your father

Leon Who? Camillo?

Lord Camillo, sir, I spake with him, who
now

Has these poor men in question Never saw I
Wretches so quake They kneel, they kiss the
earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak 200

Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them

With divers deaths in death

Per O my poor father!

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have

Our contract celebrated

Leon You are married?

Flo We are not sir, nor are we like to be,

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first

The odds for high and low's alike

Leon My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo She is,

When once she is my wife

Leon That 'once,' I see by your good father's
speed, 210

Will come on very slowly I am sorry,

Most sorry, you have broken from his liking

Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry

Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her

Flo Dear, look up

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,

Should chase us with my father power no jot

Hath she to change our loves Beseech you sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time

Than I do now With thought of such affections,

Step forth mine advocate, at your request 221

My father will grant precious things as trifles

Leon Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle

Paul Sir, my liege,

Your eye hath too much youth in't Not a month

'Fore your queen died she was more worth such
gazes

Than what you look on now

Leon I thought of her,

I even in these looks I made [To FLORIZEL] But
your petition

Is yet unanswered I will to your father

Your honour not overthrow by your desires 230

I am friend to them and you, upon which errand

I now go toward him therefore follow me

And mark what way I make Come, good my

lord

[Exit

SCENE II *Before Leontes palace**Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN*

Aut Beseech you sir were you present at this relation?

1st Gent I was by at the opening of the fardel heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it whereupon after a little amazement we were all commanded out of the chamber only this methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child

Aut I would most gladly know the issue of it

1st Gent I make a broken delivery of the business but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration. They seemed almost with staring on one another to tear the cases of their eyes there was speech in their dumbness language in their very gesture they looked as they had heard of a world ram-somed or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow but in the extremity of the one it must needs be

Enter SECOND GENTLEMAN

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more The news Rogero?

2nd Gent Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled the King's daughter is found. Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad makers cannot be able to express it

Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward. He can deliver you more. How goes it now sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the King found his heir?

3rd Gent Most true if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance. That which you hear you'll swear you see there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's her jewel about the neck of it the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2nd Gent No

3rd Gent Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow

wept to take leave of them for their joy waded tears. There was casting up of eyes holding up of hands with countenance of such distract that they were to be known by garment not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out himself for joy of his found daughter as if that joy were now become a loss cries O thy mother thy mother! then asks Bohemia for givenness then embraces his son in law then again worries he his daughter with clipping her now he thanks the old shepherd which stands by like a weather bitten conduit of many kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it

2nd Gent What pray you became of Antigonus that carried hence the child?

3rd Gent Like an old tale still which will have matter to rehearse though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear. This avouches the shepherd's son who has not only his innocence which seems much to justify him but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows

1st Gent What became of his bark and his followers?

3rd Gent Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O the noble combat that twist joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. She lifted the Princess from the earth and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing

1st Gent The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes for by such was it acted

3rd Gent One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes. Can hit the water though not the fish was when at the relation of the Queen's death with the manner how she came to it bravely confessed and lamented by the King how attentiveness wounded his daughter till from one sign of colour to another she did with an Alas I would fain say bleed tears for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour some swooned all sorrowed. If all the world could have seen it the woe had been universal

1st Gent Are they returned to the court?

3rd Gent No the Princess hearing of her mother's statue which is in the keeping of Paulina—

a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he in her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2nd Gent I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and without company piece the rejoicing?

1st Gent Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born. Our absence makes us unthrifts to our knowledge. Let's along. 121

[*Exit* GENTLEMEN]

Aut Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince, told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what. But he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me, for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredit.

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep Come, boy, I am past mee children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Cl You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am or now a gentleman born.

Cl I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Aut Ay, and have been so any time these four years.

Shep And so have I, boy. 149

Cl So you have. But I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand and called me brother, and then the two kings called my father brother, and then the Prince my brother and the Princess my sister called my father father, and so we were and

there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep We may live, son, to shed many more.

Cl Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are. 159

Aut I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

Shep Prithce, son, do, for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Cl Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut Ay, an it like your good worship.

Cl Give me thy hand. I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 170

Shep You may say it, but not swear it.

Cl Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep How if it be false, son?

Cl If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend, and I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk, but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk, but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Cl Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, nor being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us, we'll be thy good masters. [*Exit*]

SCENE III *A chapel in Paulina's house*

Enter LEONTIUS, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants

Leon O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort.

That I have had of thee!

Paul What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services You have paid home, but that you have vouchsafed,

With your crown'd brother and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace which never My life may last to answer.

Leon O Paulina

We honour you with trouble, but we came To see the statue of our queen. Your gallery Have we pass'd through not without much content.

In many singularities, but we saw not

That which my daughter came to look upon
The statue of her mother

Paul As she liv'd peerless
So her dead likeness I do well believe
Exceeds whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done therefore I keep it
Lonely apart But here it is Prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever 19
Still sleep mock'd death Behold and say tis
well

PAULINA draws a curtain and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue

I like your silence it the more shows off
Your wonder But yet speak first you my liege
Comes it not something near?

Leon Her natural posture!
Chide me dear stone that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione or rather thou art she
In thy not chiding for she was as tender
As infancy and grace But yet Paulina
Hermione was not so much wrinkled nothing
So aged as this seems

Pol O not by much
Paul So much the more our carver's excellence
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes
her 31

As she liv'd now

Leon As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort as it is

Now piercing to my soul O thus she stood
Even with such life of majesty warm life
As now in coldly stands when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed Does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece
There's magic in this majesty which has
My evils conjured to remembrance and 40
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits
Standing like stone with thee

Per And give me leave
And do not say tis superstition that
I kneel and then implore her blessing Lady
Dear queen that ended when I but began
Give me that hand of yours to kiss

Paul O patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd the colour's
Not dry

Cen My lord your sorrow was too sore laid
on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away 50
So many summers dry Scarce any joy
Did ever so long live no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner

Pol Dear my brother
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself

Paul Indeed my lord
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you—for the stone is
mine—

I did not have show'd it

Leon Do not draw the curtain

Paul No longer shall you gaze on it lest you
fancy 60

May think anon it moves

Leon Let be let be
Would I were dead but that methinks already—
What was he that did make it? See my lord
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those
veins

Did venis bear blood?

Pol Masterly done

The very life seems warm upon her lip

Leon The fixture of her eye has motion in it
As we are mock'd with art

Paul I'll draw the curtain

My lord's almost so far transported that
He'll think anon it lives

Leon O sweet Paulina, 70

Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness Let it alone

Paul I am sorry sir I have thus far stirr'd you
but

I could afflict you farther

Leon Do Paulina

For this affliction has a taste as sweet

As any cordial comfort Still methinks

There is an air comes from her What fine chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me

For I will kiss her

Paul Good my lord forbear 80

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet

You'll mar it if you kiss it stain your own

With oily painting Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon No not these twenty years

Per So long could I

Stand by a looker on

Paul Either forbear

Quit presently the chapel or resolve you

For more amazement If you can behold it

I'll make the statue move in deed descend

And take you by the hand But then you'll think— 90

Which I protest against—I am assisted

By wicked powers

Leon What you can make her do

I am content to look on what to speak

I am content to hear for tis as easy

To make her speak as move

Paul It is required

You do awake your faith Then all stand still

On those that think it is unlawful business

THE WINTER'S TALE

SCENE III

I am about, let them depart

Leon

Proceed,

No foot shall stir

Paul

Music, awake her, strike!

*Music*Tis time, descend, be stone no more, approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel! Come, 100I'll fill your grave up stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you You perceive she stirs*HERMIONE comes down*Start not, her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful Do not shun her
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double Nay, present your hand
When she was young you woo'd her, now in age
Is she become the suitor?*Leon*

O, she's warm!

If this be magic, let it be an art 110

Lawful as eating

Paul

She embraces him

Cam She hangs about his neck

If she pertain to life let her speak too

*Paul*Ay, and make 't manifest where she has
lived,

Or how stolen from the dead

Paul

That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale But it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not Mark a little while

Please you to interpose, fair madam, kneel

And pray your mother's blessing Turn, good 120

lady,

Our Perdita is found

Her

You gods, look down

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own

Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?
how foundThy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracleGave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue*Paul*

There's time enough for that,

Lest they desire upon this push to trouble

Your joys with like relation Go together, 130

You precious winners all, your exultation

Partake to every one I, an old turtle,

Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,

Lament till I am lost

Leon

O, peace, Paulina!

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine a wife This is a match,

And made between 's by vows Thou hast found

mine,

But how, is to be question'd, for I saw her,

As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many

A prayer upon her grave I'll not seek far— 141

For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee

An honourable husband Come, Camillo,

And take her by the hand, whose worth and
honesty

Is richly noted and here justified

By us, a pair of kings Let's from this place

What! look upon my brother Both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks

My ill suspicion This is your son-in law 149

And son unto the king who, heavens directing,

Is troth plight to your daughter Good Paulina,

Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely

Each one demand and answer to his part

Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first

We were discover'd Hastily lead away! [Exeunt

20 THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO *King of Naples*
 SEBASTIAN *his brother*
 PROSPERO *the right Duke of Milan*
 ANTONIO *his brother the usurping Duke of Milan*
 FERDINAND *son to the King of Naples*
 GONZALO *an honest old counsellor*
 ADRIAN |
 FRANCISCO | *Lords*
 CALIBAN *a savage and deformed slave*
 TRINCULO *a jester*
 STEPHANO *a drunken butler*
 MASTER of a ship
 BOATSWAIN

MARINERS

MIRANDA *daughter to Prospero*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit*

IRIS
 CERES | *Spirits*
 JUNO |

NON SPEAKING *Nymphs and Reapers presented by spirits and other Spirits attending on Prospero*

SCENE *A ship at sea and an island*



ACT I

SCENE I *On a ship at sea a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

Enter a SHIP MASTER and a BOATSWAIN

Master Boatswain!

Boats Here master what cheer?

Master Good speak to the mariners Tell to 'em yarely or we run ourselves aground Bestir be stir [Exit]

Enter MARINERS

Boats Heigh my hearts! cheerly cheerly my hearts! yare yare! Take in the topsail Tend to the master's whistle Blow till thou burst thy wind if room enough!

Enter ALONSO SEBASTIAN ANTONIO FERDINAND GONZALO and others

Alon Good boatswain have care Where's the master? Play the men 11

Boats I pray now keep below

Ant Where is the master boatswain?

Boats Do you not hear him? You mar our labour keep your cabins you do assist the storm
Gon Nay good be patient

Boats When the sea is Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin Silence! trouble us not

Gon Good yet remember whom thou hast aboard 21

Boats None that I more love than myself You are a counsellor if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present we will not hand a rope more use your authority If you cannot give thanks you have lived so long

and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour if it so hap Cheerly good hearts! Out of our way I say [Exit]

Gon I have great comfort from this fellow Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him his complexion is perfect gallows Stand fast good Fate to his hanging Make the rope of his destiny our cable for our own doth little advantage If he be not born to be hanged our case is miserable [Exit]

Re-enter BOATSWAIN

Boats Down with the topmast! yare! lower lower! Bring her so try with main-course [A cry within] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office 49

Re-enter SEBASTIAN ANTONIO and GONZALO

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb A pox o' your throat you bawling blasphemous incharitable dog!

Boats Work you then

Ant Hang cur! hang you whoreson, insolent nonsemer! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art

Gon I'll warrant him for drowning though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanched wench

Boats Lay her a hold a hold! set her two courses off to sea again lay her off!

Enter MARINERS with

Mariners All lost! to prayers to prayers all lost!

Boats What must our mouths be cold?

Co The King and Prince at prayers! let's as-
sist them,

For our case is as theirs

54 I'm out of patience

1 I We are merely cheated of our lives by
drunkards

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst
be drowning

60

The washing of ten tides!

Co He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it

1 I I hope at widest to glut him

A confused noise within Mercy on us!

We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and
children!

1 I Well, brother!—We split, we split, we
split!

1 I Let's all sink with the King

56 Let's take leave of him

[Exit ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN]

Co Now would I give a thousand furlongs of
sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath,
brown furze, anything The wills above be done!
but I would fain die a dry death

[Exit]

SCENE II The island before Prospero's cell

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

1 I If by your art, my dearest father, you have
put the wild waters in this roar, allay them

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking
pitch,

So that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Drops the fire out O, I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer A brave vessel,

Which had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,

Did I all to pieces O, the cry did knock

Among my very heart Poor souls, they perish'd

Had I been any god of power, I would

10

Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere

I should the good ship so have swallow'd and

The fighting souls within her

1 I Be collected,

No more amazement Tell your piteous heart

There is no harm done

1 I O, woe the day!

1 I No harm

1 I I have done nothing but in care of thee

Of thee my dear one thee my daughter, who

Art ignorant of what thou art nought knowing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better

Than Prospero master of a full poor cell,

20

And no greater father

1 I More to know

1 I I will not meddle with my thoughts

1 I 'Tis time

1 I I will inform thee farther Lend thy hand

And pluck my magic garment from me So,
Lays down his mantle

Lie there, my art Wipe thou thine eyes, have
comfort

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art

So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair

30

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down,

For thou must now know farther

Mir You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding, "Stay, not yet"

Pros The hour's now come,

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,

Obeys and be attentive Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast

not

Out three years old

40

Mir Certainly, sir, I can

Pros By what? by any other house or person?

Of anything the image tell me that

Hath kept with thy remembrance

Mir 'Tis far off

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros Thou hadst, and more, Miranda But how

is it

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?

1 I If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,

How thou camest here thou may'st

But that I do not

Mir

Pros Twelve year since, Miranda twelve year

since

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and

A prince of power

Mir Sir, are not you my father?

Pros Thy mother was a piece of virtue and

She said thou wast my daughter, and thy father

Was Duke of Milan, and thou his only heir

And princess no worse issued

Mir O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from

thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Pros

Both, both, my girl

But blessedly holp' father

60

Mir O my heart bleeds
To think o the teen that I have turn'd you to
Which is from my remembrance! Please you
farther

Iros My brother and thy uncle call'd Antonio—

I pray thee mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state as at that time 70
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke being so reputed
In dignity and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel those being all my study
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger being transported
And rapt in secret studies Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir Sir most heedfully

Pros Being once perfected how to grant suits
How to deny them who to advance and who 80
To trash for over topping new created
The creatures that were mine I say or changed
em

Or else new form'd em having both the key
Of officer and office set all hearts to the state
To what tune pleased his ear that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk
And suck'd my verdure out on't Thou attend'st
not

Mir O good sir I do

Pros I pray thee mark me
I thus neglecting worldly ends all dedicated 90
To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired
O'erprized all popular rate in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature and my trust
Like a good parent did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was which had indeed no limit
A confidence sans bound He being thus lorded
Not only with what my revenue yielded
But what my power might else exact like one 100
Who having into truth by telling of it
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie he did believe
He was indeed the Duke Out of the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty
With all prerogative hence his ambition grew
ing—

Dost thou hear?

Mir Your tale sir would cure deafness

Pros To have no screen between this part he
play'd
And him he play'd it for he needs will be
Absolute Milan Me, poor man, my library

Was dukedom large enough Of temporal royalties

He thinks me now incapable confederates—
So dry he was for sway—was the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute do him homage
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbowed—alas poor Milan!
To most ignoble stooping

Mir O the heavens!

Iros Mark his condition and the event then
tell me

If this might be a brother

Mir I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother
Good wombs have borne bad sons

Pros Now the condition 11
This King of Naples being an enemy
To me in extreme hearkens my brother's suit 12
Which was that he in lieu of the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honours on my brother whereon
A treacherous army levied one midnight 13
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, in the dead of darkness 14
The murderers for the purpose hurried thence 15
Me and this crying self

Mir Alack for pity!

I not remembering how I cried out then
Will cry it o'er again It is a hunt

That wings mine eyes to 11

Pros I fear a little further 16
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's without the which this
story

Were most impertinent

Mir Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pros Well demanded which
My tale provokes that question Dear they durst 17
not 140

So dear the love my people bore me nor set
A mark so bloody on the business but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends
In few they hurried us aboard a bark
Bore us some leagues to sea where they pre-
pared

A rotten carcass of a boat not rig'd
Nor tackle sail nor mast the very rats
Instinctively have quit it There they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us to stop
To the winds whose pity sighing back again 18
Did us but loving wrong

Mir Alack what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pros O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me Thou didst
smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt,
Under my burthen groan'd, which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue
Mir How came we ashore?
Pros By Providence divine
Some food we had and some fresh water that 160
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,
Which since have sterid much, so, of his gen-
tleness,
knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom

Mir Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros Now I arise [*Restumes his mantle*]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow 170
Here in this island we arrived, and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful

Mir Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I
pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea storm

Pros Know thus far forth
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore, and by my prescience 180
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop I here cease more ques-
tions

Thou art inclined to sleep 'tis a good dulness
And give it way, I know thou canst not choose

MIRANDA *Alps*
Come away, servant come I am ready now
Approach my Ariel come

Enter Ariel

Ari All hail great master! Grace sir hail! I
come
To answer thy best pleasure be it to fly 190
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality

Pros Hail to our spirit

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari To every article
I boarded the King's ship, now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement Sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places, on the topmast,
The yards and bow sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join Joy's lightnings, the pre-
cursors 201

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not, the fire and
cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves trem-
ble,
Yea, his dread trident shake

Pros My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation All but mariners 210
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all asire with me The King's son, Ferdin-
and,

With hair up-starting—then like reeds, not hair—
Was the first man that leap'd cried, "I'll be
empty,

And all the devils are here
Pros Why that's my spirit!
But was not this night shore?

Ari Close by my master
Pros But are they Ariel safe?

Ari Not a hair perish'd,
On their sustaining garments not a blemish
But fresher than before and as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them about the isle 220
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting
His arms in this sad knot

Pros Of the King's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest of the fleet

Ari Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship in the deep nook where once
Thou call'd'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vex'd Bermoothes there she's hid
The mariners all under hatches so 230
Who with a clapp'd join'd to their suffer'd la-
bour

I have left asleep and for the rest of the fleet
Which I dispersed they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean fo
Boards as howsoever
Suppose on that I saw the King's ship w.

And his great person perish

Pros Ariel thy charge
Exactly is perform'd but there's more work

What is the time o' the day?

Ari Past the mid season

Pros At least two glasses The time twixt six
and now 240

Must by us both be spent most precious

Ari Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me
pains

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised

Which is not yet perform'd me

Pros How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari My liberty

Pros Before the time be out? no more!

Ari I prithee

Remember I have done thee worthy service

Told thee no lies made thee no mistakings
served

Without or grudge or grumbings Thou didst
promise

To bare me a full year

Pros Dost thou forget 250

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari No

Pros Thou dost and think'st it much to tread
the ooze

Of the salt deep

To run upon the sharp wind of the north

To do me business in the veins o' the earth

When it is baked with frost

Ari I do not sir

Pros Thou liest malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot

The foul witch Sycorax who with age and envy

Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

Ari No sir

Pros Thou hast Where was she born?
speak tell me 260

Ari Sir in Argier

Pros O was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been

Which thou forget'st This damn'd witch Sycorax

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible

To enter human hearing from Argier

Thou know'st was banish'd for one thing she
did

They would not take her life Is not this true?

Ari Ay sir

Pros This blue-eyed hag was hither brought
with child

And here was left by the sailors Thou my slave

As thou report'st thyself wast then her servant

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhorred commands
Refusing her grand hests she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers

And in her most unmitigable rage

Into a cloven pine within which rift

Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years within which space she died

And left thee there where thou dost vent thy
groans 280

As fast as mill wheels strike Then was this is
land—

Save for the son that she did litter here

A freckled whelp hag born—not honour'd with
A human shape

Ari Yes Caliban her son

Pros Dull thing I say so he that Caliban

Whom now I keep in service Thou best know'st

What torment I did find thee in thy groans

Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts

Of yonder angry bears It was a torment

To lay upon the damn'd which Sycorax 290

Could not again undo It was mine art

When I arriv'd and heard thee that made gape

The pine and let thee out

Ari I thank thee master

Pros If thou more murmur'st I will rend an
oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till

Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters

Ari Pardon master

I will be correspondent to command

And do my spiriting gently

Pros Do so and after two days

I will discharge thee

Ari That's my noble master!

What shall I do? Say what what shall I do? 300

Pros Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea
be subject

To no sight but thine and mine invisible

To every eyeball else Go take this shape

And hither come in—Go hence with diligence!
{*Exit ARIEL*}

Awake dear heart awake! thou hast slept well!
Awake!

Ari The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me

Pros Shake it off Come on

We'll visit Caliban my slave who never

Yields us kind answer

Ari 'Tis a villain, sir

I do not love to look on

Pros But as tis 310

We cannot miss him he does make our fire,

Fetch in our wood and serves in offices

That profit us What ho! slave! Caliban!

'Thou earth, thou! speak

Cal [Within] There's wood enough within
Pros Come forth, I say! there's other business
 for thee
 Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear

An My lord, it shall be done [Exit

Pros Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
 himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

Enter CALIBAN

Cal As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
 Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
 And blister you all o'er!

Pros For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
 cramps,

Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up, ur-
 chins

Shall for that vast of night that they may
 work,

All exercise on thee, thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thick as honey comb, each pinch more sting-
 ing

Than bees that made 'em

Cal I must eat my dinner 330

This island's mine, by *Sy corax* my mother,
 Which thou takest from me When thou camest
 first,

Thou strok'dst me and madest much of me,
 wouldst give me

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,
 That burn by day and night, and then I loved
 thee

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and
 fertile

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 Of *Sy corax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have, 341
 Which first was mine own king, and here you
 sit me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' the island

Pros Thou most lying slave,
 When stripes may move, not kindness! I have
 eel thee,

Fit that thou art, with human care and lodged
 thee

In my own cell till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child

Cal Oho! Oho! would't had been done!

Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else 350
 This isle with Calibans

Pros Abhorred slave,
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
 hour

One thing or other When thou didst not, savage,
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
 like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
 With words that made them known But thy vile
 race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
 good natures

Could not abide to be with, therefore wast thou
 Deserv'dly confined into this rock, 361

Who hadst deserved more than a prison

Cal You taught me language, and my profit
 on't

Is, I know how to curse The red plague rid you
 For learning me your language!

Pros Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel, and be quick, thou'rt best,
 To answer other business Shrug'st thou, malice?

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly

What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
 Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar 370
 That beasts shall tremble at thy din

Cal No, pray thee

[Aside] I must obey His art is of such power,
 It would control my dam's god, Setebos,

And make a vassal of him

Pros So, slave, hence! [Exit CALIBAN]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing,
 FERDINAND following*

ARIEL'S SONG

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands

Courtied when you have and kiss'd

The wild waves whist,

Foot it featly here and there, 380

And sweet sprites the burthen bear

Burden (disperstly) Hark! hark!

Bow wow

The watch-dogs bark!

Bow wow

An Hark! hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chaucleer

Cry Cock-a-diddle-dow

An Where should this music be? In the air or
 the earth?

It comes from my voice and, sure, it was upon

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man

Trin A most ridiculous monster, to make a
wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

Cal I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs

grow,
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts,
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset, I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get
thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with
me?

Siz I prithee now, lead the way without any
more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our
company else being drowned, we will inherit
here. Here, bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo,
we'll fill him by and by again

Cal [*Sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master, farewell, farewell!

Trin A howling monster, a drunken monster!

Cal No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish

'Ban, 'Ban, Caliban

Has a new master, get a new man

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom! 191

Siz O brave monster! Lead the way [*Exeunt*]

ACT III

SCENE I Before Prospero's cell

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log

Fer There be some sports are painful, and their
labour

Delight in them sets off, some kinds of base-
ness

Are nobly undergone and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious, but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's
dead

And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,

And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up

Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says such
bitterness

Had never like executor. I forget,

For these sweet thoughts do even refresh my

labours

More bitter when I do it

*Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance,
unseen*

Mir Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you. When this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study, pray now, rest yourself, 20
He's safe for these three hours

Fer O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do

Mir If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile

Fer No, precious creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by

Mir It would become me
As well as it does you, and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against

Pros Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it

Mir You look wearily

Fer No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with
me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

Mir Miranda —O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Fer Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time 40
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear, for several virtues
Have I liked several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil, but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir I do not know
One of my sex, no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass mine own, nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skillless of but by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle

Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget

Fer I am in my condition
A prince Miranda I do think a king
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh fly blow my mouth Hear my soul
speak

The very instant that I saw you did
My heart fly to your service there resides
To make me slave to it and for your sake
Am I this patient log man

Mir Do you love me?
Fer O heaven O earth bear witness to this
sound

And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly invert
What best is boded me to mischief? I
Beyond all limit of what else the world
Do love prize honour you

Mir I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of

Pros Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer Wherefore weep you?

Mir At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give and much less take
What I shall die to want But this is trifling
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows Hence bashful cunning!

And prompt me plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife if you will marry me
If not I'll die your maid To be your fellow
You may deny me but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no

Fer My mistress dearest
And I thus humble ever

Mir My husband then?

Fer Ay with a heart as willing
As bondage or of freedom Here's my hand

Mir And mine with my heart in't And now
farewell

Till half an hour hence

Fer A thousand thousand!

[*Exit FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally*
Pros So glad of this as they I cannot be
Who are surprised withal but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more I'll to my book
For yet ere supper time must I perform
Much business appertaining

[*Exit*

SCENE II Another part of the island

Enter CALIBAN STEPHANO and TRINCULO

Ste Tell not me when the butt is out we will

drink water not a drop before therefore bear
up and board 'em Servant monster drink to me

Trin Servant monster! the folly of this island!
60 They say there's but five upon this isle we are
three of them if the other two be brained like us
the state rotters

Ste Drink servant monster when I bid thee
Thy eyes are almost set in thy head

Trin Where should they be set else? He were a
brave monster indeed if they were set in his tail

Ste My man monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack For my part the sea cannot drown me I
swam ere I could recover the shore five and
thirty leagues off and on By this light the n shal
be my lieutenant monster or my standard

Trin Your lieutenant if you list he's no stand
ard

Ste We'll not run Monsieur Monster

Trin Nor go neither but you'll lie like dogs
and yet say nothing neither

Ste Moon-calf speak once in thy life if thou
bec'st a good moon-calf

Cal How does thy honour? Let me lick thy
shoe

I'll not serve him he is not valiant

Trin Thou liest most ignorant monster I am
in case to juggle a constable Why thou deboshed
fish thou was there ever man a coward that
hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou
tell a monstrous lie being but half a fish and half
a monster?

Cal Lo how he mocks me! wilt thou let him
my lord?

Trin Lord quoth he! That a monster should
be such a natural!

Cal Lo lo again! bite him to death I prithee

Ste Trinculo keep a good tongue in your head
If you prove a mutineer—the next tree! The poor
monster's my subject and he shall not suffer
indignity

Cal I thank my noble lord Wilt thou be pleased
to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste Marry, will I kneel and repeat it I will
stand and so shall Trinculo

Enter ARIEL, invisible

Cal As I told thee before I am subject to a
tyrant a sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheat
ed me of the island

Ari Thou liest

Cal Thou liest thou jesting monkey thou I
would my valiant master would destroy thee! I
do not lie

Ste Trinculo if you trouble him any more in
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your
teeth

Trin Why, I said nothing
Sir Mum, then, and no more Proceed
Cal I say, by sorcery he got this isle,
 From me he got it If thy greatness will
 Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st,
 But this thing dare not—
Sir That's most certain
Cal Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee
Sir How now shall this be compassed? Canst
 thou bring me to the party?
Cal Yea, yea, my lord I'll yield him thee
 asleep,
 Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head
Ant Thou liest, thou canst not
Cal What a pied nunny's this! Thou scurvy
 patch!
 I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
 And take his bottle from him When that's gone
 He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show
 him
 Where the quick freshes are
Sir Trinculo, run into no further danger Inter-
 rupt the monster one word further, and by this
 hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make
 a rock fish of thee
Trin Why, what did I? I did nothing I'll go
 farther off
Sir Didst thou not say he liest?
Ant Thou liest
Sir Do I so? take thou that [*Beats TRINCULO*]
 As you like this, give me the lie another time
Trin I did not give the lie Out o' your wits and
 hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack
 and drinking do A murrain on your monster,
 and the devil take your fingers!
Cal Ha, ha, ha!
Sir Now, forward with your tale Prithce, stand
 farther off
Cal Beat him enough After a little time
 I'll beat him too
Sir Stand farther Come, proceed
Cal Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
 I th' afternoon to sleep There thou mayst brain
 him,
 Having first seized his books or with a log
 Beat his skull or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his wezand with thy knife Remember
 First to possess his books for without them
 He's but a sot as I am, nor hath not
 One up to command They all do hate him
 As naturally as I Burn but his books
 He has leave to enslave—for so he calls them—
 Which when he has a house he'll deck withal
 And the more deeply to conquer us
 The nearer of his day here he himself
 Can't thou compare it I never saw a woman

But only Sycorax my dam and she,
 But she as far surpassereth Sycorax
 As great'st does least
Sir Is it so brave a lass?
Cal Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I war-
 rant
 And bring thee forth brave brood
Sir Monster, I will kill this man His daughter
 and I will be king and queen—save our graces!—
 and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys Dost
 thou like the plot, Trinculo?
Trin Excellent
Sir Give me thy hand I am sorry I beat thee
 but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy
 head
Cal Within this half hour will he be asleep
 Wilt thou destroy him then?
Sir Ay, on mine honour
Ant This will I tell my master
Cal Thou makest me merry, I am full of pleas-
 ure
 Let us be jocund Will you troll the catch
 You taught me but while-ere?
Sir At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
 any reason Come on Trinculo, let us sing [*Sings*]
 "Flout em and scout em
 And scout em and flout 'em,
 Thought is free"
Cal That's not the tune
ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe
Sir What is this same?
Trin This is the tune of our catch, played by
 the picture of Nobody
Sir If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy
 likeness If thou beest a devil, take't as thou list
Trin O forgive me my sins!
Sir He that dies pays all debts I defy thee
 Mercy upon us!
Cal Art thou afraid?
Sir No, monster, not I
Cal Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt
 not
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears and sometimes voices
 That if I then had waked after long sleep
 Will make me sleep again, and then, in dream
 The clouds methought would open and show
 riches
 Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked
 I cried to dream again
Sir Thou wilt prove a brave kingdome to me
 where I shall have my use for nothing?
Cal When Prospero is destroyed
Sir That's all be by and by I remember the
 story

Trin The sound is going away let's follow it
and after do our work

Sir Lead, monster we'll follow I would I
could see this raborer he lays it on 161

Trin Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Another part of the island*

Enter ALONSO SEBASTIAN ANTONIO GONZALO
ADRIAN FRANCISCO *and others*

Gon By r'akin I can go no further sir
My old bones ache Here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth rights and meanders! By your pa-
tience

I needs must rest me

Alon Old lord I cannot blame thee
Who am myself attach'd with weariness
To the dulling of my spirits Sit down and rest
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer He is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land Well let him go 10
Ant [*Aside to SEBASTIAN*] I am right glad that
he's so out of hope

Do not for one repulse forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect

Seb [*Aside to ANTONIO*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly

Ant [*Aside to SEBASTIAN*] Let it be to-night
For now they are oppress'd with travel they
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance

As when they are fresh

Seb [*Aside to ANTONIO*] I say to-night No more
Solemn and strange music

Alon What harmony is this? My good friends
Mark!

Gon Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO *above invisible* *Enter several*
strange Shapes bringing in a banquet they dance
about it with gentle actions of salutation and in
singing the KING &c to eat they depart

Alon Give us kind keepers heavens! What
were these? 20

Seb A living drollery Now I will believe
That there are unicorns that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix throne one phoenix
At this hour reigning there

Ant I'll believe both
And what does else want credit come to me,
And I'll be sworn tis true Travellers ne'er did
lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em

Gon If it's Naples
I should report this now would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders—

For certes these are people of the island— 30
Who though they are of monstrous shape yet
more,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many nay almost any

Pros [*Aside*] Honest lord
Thou hast said well for some of you there pres-
ent

Are worse than devils

Alon I cannot too much muse
Such shapes such gesture and such sound ex-
pressing

Although they want the use of tongue a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse

Pros [*Aside*] Praise in departing
Fran They vanish strangely

Seb No matter since 40
They have left their vands behind for we have
stomachs

Will it please you taste of what is here?

Alon Not I

Gon Faith sir you need not fear When we
were boys

Who would believe that there were mountain
eers

Dew lapp'd like bulls whose throats had hang-
ing at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now
we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of

Alon I will stand to and feed
Although my last No matter since I feel 50
The best is past Brother my lord the Duke
Stand to and do as we

Thunder and lightning *Enter* ARIEL, *like a harpy*
claps his wings upon the table and with a quaint
device the banquet vanishes

Ant You are three men of sin whom Destiny
That hath in instrument this lower world
And what is in't the never surfeted sea
Hath caused to belch up you and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit you mongst men
Being most unfit to live I have made you mad
And even with such like valour men hang and
drown

Their proper selves

ALONSO SEBASTIAN &c *draw their swords*
You fools! I and my fellows 60
Are ministers of Fate The elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well
Wound the loud winds or with bemoock'd at
stabs

kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowe that's in my plume My fellow-
ministers

Are like invulnerable If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your
strengths

And will not be uplifted But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero, 70
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child, for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the crea-
tures,

Against your peace Three of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft, and do pronounce by me
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways, whose wraiths to guard you
from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow 81
And a clear life ensuing

*He vanishes in thunder, then, to soft music, enter the
Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows,
and carrying out the table*

Pros Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel, a grace it had, devouring
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say So, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done My high charms
work

And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions, they now are in my power
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit 91
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd
And his mine loved darling [*Exit shore*
Gm I the name of something holy, sir, who
stand you

In this strange stare?

Alm O, it is monstrous monstrous!
Might thought the billows spoke and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me and the thunder
That deep and dreadful organ pipe pronounced
The name of Prosper it did bass my trespass
Therefore my sons the ozone is bedded and 100
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded [*Exit*
Gm But one fiend at a time

I'll fight their legions o'er

Alm I'll be thy second
[*Exit* *ANTONIO*]

Gm All three of them are desperate Their
fates are

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to
Adr Follow, I pray you [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

SCENE I Before Prospero's cell

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA

Pros If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thrif of mine own life,
Or that for which I live, who once again
I tender to thy hand All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love and thou
Hast strangely stood the test Here, afore Heav-
en,

I ratify this my rich gift O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise 10
And make it halt behind her

Fer I do believe it
Against an oracle

Pros Then, as my gift and thine own acqui-
sition

Worthily purchased, take my daughter, but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew 20
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both Therefore take heed,
As Hy men's lamps shall light you

Fer As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place the strong sugges-
tion

Our worse genius can shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think or Phœbus steeds are found 30
or d

Or Night kept chain'd below

Pros Fairly spoke
Sit then and talk with her she is thine own
What Ariel's my ind'rous servant Ariel!

FERDINAND

Alm What were thine own matter? here I am
Pros Thine and thy meaner fellow's service

Did worthily perform and I must use you
In such another trick Go bring the rabble
Or whom I give thee power here to this place
Incite them to quick motion for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art It is my promise
And they expect it from me

Presently?

Pros Ay with a twink

Ans Before you can say come and go
And breathe twice and cry so so
Each one, tripping on his toe
Will be here with mop and mow
Do you love me, master? No?

Pros Dearly my delicate Ariel Do not approach

Till thou dost hear me call

Ans Well I conceive *[Exit]* 50

Pros Look thou be true do not give dalliance
Too much the rein The strongest oaths are maw
To the fire: the blood Be more abstemious
Or else good night your vow!

Fer I warrant you sir

The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Ahares the ardour of my liver

Pros Well

Now come my Ariel! bring a corollary
Rather than want a spirit Appear and pertly!

No tongue! all eyes! be silent

Soft music

Enter IRIS

Iris Ceres most bounteous lady thy rich leas
Of wheat rye barley vetches oats and pease
Thy curly mountains where live nibbling sheep
And flat meads tharch'd with stover them to
keep

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims
Which spongy April at thy best bestrims
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns and thy
broom-groves

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves
Being lass lorn thy pole-clipt vineyard
And thy sea marge sterile and rocky hard
Where thou thyself dost air—the queen of the
sky

Whose watery arch and messenger am I 71
Bids thee leave these and with her sovereign
grace

Here on this grass plot in this very place
To come and sport here peacocks sit amain
Approach rich Ceres her merriment

Exit CERES

Cer Hail many-colour'd messenger that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter

Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops refreshing showers
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown so
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down
Rich scarf to my proud earth why hath thy
queen

Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green?

Iris A contract of true love to celebrate
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers

Cer Tell me heavenly bow
If Venus or her son thou dost know
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got
Her and her blind boy a scandal'd company 90
I have forsworn

Iris Of her society
Be not afraid I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her Here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid
Whose vows are, that no bed right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted but in vain
Mar's hot minion is return'd again
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows
Swears he will shoot no more but play with
sparrows 100

And be a boy right out

Cer High as queen of state
Great Juno comes I know her by her gait

Enter JUNO

Juno How does my bounteous sister? Go with
me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue *[They sing]*

Juno Honour riches marriage blessing
Long continuance, and increasing
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you

Cer Earth's increase foison plenty 110
Barbs and garners never empty
Vines with clustering bunches growing ing
Plants with goodly burthen bowing

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you
Ceres blessing so is on you

Fer This is a most majestic vision and
Harmonious charmingly May I be bold
To thank these spirits?

Pros Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies
For Let me live here ever,
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment

Pros Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously,
There's something else to do Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd

Iris You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind-
ring brooks,

With your sledged crowns and ever-harmless
looks,

Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons, Juno does command
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love, be not too late

Enter certain Nymphs

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry,
Make holiday, your ry e-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing

For certain Reapers, properly habited, they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks, after a hush, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they hearily vanish

Pros [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the base Caliban and his confederates
Against my life, the minute of their plot
It almost come [To the Spirits] Well done!
about no more!

For This is strange Your father's in some pas-
sion

That works him strongly

For Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd

Pros You do look my son in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd be cheerful sir

O, revels now are ended These our actors
As I foretold you were all spirits and

Are melted into air, into thin air,
And like the baseless fabric of this vision

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like this insubstantial pageant faded

Leave not a rack behind We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life

Is but a sleep Sir I am vex'd,

Bear with my weakness, my old brain is trou-
bled

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity

If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind

For Sir We wish your peace [Exit
Pros Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel,
come

Enter ARIEL

Ari Thy thoughts I cleave to What's thy
pleasure?

Pros Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban

Ari Ay, my commander When I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee

Pros Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari I told you, sir, they were red hot with
drinking,

So full of valour that they smote the air

For breathing in their faces, beat the ground

For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project Then I bear my labor,

At which, like unbrack'd colts, they prick'd their
ears

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses

As they smelt music So I charm'd their ears

That calf like they my lowing follow'd through
I ooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and

thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins At last I left them

I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell
There dancing up to the chins that the foul lake

O'erstunk their feet

Pros This was well done my bird
Thy shape invisible retain thou still

The trumpets in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves

Ari I go I go [Exit
Pros A devil, a horn devil on whose nature

Nature can never tick on whom my pains
Humanity taken all all lost quite lost,

And as with age his body u'lier growe,
So his mind carkers I will plague them all

Even to roaring

*Re-enter ARIEL, he len with glistering
rings, &c*

Come I bring them on this line

PROSPERO: 'ARIEL: 'I have brought thee
CALIBAN: 'STEPHANO: 'TRINCHIO: 'JAGGERS

Cal Pray you tread softly that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall We now are near his cell

Ste Monster your fairy which you say is a
harmless fairy has done little better than played
the Jack with us

Trim Monster I do smell all horse piss at
which my nose is in great indignation 00

Ste So in mine Do you hear monster? If
I should take a displeasure against you look
you—

Trim Thou wert but a lost monster

Cal Good my lord give me thy favour still

Be patient for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance therefore speak
softly

All hush'd as midnight yet

Trim Ay but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Ste There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that monster but an infinite loss 210

Trim That's more to me than my wetting yet
this is your harmless fairy monster

Ste I will fetch off my bottle though I be o'er
ears for my labour

Cal Prithce, my king be quiet See st thou here
This is the mouth o' the cell No noise and enter
Do that good mischief which may make this is
land

Thine own for ever and I thy Caliban

For aye thy foot licker

Ste Give me thy hand I do begin to have bloody
thoughts 21

Trim O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal Let it alone thou fool it is but trash

Trim O ho monster! we know what belongs
to a frippery O king Stephano!

Ste Put off that gown Trinculo by this hand
I'll have that gown

Trim Thy grace shall have it

Cal The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
mean 230

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone

And do the murder first If he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches

Make us strange stuff

Ste Be you quiet monster Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now in the jerkin under the line
Now jerkin you are like to lose your hair and
prove a bald jerkin

Trim Do do we steal by line and level and
like your Grace 240

Ste I thank thee for that jest here's a garment
for 'em Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am
king of this country 'Scal by line and level is

an excellent pass of pate there's another garment
for 'em

Trim Monster come, put some lime upon your
fingers and away with the rest

Cal I will have none on 'em We shall lose our
time

And all be turn'd to barnacles or to apes

With foreheads villainous low 250

Ste Monster lay to your fingers Help to bear
this away where my hogshead of wine is or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom Go to carry this

Trim And this

Ste Ay and this

*A noise of hunters heard Enter drivers Spirits in
shapes of dogs and hounds and hunt them about
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on*

Pros Hey Mountain hey!

Ari Silver! there it goes Silver!

Pros Fury Fury! there Tyrant there! hark!
hark! (CALIBAN STEPHANO and TRINCULO
are driven out)

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps and more pinch spotted make
them

Than pard or cat o' mountain

Ari Hark they roar!

Pros Let them be hunted soundly At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies

Shortly shall all my labours end and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom For a little
Follow and do me service (Exeunt)

ACT V

SCENE I Before Prospero's cell

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes and ARIEL

Pros Now does my project gather to a head
My charms crack not my spirits obey and time
Goes upright with his carriage How's the day?

Ari On the sixth hour at which time, my lord
You said our work should cease

Pros I did say so

When first I raised the tempest Say my spirit

How fares the king and his followers?

Ari Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them all prisoners sir

In the lime-grove which weather sends your cell

They cannot budge till your release The king

His brother and yours abide all three distracted

And the remainder mourning over them

Brimful of sorrow and dismay but chiefly

Him that you term'd sir The good old lord,

Gonzalo

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds Your charm so strongly
works 'em

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender

Pros Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ans Mine would, sir, were I human

Pros	And mice shall	20
------	----------------	----

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick.

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further Go release them, Ariel 30

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves

An I'll fetch them, sir [Exit]

For Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves,

And yet on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back, you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pas-

To make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid, 40
 Weak masters though we be I have bedimm'd
 The noonday sun, call'd forth the mutinous
 winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault
 A roaring war, to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire and lifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt, the strong basèd promontory
 Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar, graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, open'd, and let em
 forth

By my en potent art But this rough magic
Here abjure, and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music which even now I do
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it fathoms in the earth
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Substantive results:

Let it arise before I'm alone with a friend
 either, & told by constant repetition and
 at times in the morning & repeated by Arabian and

FRANCISCO *They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made and there stand charmed, which PROSPERO observing, speaks*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There
stand.

For you are spell-stopp'd
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces 70
Home both in word and deed Almost cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter,
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian Flesh and
blood.

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature, who, with Sebas-
tian,

Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king, I do forgive
thee.

Unnatural though thou art Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide So
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now lies foul and muddy Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell
I will discase me, and my self present
As I was sometime Milan Quickly, spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him

Where the bee sucks, there suck I
In a cow slip's bell I lie
There I couch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily

Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blo' som that hangs on the bough.

For Wh, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee

But yet those that have freedom So in so
To the King as it possible as they are
There shall they in the mar now as sleep
Under the chaces the matter as the ma
swag

Խոնաշակ, Ըմբիս-Կոնոնի քաղաք

And presently I prithee

Art I drink the air before me, and return

Or ere your pulse twice beat {*Exit*

Gon All torment trouble wonder and amazement

Inhabits here Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pros Behold sir hang

The wronged Duke of Milan Prospero

For more assurance that a living prince

Does now speak to thee I embrace thy body

And to thee and thy company I bid 110

A hearty welcome

Alon Whether thou be at he or no

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me

As late I have been I not know Thy pulse

Beats as of flesh and blood and since I saw thee

The affliction of my mind amends with which

I fear a madness held me This must crave

An if this be at all a most strange story

Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs But how should

Prospero

Be living and be here?

Pros First noble friend 120

Let me embrace thine age whose honour cannot

Be measured or confined

Gon Whether this be

Or be not I'll not swear

Pros You do yet taste

Some subtilties of the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain Welcome, my friends all!

{Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO} But you my

breace of lords were I so muddled

I here could pluck his Highness frown upon you

And justify you traitors At this time

I will tell no tales

Seb *{Aside}* The devil speaks in him

Pros 130

For you most wicked sir whom to call brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive

Thy rankest fault all of them and require

My dukedom of thee which perforce, I know

Thou must restore

Alon If thou be st Prospero

Give us particulars of thy preservation

How thou hast met us here who three hours

since

Were wreck'd upon this shore where I have

lost—

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—

My dear son Ferdinand

Pros I am woe for t sir

Alon Irreparable is the loss and Patience 140

Says it is past her cure

Pros I rather think

You have not sought her help of whose soft grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid

And rest my self content

Alon You the like loss!

Pros As great to me as late and supportable

To make the dear loss have I means much

weaker

Than you may call to comfort you for I

Have lost my daughter

Alon A daughter?

O heavens that they were living both in Naples

The King and Queen there! that they were I

wish

My self were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies When did you lose your

daughter?

Pros In this last tempest I perceive these lords

At this encounter do so much admire

That they devour their reason and scarce think

Their eyes do offices of truth their words

Are natural breath but howsoever you have

Been jussled from your senses know for certain

That I am Prospero and that very duke

Which was thrust forth of Milan who most

strangely 150

Upon this shore where you were wreck'd was

landed

To be the lord on t No more yet of this

For tis a chronicle of day by day

Not a relation for a breakfast nor

Behewing this first meeting Welcome sir

This cell's my court Here have I few attendants

And subjects none abroad Pray you look in

My dukedom since you have given me again

I will requite you with as good a thing

At least bring forth a wonder to content you 160

As much as me my dukedom

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and

MIRANDA playing at chess

Mir Sweet lord you play me false

Fer No my dear at love

I would not for the world

Mir Yes for a score of kingdoms you should

wrangle

And I would call it fair play

Alon If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son

Shall I twice lose

Seb A most high miracle!

Fer Though the seas threaten, they are merciful

I have cursed them without cause *{A noise}*

Alon Now all the blessings 170

Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise and say how thou camest h're

Mr O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!

Pros 'Tis new to thee
Alon What is this maid with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours
Is she the goddess that hath serv'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal Providence she's mine
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before, of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me

Alon I am hers
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pros There, sir, stop
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone

Gon I have inly wept, 200
Or should have spoke ere this Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither

Alon I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become king of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars In one voyage
D-d Claribel her husband find at Tunis
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife 210
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his duke-
dom

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves
When no man was as his own

Alon [To FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me
your hands

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN
amazedly following*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us
I prophesied, if a gallow's were on land
Th' s'fellow could not drown Now, blasphemy,
That swear at grace o'erboard, not an oath on
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats The best news is that we have safely
found 221

Our King and company, the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out
split—

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea

Ari [Aside to PROSPERO] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went

Pros [Aside to ARIEL] My tricky spirit!

Alon These are not natural events, they
strengthen

From strange to stranger Say, how came you
hither?

Boats If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under
hatches,

Where but even now with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked, straightway, at liberty,
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither

Ari [Aside to PROSPERO] Was 't well done? 240

Pros [Aside to ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence
Thou shalt be free

Alon This is as strange a maze as e'er men
trod,

And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of Some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge

Pros Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business, at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents, till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well [Aside to ARIEL]

Come hither, spirit 251

Set Caliban and his companions free,
Untie the spell [Exit ARIEL] How fares my gra-
cious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO
and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel*

Ste Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself, for all is but fortune
Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin If these be true spies which I wear in my head here's a goodly sight 260

Cal O Setebos these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me

Seb His ha!
What things are these my lord Antonio?
Will money buy em?

Ant Very like one of them
Is a plain fish and no doubt marketable

Pros Mark but the badges of these men my lords

Then say if they be true This misshapen knave
His mother was a witch and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebb

And deal in her command without her power 271
These three have robb'd me and this demi-devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life Two of these fellows you
Must know and own this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine

Cal I shall be pinch'd to death
Alon Is not this Stephano my drunken butler?

Seb He is drunk now Where had he wine?
Alon And Trinculo is reeling ripe Where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath guided em? 280
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that I fear me will never out of my bones I shall not fear fly blowing

Seb Why how now Stephano?

Sir O touch me not I am not Stephano but a cramp

Pros You'd be king o' the isle surrah?

Sir I should have been a sore one then

Alon [Pointing to CALIBAN] This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on

Pros He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape Go surrah, to my cell 291

Take with you your companions as you look
To have my pardon trim it handsomely

Cal Ay that I will and I'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace What a thrice-double ass
Was I to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

Pros Go to away!

Alon Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it

Seb Or stole it rather

[*Exeunt* CALIBAN STEPHANO and TRINCULO 300

Pros Sir I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell where you shall take your rest

For this one night which part of it I'll waste
With such discourse as I not doubt shall make it

Go quick away the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle And in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear beloved solemnized
And thence retire me to my Milan where 310
Every third thought shall be my grave

Alon I long
To hear the story of your life which must
Take the ear strangely

Pros I'll deliver all
And promise you calm seas auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off [*Aside to ARIEL*] My
Ariel's chick

That is thy charge Then to the elements
Be free and fare thou well! Please you draw near [*Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown
And what strength I have's mine own
Which is most faint Now 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you
Or sent to Naples Let me not
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver dwell
In this bare island by your spell
But release me from my bands 40
With the help of your good hands
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill or else my project fails
Which was to please Now I want
Spirits to enforce art to enchant
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relieved by prayer
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 40

The Famous History of the Life of KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH
CARDINAL WOLSEY
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS
CAPUCIUS, *ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*
CRANMER *Archbishop of Canterbury*
DUKE OF NORFOLK
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
DUKE OF SUFFOLK
EARL OF SURREY
LORD CHAMBERLAIN
LORD CHANCELLOR
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN
LORD ABERGAVENNY
LORD SANDS
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
SIR THOMAS LOVELL
SIR ANTHONY DENNY
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX
TWO SECRETARIES to Wolsey
CROMWELL, *servant to Wolsey*
GRIFFITH *gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine*
THREE GENTLEMEN
DOCTOR BUTTS, *physician to the King*
GARTER KING-AT-ARMS

SURVEYOR to the Duke of Buckingham
BRANDON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
DOOR-KEEPER of the Council-chamber
PORTER
MAN, to the Porter
PAGE to Gardiner
A CRIER
A MESSENGER
A SCRIBE
A SERVANT to Wolsey

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour afterwards Queen*
AN OLD LADY *friend to Anne Bullen*
PATIENCE *woman to Queen Katharine*

NON-SPEAKING Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows
Women attending on the Queen Scribes, Officers, Guards, Attendants, and Six Spirits appearing to Queen Katharine

SCENE *London Westminster and Kimbolton*

THE PROLOGUE

I come no more to make you laugh, things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear,
The subject will deserve it Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe
May here find truth too Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing.
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived, for, gentle hearers know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend
Will leave us never an understanding friend



Therefore, for goodness' sake, and if you are known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living, think you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends, then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery, 30
And, if you can be merry then I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day

ACT I

SCENE I *London an ante-chamber in the palace*
Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door, at the other the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY

Buck Good morrow, and well met How have we done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor I thank your Grace,
Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there

Buck An untimely ague
 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
 Those suns of glory those two lights of men
 Met in the vale of Andren
Nor Twixt Guynes and Arde
 I was then present saw them salute on horse-
 back
 Beheld them when they lighted how they clung
 In their embracement as they grew together 10
 Which had they what four throned ones could
 have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck All the whole time
 I was my chamber's prisoner

Nor Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory Men might say
 Till this time pomp was single but now married
 To one above itself Each following day
 Became the next day's master till the last
 Made former wonders its To-day the French
 All eloquent all in gold like heathen gods 20
 Shone down the English and to-morrow they
 Made Britain India every man that stood
 Show'd like a mine Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins all gilt the madams too
 Not used to soil did almost swear to bear
 The pride upon them that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting Now this masque
 Was cried incomparable and the ensuing night
 Made me a fool and beggar The two kings
 Equal in lustre were now best now worst
 As presence did present them him in eye, 30
 Still him in praise and being present both
 'Twas said they saw but one and no discern
 Durst wag his tongue in censure When these
 sung—

For so they phrase em—by their heralds chal-
 lenged
 The noble spirits to arms they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass that former fabulous
 story

Being now seen possible enough got credit
 That Bevis was belied

Buck O you go far
Nor As I belong to worship and affect
 In honour honesty the tract of everything 40
 Would by a good discourser lose some life
 Which action self was tongue to All was royal
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd
 Order gave each thing view the office did
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck Who did guide
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together as you guess?
Nor One, certes that promises no element
 In such a business

Buck I pray you who my lord?
Nor All this was order'd by the good discre-
 tion 50
 Of the right reverend Cardinal of York
Buck The devil speed him! No man's pie is
 freed

From his ambitious finger What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
 That such a keech can with his very bulk
 Take up the rays of the beneficial sun
 And keep it from the earth

Nor Surely sir
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends
 For being not propp'd by ancestry whose grace
 Chalks successors their way nor call'd upon 60
 For high feats done to the crown neither allied
 To eminent assistants but spider like,
 Out of his self-drawing web he gives us note
 The force of his own merit makes his way
 A gift that heaven gives for him which buys
 A place next to the king

Alor I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him—let some graver
 etc

Pierce into that but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him Whence has he
 that

If not from hell? the devil is a niggard 70
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself

Buck Why the devil
 Upon this French going out took he upon him,
 Without the privy of the king to appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
 Of all the gentry for the most part such
 To whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon an his own letter
 The honourable board of council out
 Must fetch him in the papers

Aber I do know 80
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least that have
 By this so sickn'd their estates that never
 They shall abound as formerly

Buck O many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on
 em

For this great journey What did this variety
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?

Nor Grievously I think
 The peace between the French and us not values
 The cost that did conclude it

Buck I very man,
 After the hideous storm that follow'd war 90
 A thing inspired and, not consulting broke
 Into a general prophecy that this tempest

Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't
Nor Which is budded out,
For France hath flav'd the league, and hath at-
tack'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux
Aber Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor Marry, is 't
Aber A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!

Buck Why, all this business
Our reverend Cardinal carried
Nor Like it your Grace, 100

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal I advise you—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together, to consider further that

What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power You know his nature,
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge, it s long and, 't may be said,
It reaches far, and where 'twill not extend, 111
Thither he darts it Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome Lo, where comes that
rock

That I advise your shunning

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two SECRETARIES with papers The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain

Wol The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

1st Secr Here, so please you

Wol Is he in person ready?

1st Secr Ay, please your Grace

Wol Well, we shall then know more, and
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look

[*Exit WOLSEY and his train*
Buck This butcher's cur is venom mouth'd, and 120
I

Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore
best

Not wake him in his slumber A beggar's book
Outo'orths a noble's blood

Nor What, are you chafed?

Ask God for temperance, that's the appliance
only

Which your disease requires

Buck I read in s looks
Matter against me, and his eye reviled

Me as his abject object At this instant
He bores me with some trick He's gone to the
King,

I'll follow and outstare him

Nor Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about To climb steep hills 131
Requires slow pace at first Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him Not a man in England
Can advise me like you, be to yourself
As you would to your friend

Buck I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons

Nor Be advised,
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
That it do singe yourself We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion

Buck Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along 150
By your prescription But this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous

Nor Say not "treasonous"
Buck To the King I'll say 't, and make my
vouch as strong

As shore of rock Attend This holy fox
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in rance
As here at home suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing

Nor Faith, and so it did

Buck Pray, give me favour, sir This cunning
Cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd and they were ratified 170
As he cried "Thus let be" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead But our count-
cardinal

Has done this and tis well for worthy Wolsey
 Who cannot err he did it Now this follow s—
 Which as I take it is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam treason—Charles the Emperor
 Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt—
 For twas indeed his colour but he came
 To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation
 His fears were that the interview betwixt 180
 England and France might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice for from this league
 Peep d harms that menaced him He privily
 Deals with our Cardinal and as I trow—
 Which I do well for I am sure the Emperor
 Paid ere he promised whereby his suit was
 granted

Ere it was ask d but when the way was made,
 And paved with gold the Emperor thus desired
 That he would please to alter the King s course
 And break the foresaid peace Let the King
 know

As soon he shall by me that thus the Cardinal 191
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases
 And for his own advantage

Nor I am sorry
 To hear this of him and could wish he were
 Something mistaken in t

Buck No not a syllable
 I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof

Enter BRANDON a SERGEANT AT ARMS before him,
 and two or three of the Guard

Bras Your office, sergeant execute it Sir
 My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
 Of Hereford Stafford and Northampton, I 200
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign King

Buck Lo you my lord
 The net has fall n upon me I shall perish
 Under device and practice

Bras I am sorry
 To see you taken from liberty to look on
 The business present tis his Highness pleasure
 You shall to the Tower

Buck It will help me nothing
 To plead mine innocence for that dye is on me
 Which makes my whitest part black The will of
 heaven

Be done in this and all things I obey 210

O my Lord Abergavenny fare you well
 Bras Nay he must bear you company The
 King [To ABERGAVENNY]

Is pleased you shall to the Tower till you know
 How he determines further

After As the Duke said,

The will of heaven be done and the King s pleas
 ure

By me obey d

Bras Here is a warrant from
 The King to attach Lord Montacute and the
 bodies

Of the Duke s confessor John de la Car

One Gilbert Peck his chancellor—

Buck So so 219

These are the limbs o the plot No more I hope

Bras A monk o the Chartreux

Buck O Nicholas Hopkins?

Bras He

Buck My surveyor is false the o er great Car
 dinal

Hath show d hun gold my life is spann d al
 ready

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

By darkening my clear sun My lord farewell

[Exeunt]

SCENE II The same the council chamber

Cornets Enter the KING leaning on the CARDI
 NAL s shoulder the Nobles and SIR THOMAS
 LOVELL the CARDINAL places himself under the
 KING s feet on his right side

King My life itself and the best heart of it
 Thanks you for this great care I stood i the
 level

Of a full charged confederacy and give thanks
 To you that choked it Let be call d before us
 That gentleman of Buckingham s in person
 I ll hear him his confessions justify
 And point by point the treasons of his master
 He shall again relate

A noise within crying Room for the Queen!
 Enter QUEEN KATHARINE ushered by the DUKE
 OF NORFOLK and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK the
 kneels The KING riseth from his state takes her
 up kisses and placeth her by him

Q Kath Nay we must longer kneel I am a
 suitor

King Arise and take place by us I half your
 suit 10

Never name to us you have half our power
 The other moiety ere you ask is given
 Repeat your will and take it

Q Kath Thank your Majesty
 That you would love yourself and in that love
 Not unconsider d leave your honour nor
 The dignity of your office in the point
 Of my petition

King Lady mine proceed

Q Kath I am solicited, not by a few

And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance There have been com-
missions

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties, wherein, although,
My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion

Nor Not almost appears,
It doth appear, for, upon these taxations, 30
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
During the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them

King Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol Please you, sir, 40
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me

Q Kath No, my lord,
You know no more than others, but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet
must
Performe be their acquaintance These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note they are
Most pestilent to the hearing, and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load They say 50
They are devised by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation

King Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q Kath I am much too venturesome
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon The subjects'
grief

Comes through commissions which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance to be levied
Without delay and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France This makes bold
mouths 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them, their curses now
Live where their prayers did, and it's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will I would your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business

King By my life,
This is against our pleasure

Wol And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but 70
By learned approbation of the judges If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither
know

My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through We must not
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
Than vainly longing What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd, what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only

King Things done well,
And with a care exempt themselves from fear,
Things done without example, in their issue 90
Are to be fear'd Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any
We must not rend our subjects from our laws
And stick them in our will Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree lop bark and part of the timber,
And though we leave it with a root thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
The force of this commission Pray, look to it,
I put it to your care

Wol A word with you

To the SECRETARY
Let there be letters writ to every shire
Of the King's grace and pardon The griev'd
commons
I hardly conceive of me let it be noised
That through our intercession this revokement

And pardon comes I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding [Exit SECRETARY]

Enter SURVEYOR

Q Kath I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham

Is run in your displeasure

King It grieved many — 110
The gentleman is learned and a most rare speaker

To nature none more bound his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers
And never seek for aid out of himself Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed the mind growing once cor-

rupt
They turn to vicious forms ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair This man so complete
Who was enroll'd amongst wonders and when

we,
Almost with ravish'd listening could not find — 120
His hour of speech a minute he my lady
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell Sit by us you shall
hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much
If I stand forth and with bold spirit relate
what you

Most like a careful subject have collected — 130
Out of the Duke of Buckingham

King Speak freely
Sur First it was usual with him every day
It would infect his speech that if the King
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his These very words
I've heard him utter to his son in law
Lord Abergavenny to whom by oath he men-

aced
Revenge upon the Cardinal

If I Please your Highness note
This dangerous conception in this point
Not friended by his wish to your high person — 140
His will is most malignant and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends

Q Kath My learned lord Cardinal
Deliver all with charity

King Speak on
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Sur He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins

King What was that Hopkins?

Sur Sir a Chartreux friar
His confessor who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty

King How know'st thou this? — 150

Sur Not long before your Highness sped to
France

The Duke being in the Rose within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poulney did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey I replied
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious
To the King's danger Presently the Duke
Said twas the fear indeed and that he doubted
Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk that oft says he, — 160

Hath sent to me wishing me to permit
John de la Car my chaplain a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter with demure confidence
Thus pausingly ensued Neither the King nor's
heirs

Tell you the Duke shall prosper Bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty The Duke
Shall govern England

Q Kath If I know you well — 170
You were the Duke's surveyor and lost your
office

On the complaint of the tenants Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul I say take heed
Yes heartily beseech you

King Let him on

Go forward
Sur On my soul I'll speak but truth
I told my lord the Duke by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived and that twas
dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far until — 180
It forged him some design which being be-

lieved,
It was much like to do He answer'd 'Tush
It can do me no damage adding further
That had the King in his last sickness said
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off

King What's that? Ah ha!
There's mischief in this man Canst thou say
further?

Sur I can my liege

King Proceed
Sur Being at Greenwich
After your Highness had reproved the Duke

About Sir William Bulmer—

King I remember 190
Of such a time Being my sworn servant,
The Duke retain'd him his But on, what hence?
Surv "If," quoth he, "I for this had been com-

mitted,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard, who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence which if
granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him "

King A giant traitor!
W of Now, madam, may his Highness live in
freedom, 200
And this man out of prison?

Q Kath God mend all!
King There's something more would out of
thee, what say'st?

Surv After "the Duke his father," with "the
knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his
dagger,

Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was—were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose

King There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us He is attach'd, 210
Call him to present trial If he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his, if none,
Let him not seek 't of us By day and night,
He's traitor to the height [Exeunt

SCENE III *An antechamber in the palace*

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS

Cham Is 't possible the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous

Nay, let 'em be unmanly yet are follow'd
Cham As far as I see all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face, but they are shrewd
ones,

For when they hold 'em, you would swear di-
rectly

Their very noses had been counsellors
T Pepin or Clotharius they keep state so 10

Sands They have all new legs, and lame ones
One would take it

That never saw 'em pace before the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em

Cham

Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate

Cham What is 't for?
Lov The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors

Cham I'm glad 'tis there Now I would pray
our monsieurs 21

To think an English courtier may be wise
And never see the Louvre

Lov They must either,
For so run the conditions leave those remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,

With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,

Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of 31

travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows There, I take it,

They may, "*cum privilegio*," wear away
The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at

Sands 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their di-
seases

Are grown so catching

Cham What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords The sly whore-
sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies, 40
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow

Sands The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are
going

For, sure there's no converting of 'em Now
An honest country lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r lady,
Held current music too

Cham Well said, Lord Sands,
Your colts tooth is not cast yet

Sir T No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump

Cham Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov To the Cardinal's,
Your lordship is a guest too

Cham O tis true
 This night he makes a supper and a great one,
 To many lords and ladies there will be
 The beauty of this kingdom I ll assure you
Lo That churchman bears a bounteous mind
 indeed
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us
 His dewes fall everywhere
Cham No doubt he s noble
 He had a black mouth that said other of him
Sm He may my lord has wherewithal in
 him
 Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doe
 trine 60
 Men of his way should be most liberal
 They are set here for examples
Cham True they are so
 But few now give so great ones My barge stays
 Your lordship shall along Come good Sir
Thomas
 We shall be late else which I would not be
 For I was spoke to with Sir Henry Guildford
 This night to be compellers
Sands I am your lordships [Exeunt

SCENE IV A Hall in York Place

Hautboys A small table under a state for the CAR-
 DINAL a longer table for the guests Then enter
 ANNE BULLEN and divers other Ladies and Gen-
 tlemen as guests at one door at another door enter
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
Guild Ladies a general welcome from his
 Grace
 Salutes ye all this night he dedicates
 To fair content and you None here he hopes
 In all this noble bevy has brought with her
 One care abroad he would have all as merry
 As first good company good wine good wel-
 come
 Can make good people O my lord you re tardy
Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN LORD SANDS and
 SIR THO LOVELL

The very thought of this fair company
 Clapp d wings to me
Cham You are young Sir Harry Guildford
Sands Sir Thomas Lovell had the Cardinal 10
 But half my lay thoughts in him some of these
 Should find a running banquet ere they rested
 I think would better please em By my life,
 They are a sweet society of fair ones
Lo O that your lordship were but now con-
 fessor
 To one or two of these
Sands I would I were
 They should find easy penance

Lo Faith how easy?
Sm As easy as a down bed would afford it
Cham Sweet ladies will it please you sit? Sir
 Harry 19
 Place you that side I ll take the charge of this
 His Grace is entering Nay you must not freeze
 Two women placed together makes cold weather
 My Lord Sands you are one will keep em wak-
 ing
 Pray sit between these ladies
Sands By my faith,
 And thank your lordship By your leave sweet
 ladies
 If I chance to talk a little wild forgive me
 I had it from my father
Anne Was he mad sir?
Sm O very mad exceeding mad in love too
 But he would bite none just as I do now
 He would kiss you twenty with a breath
Kisses her
Cham Well said my lord 20
 So now you re fairly seated Gentlemen
 The penance lies on you if these fair ladies
 Pass away frowning
Sands For my little cure
 Let me alone

Hautboys Enter CARDINAL BOLSEY and
 takes his state

If of You re welcome my fair guests That
 noble lady
 Or gentleman that is not freely merry
 Is not my friend This to confirm my welcome
 And to you all good health [Drinks]
Sands Your Grace is noble
 Let me have such a bow I may hold my thanks
 And save me so much talkin
If of My Lord Sands 40
 I am beholding to you cheer your neighbours
 Ladies you are not merry Gentlemen
 Who e fault is this?
Sands The red wine first must rise
 In their fair cheeks my lord then we shall have
 em
 Talk us to silence
Anne You are a merry gamester
 My Lord Sands
Sm Yes if I make my play
 Here s to your ladyship and pledge it madam,
 For tis to such a thing—
Anne You cannot show me
Sm I told your Grace they would talk anon
Drum and trumpet chambers discharge!
If of What s that?
Cham Look out there, some of ye [Exit SERVANT

Wol What warlike voice, 50
And to what end, in thus? Nay, ladies, fear not,
By all the laws of war you're privileged

Re-enter SERVANT

Cham How now! what is 't?
Serv A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem They've left their barge and
landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes

Wol Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French
tongue,
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them Some attend him

[Exit CHAMBERLAIN, attended All rise,
and tables removed

You have now a broken banquet, but we'll mend
it 61
A good digestion to you all And once more
I show'er a welcome on ye, welcome all

Hautboys Enter the KING and others, as masquers,
habited like shepherds, ushered by the LORD
CHAMBERLAIN They pass directly before the CAR-
DINAL, and gracefully salute him

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham Because they speak no English, thus they
pray d

To tell your Grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and, under your fair con-
duct, 70

Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em

Wol Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace, for which
I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
pleasures

They choose Ladies for the dance The KING
CHRONES AND BULLEN

King The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O
beauty,

Till now I never knew thee!

Music Dance

Wol My lord!

Cham Your Grace?

Wol Pray, tell 'em thus much from me
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,

If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80
I would surrender it

Cham I will, my lord

Whispers the Masquers

Wol What say they?

Cham Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed, which they would have your
Grace

Find out, and he will take it

Wol Let me see, then

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll
make

My royal choice

King Ye have found him, Cardinal

Unmasking

You hold a fair assembly, you do well, lord
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily

Wol I am glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant

King My Lord Chamberlain, 90

Prithce, come hither What fair lady's that?

Cham An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas

Bullen's daughter—

The Viscount Rochford—one of her Highness'
women

King By heaven, she is a dainty one Sweet-
heart,

I were unmannerly to take you out

And not to kiss you A health, gentlemen!

Let it go round

Wol Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

I' the privy chamber?

Lov Yes, my lord

Wol Your Grace,

I fear with dancing's a little heated 100

King I fear, too much

Wol There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber

King Lead in your ladies, every one Sweet
partner,

I must not yet forsake you, let's be merry

Good my lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream
Who's best in favour Let the music knock it

[Exeunt with trumpets]

ACT II

SCENE I Westminster a street

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN, meeting

1st Gent Whither away so fast?

2nd Gent

O, God save

Even to the hall to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham

1st Gent I'll save you
That labour sir All's now done but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner

2nd Gent Were you there?

1st Gent Yes indeed was I

2nd Gent Pray speak what has happen'd

1st Gent You may guess quickly what

2nd Gent Is he found guilty?

1st Gent Yes truly he and condemn'd upon't

2nd Gent I am sorry for't

1st Gent So are a number more

2nd Gent But pray how pass'd it? 10

1st Gent I'll tell you in a little The great Duke

Came to the bar where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law

The king's attorney on the contrary

Urg'd on the examinations proofs confessions

Of divers witnesses which the Duke desired

To have brought a sore to his face

At which appear'd against him his surveyor

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor and John Car

Confessor to him with that devil monk 21

Hopkins that made this mischief

2nd Gent That was he

That fed him with his prophecies

1st Gent The same

All these accused him strongly which he said

Would have hung from him but indeed he

could not

And so his peers upon this evidence

Have found him guilty of high treason Much

He spoke and learnedly for life but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten

2nd Gent After all this how did he bear him

self? 30

1st Gent When he was brought again to the bar

to hear

His knell rung out his judgement he was stirr'd

With such an agony he swear'd extremely

And something spoke in choler ill and hasty

But he fell to himself again and sweetly

In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience

2nd Gent I do not think he fears death

1st Gent Sure he does not

He never was so womanish The cause

He may a little grieve at

2nd Gent Certainly

The Cardinal in the end of this

1st Gent 'Tis likely 40

By all conjectures first bid him a surrender

Then deputy of Ireland who removed

Earl Surrey was sent thither and in haste too

I lest he should help his father

2nd Gent

That trick of state

Was a deep envious one

1st Gent

At his return

No doubt he will require it This is noted

And generally whoever the King favours

The Cardinal instantly will find employment

And far enough from court too

2nd Gent

All the commons

Hate him perniciously and in my conscience so

Wish him ten fathom deep This Duke as much

They love and dote on call him bounteous

Buckingham

The mirror of all courtesy—

1st Gent

Stay there, sir

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment, tips

his axe with the edge towards

him halberds on each side accompanied with

SIR THOMAS LOVELL SIR NICHOLAS VALL SIR WIL

LIAM SANDS and common people

2nd Gent Let's stand close and behold him

Buck

All good people

You that thus far have come to pity me

Hear what I say and then go home and lose me

I have this day received a traitor's judgement

And by that name must die Yet heaven bear

witness

And if I have a conscience let it sink me 60

Even as the axe falls if I be not faithful

The law I bear no malice for my death

'T has done upon the premises but justice

But those that sought it I could wish more Chris

tians

Be what they will I heartily forgive em

Yet let em look thy glory not in mischief

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men

For then my guiltless blood must cry against em

For further life in this world I neither hope

Nor will I sue although the king have merces 70

More than I dare make faults You few that

loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,

His noble friends and fellows whom to leave

Is only bitter to him only dying

Go with me like good angels to my end

And as the long distance of steel falls on me

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice

And lift my soul to heaven Lead on, O God's

name

Lov I do beseech your Grace for charity

If ever any malice in your heart 80

Were had against me now to forgive me frankly

Buck Sir Thomas Lovell I as free forgive you

As I would be forgiven I forgive all

KING HENRY VIII

SCENE I

There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Garrant me, that I cannot take peace with No
 black envy
 Shall mark my grave Commend me to his Grace,
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
 You met him half in heaven My vows and
 prayers
 Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
 Shall cry for blessings on him May he live 90
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!
Low To the water side I must conduct your
 Grace,
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end
Vaux Prepare there,
 The Duke is coming See the barge be ready,
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person
Buck Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
 Let it alone, my state now will but mock me
 When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable
 And Duke of Buckingham, now, poor Edward
 Bohun
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant I now seal it,
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan
 for't
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110
 And without trial fell, God's peace be with him!
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly prying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restored me to my honours and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
 That made me happy at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one, which makes
 me
 A little happier than my wretched father 120
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved
 most
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all, yet you that hear me
 Thus from a dying man receive as certain
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
 Be sure you be not loose, for those you make
 friends
 And give your hearts to, when they once per-
 ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again 130
 But where they mean to sink ye All good peo-
 ple,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye The last
 hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me
 Farewell!
 And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell I have done, and God forgive
 me! [*Exeunt Duke and Trani*
1st Gent O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads
 That were the authors
2nd Gent If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe Yet I can give you inkling 140
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this
1st Gent Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
 sir?
2nd Gent This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
 quire
 A strong faith to conceal it
1st Gent Let me have it,
 I do not talk much
2nd Gent I am confident,
 You shall sir Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing of a separation
 Between the King and Katharine?
1st Gent Yes, but it held not,
 For when the King once heard it, out of anger 150
 He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
 That durst disperse it
2nd Gent But that slander, sir,
 Is found a truth now, for it grows again
 Fresher than ere it was, and held for certain
 The King will venture at it Either the Cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice
 To the good Queen possess'd him with a scruple
 That will undo her To confirm this too,
 Cardinal Campeus is arriv'd, and lately, 160
 As all think, for this business
1st Gent 'Tis the Cardinal,
 And merely to revenge him on the Emperor
 For not bestowing on him at his asking
 The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed
2nd Gent I think you have hit the mark, but is't
 not cruel
 That she should feel the smart of this? The Car-
 dinal
 Will have his will, and she must fall
1st Gent 'Tis woeful
 We are too open here to argue this,
 Let a think in private more [*Exeunt*

SCENE II *An ante-chamber in the palace**Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN reading a letter*

Cham My lord the horses your lordship sent for with all the care I had I saw well chosen ridden and furnished They were young and handsome and of the best breed in the north When they were ready to set out for London a man of my Lord Cardinals by commission and main power took em from me with this reason His master would be served before a subject if not before the king which stopped our mouths sir
10
 I fear he will indeed Well let him have them He will have all I think

*Enter to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK**Nor* Well met my Lord Chamberlain*Cham* Good day to both your Graces*Suf* How is the king employ'd?*Cham* I left him private Full of sad thoughts and troubles*Nor* What's the cause?*Cham* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife*Has crept too near his conscience**Suf* No his conscience*Has crept too near another lady**Nor* Tis so*Tis* This is the Cardinals doing the king cardinal 20*That blind priest like the eldest son of Fortune Turns what he list The king will know him one day**Suf* Pray God he do! He'll never know himself else*Nor* How holily he works in all his business! And with what zeal! for now he has crack'd the league*Between us and the Emperor the Queen's great nephew**He dives into the king's soul and there seatters**Dangers doubts winking of the conscience**Fears and despairs and all these for his marriage**And out of all these to restore the king* 30*He counsels a divorce a loss of her**That like a jewel has hung twenty years**About his neck yet never lost her lustre**Of her that loves him with that excellence**That angels love good men with even of her**That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls Will bless the king And is not this course pious?**Cham* Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true*These news are everywhere every tongue speaks em**And every true heart weeps for it All that dare* 40*Look into these affairs see this main end**The French king's sister Heaven will one day open**The king's eyes that so long have slept upon This bold bad man**Suf* And free him from his slavery*Nor* We had need pray*And heartily for our deliverance**Or this imperious man will work us all**From princes into pages All men's honours**Lie like one lump before him to be fashioned**Into what pitch he please**Suf* For me my lords 50*I love him not nor fear him there's my creed**As I am made without him so I'll stand**If the king please his curses and his blessings**Touch me alike they're breath I nor believe in**I knew him and I know him so I leave him**To him that made him proud the Pope**Nor* Let's in*And with some other business put the king**From these sad thoughts that work too much**upon him**My lord you'll bear us company?**Cham* Excuse me*The king has sent me elsewhere besides* 60*You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him**Health to your lordships**Nor* Thanks my good Lord Chamberlain
*[Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the king draws the curtain and sits reading pensively]**Suf* How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted*Amg* Who's there?*Nor* Pray God he be not angry*Amg* Who's there I say? How dare you thrust yourselves*Into my private meditations?**Who am I?**Nor* A gracious king that pardons all offences*Malice ne'er meant Our breach of duty this way**Is business of estate in which we come* 70*To know your royal pleasure**Amg* Ye are too bold*Go to I'll make ye know your times of business**Is this an hour for temporal affairs?**Enter WOLSEY and CAMPELLO with a commission**Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my**Wolsey**The quiet of my wounded conscience*

Thou art a cure fit for a king [To CAMPEIUS]

You're welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom,
Use us and it [To WOLSEY] My good lord, have
great care

I be not found a talker

Wol Sir, you cannot

I would your Grace would give us but an hour 80
Of private conference

king [To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK] We are busy,
go

Nor [Aside to SUFFOLK] This priest has no pride
in him?

Suf [Aside to NORFOLK] Not to speak of
I would not be so sick though for his place

But this cannot continue

Nor [Aside to SUFFOLK] If it do,

I'll venture one have-at-him

Suf [Aside to NORFOLK] I another

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK]

Wol Your Grace has given a precedent of wis-
dom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom

Who can be angry now? What envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, 90

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble All the clerks,

I mean the learned ones in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices Rome, the nurse of judge-
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,

Whom once more I present unto your Highness

king And once more in mine arms I bid him
welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves 100

They have sent me such a man I would have

wish'd for

Cam Your Grace must needs deserve all stran-
gers' loves,

You are so noble To your Highness' hand

I tender my commission, by whose virtue,

The court of Rome commanding you my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their serv-
ant

In the impartial judging of this business

king Two equal men The Queen shall be ac-
quainted

Forthwith for what you come Where's Gardi-
ner?

Wol I know your Majesty has always loved 110
her

So dear in heart not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her-

King Ay, and the best she shall have, and my
favour

To him that does best, God forbid else Cardinal,

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary

I find him a fit fellow [Exit WOLSEY]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER

Wol [Aside to GARDINER] Give me your hand

Much joy and favour to you,

You are the King's now

Gard [Aside to WOLSEY] But to be commanded

For ever by your Grace, whose hand has raised
me

King Come hither Gardiner 121

Walks and whispers

Cam My Lord of York, was not one Doctor
Pace

In this man's place before him?

Wol Yes, he was

Cam Was he not held a learned man?

Wol Yes, surely

Cam Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal

Wol How! of me?

Cam They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still, which so grieved
him

That he ran mad and died

Wol Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough, for living mur-
murers 131

There's places of rebuke He was a fool,

For he would needs be virtuous That good fellow,

If I command him follows my appointment

I will have none so near else Learn this brother,

We live not to be griped by meaner persons

King Deliver this with modesty to the Queen
[Exit GARDINER]

The most convenient place that I can think of

For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars,

There ye shall meet about this weighty business

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd O, my lord, 141

Would it not grieve an able man to leave

So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science!

O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her

[Exeunt]

SCENE III An ante-chamber of the Queen's
apartments

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an OLD LADY

Anne Not for that neither Here's the pang that
pinches,

His highness having lived so long with her and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her by my life,
She never knew harm-doing O now after
So many courses of the sun enthroned
Still growing in a majesty and pomp the which
To leave a thousand fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10
Would move a monster

Old L Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her

Anne O God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp Though it be tem-
poral

Yet if that quarrel fortune do divorce
It from the bearer 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing

Old L Alas poor lady!
She is a stranger now again

Anne So much the more
Must pity drop upon her Verily
I swear 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow

Old L Our content

Is our best having

Anne By my troth and maidenhead
I would not be a queen

Old L Beshrew me I would
And venture maidenhead for it and so would
you

For all this spice of your hypocrisy
You that have so fair parts of woman on you
Have too a woman's heart which ever yet
Affected eminence wealth sovereignty
Which to say sooth, are blessings and which
gifts 30

Saving your minding the capacity
Of your soft chieril conscience would receive
If you might please to stretch it

Anne Nay good troth
Old L Yes troth and troth you would not be
a queen?

Anne No not for all the riches under heaven
Old L 'Tis strange A three pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it But I pray you
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne No in truth

Old L Then you are weakly made Pluck off a
little 40

I would not be a young count in your way

For more than blushing comes to If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy

Anne How you do talk!
I swear again I would not be a queen
For all the world

Old L In faith for little England
You do venture an emballing I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire although there
long'd

No more to the crown but that Lo who comes
here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Good morrow ladies What were it
worth to know 50

The secret of your conference?

Anne My good lord,
Not your demand it values not your asking
Our mistress sorrows we were pitying

Cham It was a gentle business and becoming
The action of good women There is hope
All will be well

Anne Now I pray God amen!
Cham You bear a gentle mind and heavenly
blessings

Follow such creatures That you may fair lady
Perceive I speak sincerely and high note's 55
Ta'en of your many virtues the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke to which title
A thousand pound a year annual support
Out of his grace he adds

Anne I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should render
More than my all is nothing nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities yet prayers
and wishes

Are all I can return Beseech your lordship 70
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness
Whose health and royalty I pray for

Cham Lady
I shall not fail to approve the fair concert
The King hath of you [*Anne*] I have perused
her well

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the King and who knows
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle? I'll to the King
And say I spoke with you

[Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN]
Anne My honour'd lord 80

Old L Why, this it is, see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come par betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds, and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon
Thus compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd

up
Before you open it

Anne This is strange to me

Old L How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,

no
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt Have you heard it?

Anne Come, you are pleasant

Old L With your theme, I could
O'emount the lark The Marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mee thousands, Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne Good lady, 100
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot It faints me,
To think what follows

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her

Old L What do you think me? 110
[Exit]

SCENE IV A hall in Black-Friars

Trumpets, sennet, and correts Enter two Vergers,
with short silver wands, next them, two scribes,
in the habit of doctors, after them, the ARCH-
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone, after him, the
BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and
SAINT ASAPH, next them, with some small dis-
tance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with
the great seal, and a cardinal's hat, then two
Priests, bearing each a silver cross, then a Gentle-
man usher, bareheaded, accompanied with a Ser-
geant-at-arms bearing a silver mace, then two
Gentlemen leaning two great silver pillars, after
them, side by side, the two CARDINALS, two
Noblemen with the sword and mace The KING
takes place under the cloth of state, the two CARDI-
nals sit under him as judges The QUEEN takes
place some distance from the KING The Bishops
place themselves on each side the court in manner
of a consistory, below them, the Scribes The

Lords sit next the Bishops The rest of the Attend-
ants stand in convenient order about the stage

Wol Whilst our commission from Rome is
read,

Let silence be commanded

King What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd,

You may, then, spare that time

Wol Be't so Proceed

Scribe Say, Henry King of England, come into
the court

Crier Henry King of England, &c

King Here

Scribe Say, Katharine Queen of England, come
into the court 11

Crier Katharine Queen of England, &c

The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her
chair, goes about the court, comes to the KING,
and kneels at his feet, then speaks

Q Kath Sir, I desire you do me right and jus-
tice,

And to bestow your pity on me, for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure 20
That thus you should proceed to put me off
And take your good grace from me? Heaven

witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable,
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,

Yea, subject to your countenance glad or sorry
As I saw it inclined When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, give notice
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to
mind

That I have been your wife in this obedience
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 40
Against your sacred person in God's name,
Turn me away, and let the foul set contempt
Shut door upon me and so give me up

To the sharp st kind of justice Please you sir
 The King your father was reputed for
 A prince most prudent of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgement Ferdinand
 My father King of Spain was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
 A year before It is not to be question'd 50
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm that did debate this business
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful wherefore I
 humbly

Beseech you sir to spare me till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised whose counsel
 I will implore If not the name of God
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd

Wol You have here, lady
 And of your choice these reverend fathers men
 Of singular integrity and learning
 Yea the elect in the land who are assembled 60
 To plead your cause It shall be therefore boot
 less

That longer you desire the court as well
 For your own quiet as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the King

Cam His Grace
 Hath spoken well and justly therefore madam
 It is fit this roval session do proceed
 And that without delay their arguments
 Be now produced and heard

Q Kath Lord Cardinal
 To you I speak

Wol Your pleasure madam?

Q Kath Sir
 I am about to weep but thinking that 70
 We are a queen or long have dream'd so certain
 The daughter of a king my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire

Wol Be patient yet
Q Kath I will when you are humble nay
 before

Or God will punish me I do believe
 Induced by potent circumstances that
 You are mine enemy and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me
 Which God's dew quench Therefore I say
 again,

I utterly abhor you, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge whom, yet once
 more,

I hold my most malicious foe and think not
 At all a friend to truth

Wol I do profess
 You speak not like yourself who ever yet
 Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom

O eropping woman's power Madam you do
 me wrong

I have no spleen against you nor injustice
 For you or any How far I have proceeded 90
 Or how far further shall I warrant
 By a commission from the consistory
 Yea the whole consistory of Rome You charge
 me

That I have blown this coal I do deny it
 The King is present if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed how may he wound
 And worthily my falsehood? yea as much
 As you have done my truth If he know
 That I am free of your report he knows
 I am not of your wrong Therefore in him 100
 It lies to cure me and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you the which be-
 fore

His Highness shall speak in I do beseech
 You gracious madam to unthink your speaking
 And to say so no more

Q Kath My lord my lord
 I am a simple woman much too weak
 To oppose your cunning, you're meek and
 humble mouth'd

You sign your place and calling in full seeming
 With meekness and humility but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogance spleen and pride 110
 You have by fortune and his Highness' favours
 Gone slightly o'er low steps and now are
 mounted

Where powers are your retainers and your
 words

Domestics to you serve your will as it please
 Yourself pronounce their office I must tell you
 You render more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual that again
 I do refuse you for my judge and here
 Before you all appeal unto the Pope
 To bring my whole cause fore his Holiness 120
 And to be judged by him

She curtseys to the King and offers to depart
Cam The Queen is obstinate
 Stubborn to justice, spite on accuse it and
 Disdainful to be tried by it This not well
 She's going away

King Call her again

Crier Katharine Queen of England, come into
 the court

Grif Madam you are call'd back

Q Kath What need you note it? pray you keep
 your way

When you are call'd return Now the Lord help
 They vex me past my patience! Pray you pass
 on 130

I will not tarry no nor ever more

Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their courts

[Exeunt QUEEN, and her Attendants]

King Go thy ways, Kate
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that Thou art alone
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 139
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens She's noble born,
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me

Al Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I
Did broach this business to your Highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you, yea, upon mine honour
I free you from't You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs
Bark when their fellows do By some of these 160
The Queen is put in anger You're excused,
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
desired

It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it On my honour,
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point
And thus far clear him Now, what mov'd me
to't,

I will be bold with time and your attention
Then mark the inducement Thus it came, give
heed to it

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness 170
Scruple and prick on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassa-
dor,

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary I the progress of this busi-
ness

Ere a determinate resolution, he,

I mean the Bishop, did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his lord advise
Whether our daughter were legitimate, 179
Respecting thus our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to trem-
ble

The region of my breast, which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng
And press'd in with this caution First, me-
thought

I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't than 190
The grave does to the dead, for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them Hence I took a
thought

This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should
not

Be gladdened in't by me Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail, and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe Thus hailing in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together, that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
By all the reverend fathers of the land
And doctors learn'd First I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln, you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you

Lim Very well my liege
King I have spoke long Be pleas'd yourself to
say 210

How far you satisfied me

Lim So please your Highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,
Bearing a state of mighty moment in it
And consequence of dread that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your Highness to this course
Which you are running here

King I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court, 220
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals Therefore go on
For no dislike the world against the person
Of the good queen but the sharp thorny points

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward
 Prove but our marriage lawful by my life
 And kindly dignity we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come with her
 Katharine our queen before the primest crea-
 ture

That a paragon do the world

Cam So please your Highness 230

The Queen being absent 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court till further day
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his Holiness

King [*Aside*] I may perceive

These Cardinals trifle with me I abhor

This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome

My learn'd and well beloved servant Cranmer

Prithce return With thy approach I know

My comfort comes along Break up the court

I say set on 241

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered*]

ACT III

SCENE I London The Queen's apartments

The QUEEN and her women as at work

Q Kath Take thy lute wench my soul grows
 sad with troubles

Sing and disperse em if thou canst Leave
 working

SONG

Orpheus with his lute made trees
 And the mountain tops that freeze
 Bow themselves when he did sing
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring

Everything that heard him play
 Even the blossoms of the sea
 Hung their heads and then lay by
 In sweet music is such art
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep or hearing die

Enter a GENTLEMAN

Q Kath How now

Gent An't please your Grace, the two great
 Cardinals

Wait in the presence

Q Kath Would they speak with me?

Gent They will d me say so ma'am

Q Kath Pray their Graces

To come near [*Exit GENTLEMAN*] What can be
 their business

With me a poor weak woman fall n from fa-
 your?

I do not like their coming Now I think on 20

They should be good men their affairs as right-
 eous

But all hoods make not monks

Enter the two CARDINALS WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS

Wol Peace to your Highness!

Q Kath Your Graces find me here part of a
 housewife

I would be all against the worst may happen

What are your pleasures with me reverend
 lords?

W of May it please you noble madam to with-
 draw

Into your private chamber we shall give you

The full cause of our coming

Q Kath Speak it here

There's nothing I have done yet of my own
 science 30

Deserves a censure Would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords I care not so much I am happy

Above a number if my actions

Were tried by every tongue every eye saw em,

Envy and base opinion set against em

I know my life so even If your business

Seek me out and that way I am wise in

Out with it boldly Truth loves open dealing

W of *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas reginae*

terentissimae— 41

Q Kath O good my lord no Latin

I am not such a truant since my coming

As not to know the language I have lived in

A strange tongue makes my cause more stran-
 e

suspicious

Pray speak in English Here are some will thank
 you

If you speak truth for their poor mistress take

Believe me, she has had much wrong Lord Car-
 dinal

The willing st sin I ever yet committed

May be absolved in English

W of Noble lady 51

I am sorry my integrity should breed

And service to his Majesty and you

So deep suspicion where all faith was meant

We come not by the way of accusation

To taint that honour every good tongue blessed

Nor to betray you any way to sorrow

You have too much, good lady but to know

How you stand I minded in the weighty difference

Between the King and you and to deliver

Like free and honest men, our just opinions 61

And comforts to your cause

Cam Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal, and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel

Q Kath [Aside] To betray me —
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, pray God, ye prove
so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour—
More near my life, I fear—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not I was set at work
Among my maids full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business
For her sake that I have been—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness—good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! 80
Wol Madam, you wrong the King's love with
these fears

Your hopes and friends are infinite

Q Kath In England
But little for my profit Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness'

pleasure,
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to live not here
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90
In mine own country, lords

Cam I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel

Q Kath How, sir?

Cam Put your main cause into the King's protection,

He's loving and most gracious 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause,

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,

You'll part away disgraced

Wol He tells you rightly

Q Kath Ye tell me what ye wish for both—my
ruin

Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet, there sits a judge 100
That no king can corrupt

Cam Your rage mistakes us
Q Kath The more shame for ye Holy men I
thought ye,

Upon my soul two reverend cardinal virtues,
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye

Mend 'em, for shame, my lords Is this your
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity, but say, I warn'd ye
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once 110

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye
Wol Madam, this is a mere distraction,

You turn the good we offer into envy

Q Kath Ye turn me into nothing Woe upon ye
And all such false professors' Would you have
me—

If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, 120
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this

Cam Your fears are worse

Q Kath Have I lived thus long—let me speak
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman, I dare say without vain glory,
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? loved him next heaven?
obey'd him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well lords
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour a great patience

Wol Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at

Q Kath My lord, I dare not make myself so
guilty

To give up willingly that noble title 140
Your master w ed me to Nothing but death
Shall ever divorce my dignities

Wol Pray, hear me

Q Kath Would I had never trod this English
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your
hearts

What will become of me now wretched lady!

I am the most unhappy woman living

Alas poor wench, where are now your for-
tunes!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom where no pity
No friends no hope no kindred weep for me
Almost no grave allow'd me Like the lily 151
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd
I'll hang my head and perish

If al If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest

You'd feel more comfort Why should we good
lady

Upon what cause wrong you? alas our places
The way of our profession is against it
We are to cure such sorrows not to sow 'em
For goodness sake consider what you do
How you may hurt yourself ay utterly 160
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage

The hearts of princes kiss obedience
So much they love it but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible as storms
I know you have a gentle noble temper
A soul as even as a calm Pray think us
Those we profess peace-makers friends and
servants

Cam Madam you'll find it so You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears A noble spirit
As yours was put into you ever casts 170
Such doubts as false coin from it The King
loves you

Beware you lose it not For us if you please
To trust in your business we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service

Q Kath Do what ye will my lords and pray
forgive me

If I have used myself unmannerly
You know I am a woman lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons
Pray do my service to his Majesty
He has my heart yet and shall have my prayers
While I shall have my life Come reverend
fathers 181

Bestow your counsels on me She now begs
That little thought when she set footing here
She should have bought her dignities so dear

[Exeunt

SCENE II *Ante-chamber to the King's apartment*
Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK the DUKE OF SUR-
FOLK the EARL OF SURREY and the LORD CHAM-
BERLAIN

Nor If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them If you omit
The offer of this time I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces

With these you bear already

Sur I am joy ful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father in law, the Duke
To be revenged on him

Suf Which of the peers
Have unconcern'd gone by him or at least 19
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham My lords you speak your pleasures
What he deserves of you and me I know
What we can do to him though now the time
Gives way to us I much fear If you cannot
Bar his access to the King never attempt
Anything on him for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in a tongue

Nor O fear him not
His spell in that is out The King hath found 20
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language No he is settled
Not to come off in his displeasure

Sur Sir
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour

Nor Believe it this is true
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy

Sur How came
His practices to light?

Suf Most strangely
Sur O how how?

Suf The Cardinal's letters to the Pope mis-
carried 30
And came to the eye of the King wherein was
read

How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
To stay the judgment of the divorce for if
It did take place, I do quoth he perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's Lady Anne Bullen

Sur Has the King this?

Suf Believe it
Sur Will this work?

Cham The King in this perceives him how he
coasts
And hedges his own way But in this point
All his tricks founder and he brings his physic
After his patient's death The King already 41
I hath married the fair lady

Sur Would he had?
Suf May you be happy in your wish, my lord
For I profess you have it

Sur Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf My amen to 't'
Nor All men's!
Suf There's order given for her coronation
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
 To some ears unrecounted But, my lords,
 She is a gallant creature, and complete
 In mind and feature I persuade me, from her 50
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
 In it be memorized

Sur But will the King
 Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor Marry, amen!
Suf No, no,
 There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
 Will make this sting the sooner Cardinal Cam-
 penus

Is stol'n away to Rome, hath ta'en no leave,
 Has left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
 Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
 To second all his plot I do assure you 60
The King cried "Ha!" at this

Cham Now, God incense him,
 And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

Nor But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer?

Suf He is return'd in his opinions, which
 Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
 Together with all famous colleges
 Almost in Christendom Shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
 Her coronation Katharine no more
 Shall be call'd Queen, but Princess Dowager 70
 And widow to Prince Arthur

Nor This same Cranmer's
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
 In the King's business

Suf He has, and we shall see him
 For it an archbishop

Nor So I hear
Suf 'Tis so

The Cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL

Nor Observe, observe, he's moody
Wol The packet Cromwell,
 Gave't you the King?
Crom To his own hand in's bedchamber
Wol Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom Presently
 He did unseal them and the first he view'd, 80
 He did it with a serious mind a heed
 Was in his countenance You he bade
 Attend him here this morning
Wol Is he ready
 To come abroad?

Crom I think, by this he is
Wol Leave me awhile [*Exit CROMWELL*]
[Aside] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
 The French king's sister, he shall marry her
 Anne Bullen! No, I'll no Anne Bullens for him,
 There's more in't than fair visage Bullen!
 No, we'll no Bullens Speedily I wish
 To hear from Rome The Marchioness of Pem-
 broke! 90

Nor He's discontented
Suf May be, he hears the King
 Does what his anger to him

Sur Sharp enough,
 Lord for thy justice!
Wol [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a
 knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress' the Queen's queen!
 This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,
 Then out it goes What though I know her vir-
 tuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for
 A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
 Our cause that she should be: the bosom of 100
 Our hard ruled king Again there is sprung up
 An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And is his oracle

Nor He is vex'd at something
Sur I would were something that would fret
 the string
 The master-cord on's heart!

Enter the KING, reading of a schedule, and LOVELL

Suf The King, the King!
King What piles of wealth hath he accumu-
 lated

To his own portion! and what expense by the
 hour

Seems to flow from him! How, the name of
 thrift

Does he rake this together! Now, my lords 110
 Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor My lord we have
 Stood here observing him Some strange commo-
 tion

Is in his brain he bites his lip and starts,
 Stops on a sudden looks upon the ground
 Then lays his finger on his temple straight
 Springs out into fast gait then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
 His eye against the moon In most strange pos-
 tures

We have seen him set himself

King It may well be,
 There is a mutiny in's mind This morning 120
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,

As I required and wot you what I found
There—on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory thus importing
The several parcels of his plate his treasure
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household which
I find at such proud rate that it out speaks
Possession of a subject

Alor It s Heaven s will
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal

King If we did think 130
His contemplation were above the earth
And fix d on spiritual object he should still
Dwell in his musings but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon not worth
His serious considering

King takes his seat & whispers LOVELL, who goes to
the CARDINAL

Wal Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your Highness!

King Good my lord
You are full of heavenly stuff and bear the inven-
tory

Of your best graces in your mind the which
You were once running over You have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140
To keep your earthly audit Sure in that
I deem you an ill husband and am glad
To have you therein my companion

Wal Sir
For holy offices I have a time a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear the state and nature does require
Her times of preservation which perforce
I her frail son amongst my brethren mortal
Must give my tendance to

King You have said well

Wal And ever may your Highness yoke to-
gether 150

As I will lend you cause my doing well
With my well saying!

King 'Tis well said again
And tis a kind of good deed to say well
And y^e words are no deeds My father loved
you

He said he did and with his deed did crown
His word upon you Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart have not alone
Employ d you where high profits might come
home,

But pard my present havings to bestow
My bounties upon you

Wal [Aside] What should this mean? 160

Sir [Aside] The Lord increase this business!

King Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me
If what I now pronounce you have found true
And if you may confess it say withal
If you are bound to us or no What say you?

Wal My sovereign I confess your royal graces
Shower d on me daily have been more than
could

My studied purposes require which went
Beyond all man s endeavours My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires 170

Yet fill d with my abilities Mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state For your great graces
Heap d upon me, poor undeserver I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks
My prayers to heaven for you my loyalty
Which ever has and ever shall be growing
Till death that winter kill it

King Fairly answer d 180
A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein illustrated The honour of it
Does pay the act of it as the contrary
The foulness is the punishment I presume
That as my hand has open d bounty to you
My heart dropp d love my power rain d honour
more

On you than any so your hand and heart
Your brain and every function of your power
Should notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As were in love s particular be more
To me your friend than any

Wal I do profess 190
That for your Highness good I ever labour d
More than mine own, that am have and will
be—

Though all the world should crack their duty to
you

And throw it from their soul though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make em, and
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty
As doth a rock against the chiding flood
Should the approach of this wild river break
And stand unshaken yours

King 'Tis nobly spoken
Take notice lords he has a loyal breast 200
For you have seen him open Read o'er this

Giving him papers
And after this And then to break fast with
What appetite you have

[Exit KING frowning upon CARDINAL
WOLSEY The Nobles throng after
him smiling and whispering

Wal What should this mean?
What sudden anger s this? how have I escap d?
He parted frowning from me as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing I must read this paper,
I fear, the story of his anger 'Tis so,
This paper has undone me 'Tis the account 210
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to-
gether

For mine own ends, indeed, to gain the pope-
dom,

And see my friends in Rome O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly, yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again What's this? "To the
Pope!" 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to's Holiness Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
ness,

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more

*Re-enter Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and
Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord
Chamberlain*

Nor Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal! who
commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into their hands, and to confine yourself 230

To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his Highness

Wol Stray!

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
carry

Authority so weighty

Shif Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth express-
ly?

If Till I find more than will or words to do
it,

I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded envy 240
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses men of malice,
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no
doubt

In time will find their fit rewards That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King.

Mine and your master, with his own hand gave
me,

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents Now, who'll take it?

Sur The King, that gave it
Wol It must be himself, then 251

Sur Thou art a proud traitor, priest
Wol Proud lord, thou liest

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so

Sur Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham my father-in-law
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland, 260

Far from his succour, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest
him,

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe

Wol This and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false The Duke by law
Found his deserts How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you
You have as little honesty as honour, 271

That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master
Dare make a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies

Sur By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you, thou
shouldst feel

My sword! the life-blood of thee else My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility, let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks

Wol All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach

Sur Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the lands wealth into one,
Into your own hands Cardinal by extortion,
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the Pope against the King Your
goodness,

Since you provoke me shall be most notorious
My Lord of Norfolk as ye are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state 290
Of our despised nobility, our issues,

Who if he live will scarce be gentlemen
Produce the grand sum of his sins the articles
Collected from his life I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms Lord Cardinal
If ol How much methinks I could despise this
man

But that I am bound in charity against it
Nor Those articles my lord are in the King's
hand

But thus much they are foul ones
If ol So much fairer 300

And spotless shall mine innocence arise
When the King, knows my truth

Sur This cannot save you
I thank my memory I yet remember
Some of these articles and out they shall
Now if you can blush and cry guilty Cardi-
nal

You'll show a little honesty
If ol Speak on, sir

I dare your worst objections If I blush
It is to see a nobleman want manners

Sur I had rather want those than my head
Have at you!
First that without the King's assent or knowl-
edge, 310

You wrought to be a legate by which power
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops

Nor Then that in all your writ to Rome or else
To foreign princes *Ego et Rex meus*

Was still inscribed in which you brought the
King

To be your servant
Sur Then that without the knowledge

Either of King or council when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor you made bold

To carry into Flanders the great seal
Sur Item you sent a large commission 320

To Gregory de Cassado to conclude
Without the King's will or the state's allowance,

A league between his Highness and Ferrara
Sur That out of mere ambition, you have
caused

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the King's coin
Sur Then that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance—

By what means got I leave to your own con-
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities to the mere undoing

Of all the kingdom Many more there are 330
Which, since they are of you and odious

I will not taint my mouth with
Cham

O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue
His faults lie open to the laws let them
Nor you correct him My heart weeps to see hurt
So little of his great self

Sur I forgive him

Sur Lord Cardinal the King's further pleasure
is

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power legatine within this kingdom
Fall into the compass of a *premunire* 340

That therefore such a writ be sued against you
To forfeit all your goods lands tenements

Chattels and whatsoever and to be
Out of the King's protection This is my charge

Nor And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better For your stubborn answer

About the giving back the great seal to us
The King shall know it and no doubt shall

thank you
So fare you well my little good Lord Cardinal

(*Exeunt all but WOLSEY* 350

If ol So farewell to the little good you bear me
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!

This is the state of man to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes to-morrow blossoms

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him
The third day comes a frost a killing frost

And when he thinks good easy man full surely
His greatness is a ripening nips his root

And then he falls as I do I have ventured
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders

This many summers in a sea of glory 360
But far beyond my depth My high blown pride

At length broke under me and now has left me
Weary and old with service to the mercy

Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me
Vain pomp and glory of this world I hate ye

I feel my heart new open'd O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin 369

More pangs and fears than wars or women have
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again

Enter CROMWELL, and starts amazed

Why how now Cromwell!

Crom I have no power to speak sir

If ol What amazed
At my misfortune? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay an you weep
I am fall'n indeed

Crom How does your Grace?

If ol Why well
Never so truly happy my good Cromwell
I know myself now and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience The King has cured
me, 380

I humbly thank his Grace, and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom I am glad your Grace has made that right
use of it

Wol I hope I have I am able now, methinks,

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,

To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer 390
What news abroad?

Crom The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the King

Wol God bless him!

Crom The next is that Sir Thomas More is
chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place

Wol That's somewhat sudden,

But he's a learned man May he continue

Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience, that his
bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury 401

Wol That's news indeed

Crom Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,

This day was view'd in open as his queen,

Going to chapel, and the voice is now

Only about her coronation

Wol There was the weight that pull'd me down

O Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me! All my glories

In that one woman I have lost for ever

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, 410

Or gold again the noble troops that waited

Upon my smiles Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well,

I am a poor fallow man unworthy now

To be thy lord and master Seek the King,

That sun I pray, may never set! I have told him

What and how true thou art, he will advance
thee,

Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let

This hopeful service perish too Good Cromwell

Neglect him not, make use now and provide 420

For thine own future safety

Crom

O my lord,
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo

So good, so noble, and so true a master?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord

The King shall have my service, but my prayers

For ever and for ever shall be yours

Wol Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman 430

Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Crom-
well,

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,

A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me 439

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition

By that sin fell angels, how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

Love thyself last Cherish those hearts that hate

thee

Corruption wins not more than honesty

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace

To silence envious tongues Be just, and fear not

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's and truth's then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King,

And—prithee lead me in 450

There take an inventory of all I have

To the last penny 'tis the King's My robe,

And my integrity to heaven is all

I dare now call mine own O Cromwell, Crom-
well!

I had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age

I have left me naked to mine enemies

Crom Good sir, have patience

Wol

So I have Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell

[Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I A street in Westminster

Enter TWO COUNTRYMEN meeting one another

1st Gent You're well met once again

2nd Gent

So are you.

1st Gent You come to take your stand here, and

behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2nd Gent 'Tis all my busines At our last en-
counter
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial
1st Gent 'Tis very true But that time offer d
sorrow
This general joy
2nd Gent 'Tis well The citizens
I am sure have shown at full their royal minds—
As let em have their rights they are ever for-
ward—
In celebration of this day with shows 10
Paganes and sights of honour
1st Gent Never greater
Nor I'll assure you better taken sir
2nd Gent May I be bold to ask what that con-
tains
That paper in your hand?
1st Gent Yes 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day
By custom of the coronation
The Duke of Suffolk is the first and claims
To be High Steward next the Duke of Nor-
folk
He to be Carl Marshal You may read the rest
2nd Gent I thank you sir Had I not I now in
those customs 20

I should have been beholding to your paper
But I beseech you what's become of Katharine
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?
1st Gent That I can tell you too The Arch-
bishop
Of Canterbury accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order
Held a late court at Dunstable six miles off
From Amptull where the Princess lay to
which
She was often cited by them, but appear d
not
And to be short for more appearance and 30
The King's late scruple by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced
And the late marriage made of none effect
Since which she was removed to Lambolton
Where she remains now sick
2nd Gent Alas good lady!
Trumpets
The trumpets sound stand close the queen is
coming
Hailboys

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

- 1 A lively flourish of Trumpets
- 2 Then two Judges
- 3 Lord Chancellor with the purse and mace be-
fore him
- 4 Clergymen singing [Music

5 Mayor of London bearing the mace Then Gar-
ter in his coat of arms and on his head a gold
copper crown
6 Marquess Dorset Bearing a sceptre of gold on
his head a demi-coronall of gold With him the
EARL OF SURREY bearing the rod of silver
with the dove crowned with an earl's coronet
Collars of SS
7 DUKE OF SUFFOLK in his robe of ermine his
coronet on his head bearing a long white wand
as high steeled With him the DUKE OF
NORFOLK with the rod of marshalship a coro-
net on his head Collars of SS
8 A canopy borne by four of the Cinque ports
under it the QUEEN in her robe in her hair
richly adorned with pearl crowned On eith-
er side her the Bishops of London and Win-
chester
9 The old Duchess of Norfolk in a coronal of gold
brought with flowers bearing the Queen's
train
10 Certain Ladies or Countesses with plain circlets
of gold without flowers
They pass over the stage in order and state
2nd Gent A royal train believe me These I
know

Who's that that bears the sceptre?
1st Gent Marquess Dorset
And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod
2nd Gent A bold brave gentleman That should
be 40
The Duke of Suffolk?
1st Gent 'Tis the same High Steward
2nd Gent And that my Lord of Norfolk?
1st Gent Yes
2nd Gent Heaven bless thee!
Looking on the QUEEN
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on
Sir as I have a soul she is an angel
Our King has all the Indies in his arms
And more and richer when he strains that lady
I cannot blame his conscience

1st Gent They that bear
The cloth of honour on either her are four barons
Of the Cinque ports
2nd Gent Those men are happy and so are all 50
are near her
I take it she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady Duchess of Norfolk
1st Gent It is and all the rest are countesses
2nd Gent Their coronets say so These are
stars indeed
And sometimes falling ones
1st Gent No more of that
[Exit procession and then a great flourish
of trumpets

Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN

1st Gent God save you sir! where have you been broiling?

3rd Gent Among the crowd i' the Abbey, where a finger

Could not be wedged in more I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy

2nd Gent You saw

The ceremony?

3rd Gent That I did

1st Gent How was it? 60

3rd Gent Well worth the seeing

2nd Gent Good sir, speak it to us

3rd Gent As well as I am able The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her, while her Grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man, which when the people 70
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes Hats, cloaks—
Doublets, I think—flew up, and had their faces
Berm loose, this day they had been lost Such joy
I never saw before Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em No man living
Could say "This is my wife" there, all were
woven

So strangely in one piece

2nd Gent But, what follow'd? 81

3rd Gent At length her Grace rose and with
modest paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and saint-
like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people

When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen,

As holy oil, Ldw and Confessor's crown
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her, which perform'd the choir, 90
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,

Together sung "Te Drum" So she parted
And with the same full state paced back again

To York Place, where the feast is held

1st Gent Sir

You must no more call it York Place that's past,
For since the Cardinal fell that title's lost

'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall

3rd Gent I know it,

But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name
Is fresh about me

2nd Gent What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3rd Gent Stokesly and Gardiner, the one of
Winchester, 101

Newly prefer'd from the King's secretary,

The other, London

2nd Gent He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer

3rd Gent All the land knows that

However, yet there is no great breach, when it
comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him

2nd Gent Who may that be, I pray you?

3rd Gent Thomas Cromwell,

A man in much esteem with the King, and truly
A worthy friend The King has made him master
O' the jewel house, 111

And one, already, of the privy council

2nd Gent He will deserve more

3rd Gent Yes, without all doubt

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which

Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests,

Something I can command As I walk thither,

I'll tell ye more

Both You may command us sir [Exeunt

SCENE II Kimbolton

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick, led between
GRIFFITH, her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE,
her woman*

Grif How does your Grace?

Kath O Griffith sick to death!

My legs like loaden branches, bow to the earth,

Willing to leave their burthen Reach a chair,

So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st

me,

That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,

Was dead?

Grif Yes madam, but I think your Grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't

Kath Prithce, good Griffith, tell me how he

died

If well he stepp'd before me, happily 10

I or my example

Grif Well the voice goes madam

For after the stout Lord Northumberland

Arrested him at York and brought him forward

As a man sorely tainted to his answer,

He fell sick suddenly and grew so ill

He could not sit his mule

Kath

Was, poor man!

Grif At last with easy roads he came to
Leicester
Lodged in the abbey where the reverend abbot
With all his convent honourably received him 19
To whom he gave these words O father abbot
An old man broken with the storms of state
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye
Give him a little earth for charity
So went to bed where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still and three nights after this
About the hour of eight which he himself
Foretold should be his last full of repentance,
Continual meditations tears and sorrows
He gave his honours to the world again 29
His blessed part to heaven and slept in peace
Kath So may he rest his faults lie gently on
him

Yet thus far Griffith give me leave to speak him
And yet with charity He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach ever ranking
Himself with princes one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom Simons was fair play
His own opinion was his law in the presence
He would say untruths and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning He was never
But where he meant to ruin pitiful 40
His promises were as he then was mighty
But his performance as he is now nothing
Of his own body he was ill and gave
The clergy ill example

Grif Noble madam
Men's evil manners live in brass their virtues
We write in water May it please your High-
ness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath Yes good Griffith
I were malicious else

Grif This Cardinal
Though from an humble stock undoubtedly 49
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle
He was a scholar and a ripe and good one
Exceeding wise fair spoken, and persuading
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not
But to those men that sought him sweet as sum-
mer

And though he were unsatisfied in getting
Which was a sin yet in bestowing madam
He was most princely I ver witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford one of which fell with him
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it 60
The other though unfinished yet so famous
So excellent in art and still so rising
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him
For then, and not till then he felt himself

And found the blessedness of being little
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him he died fearing God
Kath After my death I wish no other herald
No other speaker of my living actions 70
To keep mine honour from corruption
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith
Whom I most hated living thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty
Now in his ashes honour Peace be with him
Patience be near me still and set me lower
I have not long to trouble thee Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to 80

Sad and solemn music

Grif She is asleep good wench let's sit down
quiet
For fear we wake her Softly gentle Patience

The vision Enter solemnly tripping one after another six personages clad in white robes wearing on their heads garlands of lilies and golden wands on their faces branches of lilies or palm in their hands They first congees unto her then dance and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head at which the other four make reverent curties then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two who observe the same order in their changes and hold up the garland over her head which done they deliver the same garland to the last two who like the others observe the same order at which as it were by inspiration she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing and holdeth up her hands to heaven and so in their dancing vanish carrying the garland with them The music continues

Kath Spirits of peace where are ye? are ye all gone

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif Madam we are here

Kath It is not you I call for
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif None madam

Kath No? Saw you not even now a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness 90
And brought me garlands Griffith which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear I shall assuredly

Grif I am most joyful madam such good
dreams

Possess your fancy

Kath Bid the music leave
They are harsh and heavy to me [Music ceases]

Pat Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Gmf She is going, wench Pray, pray
Pat Heaven comfort her!

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess An't like your Grace—
Kath You are a saucy fellow 100
Deserve we no more reverence?
Gmf You are to blame,
knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour, go to, kneel
Mess I humbly do entreat your Highness' pardon,
My haste made me unmannerly There is stay-
ing
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you
Kath Admit him entrance, Griffith, but this
fellow
Let me ne'er see again

[Exeunt GRIFFITH and MESSENGER]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Em-
peror,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius 110
Cap Madam, the same, your servant
Kath O, my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me since first you knew me But, I pray
you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your Grace, the next,
The King's request that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort
Kath O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late, 120
Tis like a pardon after execution
That gentle phy sic, given in time, had cured me
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers
How does his Highness?
Cap Madam in good health
Kath So may he ever do! and ever flourish
When I shall dwell with worms and my poor
name
Brush'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?
P. No madam

Bring it to KATHARINE

Kath Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King
Cap Most willing, madam 130
Kath In which I have commended to his good-
ness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daugh-
ter,
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope she will deserve well—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved
him,
Heaven knows how dearly My next poor peti-
tion

Is that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long 140
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie, but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble,
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have
'em

The last is, for my men, they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me, 149
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus
These are the whole contents, and, good my
lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
King

To do me this last right

Cap By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath I thank you honest lord Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness 161
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will Mine eyes grow dim Farewell,
My lord Griffith farewell Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet I must to bed,
Call in more women When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be used with honour Strew me over
With maiden flowers that all the world may
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave Embalm me, 170
Then lay me forth Although unqueen'd yet like
A queen and daughter to a king inter me
I can no more *[Exeunt leading F.]*

ACT V

SCENE I *London a gallery in the palace**Enter GARDINER BISHOP OF WINCHESTER a PAGE with a torch before him met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL*

Gar It s one o'clock boy ■ t not?

Boy It hath struck

Gar These should be hours for necessities

Not for delights times to repair our nature

With comforting repose and not for us

T ■ waste these times Good hour of night Sir

Thomas!

Whither so late?

Lov Came you from the King my lord?

Gar I did Sir Thomas and left him at primero

With the Duke of Suffolk

Lov I must to him too

Before he go to bed I ll take my leave

Gar Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell What s the matter?

10

It seems you are in haste an if there be

No great offence belongs to t give your friend

Some touch of your late business Affairs that walk

As they say spirits do at midnight have

In them a wilder nature than the business

That seeks dispatch by day

Lov My lord I love you

And durst commend a secret to your ear

Much weightier than this work The Queen s in labour

They say in great extremity and fear d

She ll with the labour end

Gar The fruit she goes with 20

I pray for heartily that it may find

Good time, and live but for the stock Sir

Thomas

I wish it grubb d up now

Lov Methinks I could

Cry the amen and yet my conscience say s

She s a good creature, and, sweet lady does

Deserve our better wishes

Gar But sir sir

Hear me, Sir Thomas You re a gentleman

Of mine own way I know you wise, religious

And let me tell you it will ne er be well

Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell take t of me, 30

Till Cranmer Cromwell her two hands and she

Sleep in their graves

Lov Now sir you speak of two

The most remark d s the kingdom As for Cromwell

well

Beside that of the jew el house, is made master

O the rolls and the King s secretary further

sir

Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,

With which the time will load him The arch bishop

Is the King s hand and tongue and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

Gar Yes yes Sir Thomas

There are that dare and I myself have ventured

To speak my mind of him and indeed this day 41

Sir I may tell it you I think I have

Incensed the lords o the council that he is

For so I know he is they know he is

A most arch heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land with which they

moved

Have broken with the King who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint of his great grace

And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs

Our reasons laid before him hath commanded 50

To-morrow morning to the council board

He be convicted He s a rank weed Sir Thomas

And we must root him out From your affairs

I hinder you too long Good night Sir Thomas

Lov Many good nights my lord I rest your servant

[Exit GARDINER and PAGE]

Enter the KING and SUFFOLK

King Charles I will play no more to-night

My mind s not on t you are too hard for me

Suf Sir I did never win of you before

King But little, Charles

Nor shall not when my fancy s on my play 60

Now Lovell from the Queen what is the news?

Lov I could not personally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman

I sent your message who return d her thanks

In the great st humbleness and desired your

Highness

Most heartily to pray for her

King What say st thou ha?

To pray for her? what is she crying out?

Lov So said her woman and that her suffer

ance made

Almost each pang a death

King Alas good lady!

Suf God safely quit her of her burthen, and

With gentle travail to the gladding of 71

Your Highness with an heir!

King Tis midnight, Charles

Prishee, to bed and in thy prayers remember

The estate of my poor queen Leave me alone

For I must think of that which company

Would not be friendly to

Suf I wish your Highness

A quiet night and my good mistress will

Remember in my prayers

King Charles good night [Exit SUFFOLK]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY

Well, sir, what follows?

Den Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
bishop,

As you commanded me

Amg Ha! Canterbury?

Den Ay, my good lord

Amg 'Tis true, where is he, Denny?

Den He attends your Highness' pleasure

Amg Bring him to us

[Exit DENNY]

Low [Aside] This is about that which the bishop

spake

I am happily come hither

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER

Amg Avoid the gallery *[LOVELL seems to stay]*

Ha! I have said Be gone

What! *[Exit LOVELL and DENNY]*

Cran [Aside] I am fearful Wherefore frowns
he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror All's not well

Amg How now, my lord! you do desire to
know

Wherefore I sent for you

Cran [Kneeling] It is my duty

To attend your Highness' pleasure

Amg Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury

Come, you and I must walk a turn together,

I have news to tell you Come, come, give me
your hand

Ah my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you, which, being con-
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council that you shall

This morning come before us, where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial in those charges

Which will require your answer you must take

Your patience to you and be well contented

To make your house our Tower You a brother
of us,

It fits us thus proceed, or else no witness

Would come against you

Cran [Kneeling] I humbly thank your High-
ness

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

More thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder for I know

There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues

Than I myself, poor man

King Stand up, good Canterbury

Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

In us, thy friend Give me thy hand, stand up

Prithee, let's walk Now, by my holidame,

What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd

You would have given me your petition, that

I should have ta'en some pains to bring together

Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard

you, 120

Without indurance, further

Cran Most dread liege,

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty

If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,

Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,

Being of those virtues vacant I fear nothing

What can be said against me

King Know you not

How your state stands i' the world, with the

whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small, their

practices

Must bear the same proportion, and not ever 129

The justice and the truth o' the question carries

The due o' the verdict with it At what case

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

To swear against you? such things have been

done

You are potentially opposed, and with a malice

Of as great size Ween you of better luck,

I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,

Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived

Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to,

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,

And woo your own destruction

Cran God and your Majesty

Protect mine innocence, or I fall into 141

The trap is laid for me!

Amg Be of good cheer,

They shall no more prevail than we give way to

Keep comfort to you, and this morning see

You do appear before them If they shall chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit you,

The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with that chemyney

The occasion shall instruct you If entreaties

Will render you no remedy this ring 150

Deliver them and your appeal to us

There make before them Look the good man

wceps!

He's honest on mine honour God a blest mother!

I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul

None better in my kingdom Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you *[Exit CRANMER]* He

has strangled

His language in his tears

Enter OLD LADY LOVELL following

Gent [Within] Come back! What mean you?

OLL I'll not come back the tidings that I bring

Will make my boldness minners Now good an'els

I'll set thy royal head and shade thy person 160
Under their blessed wings!

King Now by thy looks
I guess thy message Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say ay and of a boy

OLL Ay ay my liege
And of a lovely boy The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl
Promises boys hereafter Sir your queen
Desires your visitation and to be
Acquainted with this stranger 'Tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry

King Lovell!

Loe Sir?

King Give her an hundred marks I'll to the
Queen [Exit]

OLL An hundred marks! By this light I'll ha
more 171

An ordinary groom is for such payment
I will have more or scold it out of him
Said I for this the girl was like to him?
I will have more or else unsay it and now
While it is hot I'll put it to the issue

[Exit]

SCENE II Before the council chamber

Enter mis Pages &c attending

Enter CRAWMER ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Cran I hope I am not too late and yet the gen
tleman

That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
To make great haste All fast? what means this?
Ho!

Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter KEEPER

Keep Yes my lord

But yet I cannot help you

Cran Why?

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS

Keep Your Grace must wait till you be call'd
for

Cran So

Butts [Aside] This is a piece of malice I am
glad

I came this way so happily The King

Shall understand it presently

Cran [Aside] 'Tis Butts

[Exit]

10

The king's physician as he pass'd along
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven he sound not my disgrace! For cer
tain

This is of purpose said by some that hate me—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their mal
ice—

To quench mine honour They would shame to
make me

Wait else at door a fellow counsellor
Among boys' grooms and lackeys But their
pleasures

Must be fulfill'd and I attend with patience

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above

Butts I'll show your Grace the strange sight—

King What's that Butts? 20

Butts I think your Highness saw this many a
day

King Body o' me where is it?

Butts There my lord

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury
Who holds his state at door among pursuivants
Pages and footboys

King Ha! 'tis he indeed

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above em yet I ha!
thought

They had parted so much honesty among em
At least good manners as not thus to suffer
A man of his place and so near our favour 30

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures

An't at the door too like a post with packets

By holy Mary Butts there's knavery

I let em alone and draw the curtain close

We shall hear more anon [Exit]

SCENE III The Council chamber

*Enter LORD CHANCELLOR places himself at the
upper end of the table on the left hand a seat being
left void above him as for CANTERBURY a seat
DUKE OF SUFFOLK DUKE OF NORFOLK 40
LORD CHAMBERLAIN GARDINER seat themselves
on or let on each side CROMWELL at lower end at
secretary KEEPER at the door*

Chan Speak to the business master secretary
Why are we met in council?

Crom Please your honour

The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canter
bury

Gar Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom Yes

Nor Who waits there?

Keep Without my noble lords?

Gar Yes

Keep My Lord Archbishop

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures

Crom Let him come in

Keep Your Grace may enter now
CRAWMER enters and approaches the council-table

Crom My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty, but we all are men, 10
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels, out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach

us,
Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your

chaplains,
For so we are inform'd, with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies,
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious 19

Gar Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords, for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and

spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physick, and what follows then?

Comotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state, as, of late days, our neigh-

bours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
Yet freshly pittied in our memories

Crom My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress -

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my authority
Might go on easy, and safely, and the end
Was ever to do well Nor in there living,

I speak it with a single heart my lords,
A man that more detects more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place, 40
Disfacers of a public peace than I do

Pray heaven, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it Men that make
Fury and crooked malice nourishment

Debate the best I do beseech your lordships
That in this case of justice my accusers
For what they will may stand forth face to

face
And feel urge against me
Sir Nay my lord

That cannot be You are a councillor 50
And in this virtue no man dare accuse you

Gar My lord, because we have business of more moment,

We will be short with you 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for

Crom Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you,

You are always my good friend, if you will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60
You are so merciful I see your end,

'Tis my undoing Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition

Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest

Gar My lord, my lord, you are a secretary, 70
That's the plain truth Your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness

Crom My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp men so noble,

How ever faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been 'Tis a cruelty

To load a falling man

Gar Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy, you may, worst

Of all this table, say so

Crom Why, my lord?

Gar Do not I know you for a favourer 80
Of this new sect? ye are not sound

Crom Not sound?

Gir Not sound I say

Crom Would you were half so honest!

Men's prayers then would seek you not their fears

Gir I shall remember this bold language

Crom Do

Remember your bold life too

Crom This is too much,

Forbear, for shame my lords

Gar I have done

Crom And I

Crom Then thus for you my lord it stands

agreed

I take it by all voices that forthwith

You be committed to the Tower a prisoner,

There to remain till the King's further pleasure

Be known unto us Are you all agreed lords? 91
All We are
Crom Is there no other way of mercy
 But I muſt needs to the Tower my lords?
Gar What other
 Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-
 some
 Let some of the guard be ready there

Enter GUARD

Crom For me?
 Muſt I go like a traitor thither?
Gar Receive him
 And ſee him ſafe to the Tower
Crom Stay good my lords
 I have a little yet to ſay Look there my lords
 By virtue of that ring I take my cauſe
 Out of the gripes of cruel men and give it 100
 To a moſt noble judge the King my maſter
Cham This is the King's ring
Sur 'Tis no counterfeſt
Suf 'Tis the right ring by heaven I told ye all
 When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rolling
 'Twould fall upon ourſelves
Nor Do you think my lords
 The King will ſuffer but the little finger
 Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham 'Tis now too certain
 How much more is his life in value with him?
 Would I were fairly out on't!
Crom My mind gave me
 In ſeeking tales and informations 110
 Againſt this man whoſe honeſty the devil
 And his diſciples only envy at
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye Now have at ye!

Enter KING ſrowning on them takes his ſeat

Gar Dread ſovereign, how much are we bound
 to heaven
 In daily thanks that gave us ſuch a prince
 Not only good and wiſe, but moſt religious
 One that in all obedience makes the church
 The chief aim of his honour and to ſtrengthen
 That holy duty out of dear reſpect
 His royal ſelf in judgement come to hear 120
 The cauſe betwixt her and this great offender
King You were ever good at ſudden commen-
 dations,
 Biſhop of Wincheſter But now I come not
 To hear ſuch flattery now and in my preſence
 They are too thin and bare to hide offences
 To me you cannot reach, you play the ſpaniel
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win
 me
 But whatſoever thou takeſt me for I'm ſure
 Thou haſt a cruel nature and a bloody

[To *CRAWMER*] Good man ſit down Now let me
 ſee the proudeſt 130
 He, that dares moſt but wag his finger at thee
 By all that's holy he had better ſtarve
 Than but once ſtink this place becomes thee not
Sur May it pleaſe your Grace—
King No ſir it does not pleaſe me
 I had thought I had had men of ſome underſtand-
 ing
 And wiſdom of my council but I find none
 Was it diſcretion lords to let this man,
 This good man—few of you deſerve that title—
 This honeſt man wait like a lousy footboy 139
 At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
 Why what a ſhame was this? Did my commis-
 ſion
 Bid ye ſo far forget yourſelves? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counſellor to try him
 Not as a groom There's ſome of ye I ſee,
 More out of malice than integrity
 Would try him to the utmoſt had ye mean
 Which ye ſhall never have while I live
Cham Thus far
 My moſt dread ſovereign may it like your Grace
 To let my tongue excuſe all What was put
 poſed
 Concerning his imprifonment was rather 150
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
 And fair purgation to the world than malice
 I'm ſure in me
King Well well my lords reſpect him
 Take him and uſe him well he's worthy of it
 I will ſay thus much for him if a prince
 May be beholding to a ſubject I
 Am for his love and ſervice ſo to him
 Make me no more ado but all embrace him
 Be friends for ſhame, my lords! My Lord of
 Canterbury 160
 I have a ſuit which you muſt not deny me
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-
 tiſm
 You muſt be godfather and answer for her
Crom The greateſt monarch now alive may
 glory
 In ſuch an honour How may I deſerve it
 That am a poor and humble ſubject to you?
King Come come my lord you'd ſpare your
 ſpoons You ſhall have two noble partners with
 you the old Ducheff of Norfolk and Lady Mar-
 queſs Dorſet Will theſe pleaſe you? 170
 Once more my Lord of Wincheſter I charge
 you
 Embrace and love this man
Gar With a true heart
 And brother love I do it
Crom And let Heaven

Witness how dear I hold this confirmation
 King Good man, those joyful tears shew thy
 true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
 Of thee, which savs thus, "Do my, Lord of Can-
 terbury,

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever"
 Come, lords, we trifle time away, I long
 To have this young one made a Christian. 180
 As I have made y^e one, lords, one remain,
 So I grow stronger, y^e one more honour gain

[Exit

SCENE IV. *The palace yard*

Noise and tumult within. Enter PORTER
 and HIS MAN.

Port You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals
 Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude
 slaves, leave your gaping
 [To him] Good master porter, I belong to the
 ladder

Port Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye
 rogue! is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen
 crab-tree staves, and strong ones, these are but
 switches to 'em I'll scratch your heads You
 must be seeing christenings do you look for ale
 and cakes here, you rude rascals? 11

Man Pray, sir, be patient 'Tis as much impos-
 sible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with can-
 nons—

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
 On May-day morning, which will never be
 We may as well push against Powle's, as stir
 'em

Port How got they in, and be hang'd
 Man Alas, I know not, how gets the tide in?
 As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—

You see the poor remainder—could distribute, 20
 I made no spare, sir

Port You did nothing, sir

Man I am not Samson nor Sir Guy nor Col-
 brand,

To row 'em down before me, but if I spared any
 That had a head to hit either young or old
 He or she, cuckold or cuckold maker,
 Let me ne'er hope to see a chime again,
 And that I would not for a cow, God save her!
 [To him] Do you hear, master porter?

Port I shall be with you presently, good master 30

Port Keep the door close sirrah

Man What would you have me do?

Port What should you do but knock 'em down
 by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?
 or have we some strange Indian with the great
 tool come to court, the women so beset us?

Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door!
 On my Christian conscience, this one christening
 will beget a thousand, here will be father, god-
 father, and all together 39

Man The spoons will be the bigger, sir There
 is a fellow somewhat rear the door, he should be
 a brazier by his face, for o' my conscience, twen-
 ty of the dog-days now reign in's nose, all that
 stand about him are under the line, they need no
 other penance That fire-drake did I hit three
 times on the head and three times was his nose
 discharged against me, he stands there, like a
 mortar-piece, to blow us There was a haberd-
 dasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed
 upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her
 head, for kindling such a combustion in the stare
 I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman,
 who cried out 'Clubs!' when I might see from
 far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour,
 which were the hope o' the Strand, where she
 was quartered They fell on, I made good my
 place At length they came to the broomstaff to
 me, I defied 'em still, when suddenly a file of
 boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a
 shower of pebbles that I was fain to draw mine
 honour in and let 'em win the work The devil
 was amongst 'em, I think, surely

Port These are the youths that thunder at a
 playhouse, and fight for bitten apples, that no
 audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the
 limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able
 to endure I have some of 'em in *Lambo Patrum*,
 and there they are like to dance these three days,
 besides the running banquet of two beadies that
 is to come 70

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Mercy on me, what a multitude are here!
 They grow still too, from all parts they are com-
 ing,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these por-
 ters

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand,
 fellows,

There's a trim rabble let in Are all these
 Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall
 have

Great store of room no doubt left for the ladies
 When they pass back from the christening

Port An't please your honour,

We are but men and what so many may do,
 Not being torn a pieces, we have done 80

An army cannot rule 'em

Cham As I live,

If the King blame me for it I'll lay ye all
 By the heels and suddenly, and on your head

Clap round fines for neglect Ye are lazy knaves
 And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
 Ye should do service I hark! the trumpets sound
 They're come already from the christening
 Go break among the press and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly or I'll find
 A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two
 months 90

Port Make way there for the Princess
 Min You great fellow
 Stand close up or I'll make your head ache
 Port You the camlet get up o' the rail
 I'll peck you o'er the pales else [Exeunt]

SCENE V The palace

Enter trumpets sounding then two ALDERMEN
 LORD MAYOR GARTER CRAWMER DUKE OF NORFOLK
 with his marshal's staff DUKE OF SUFFOLK
 two Noblemen bearing great stanting bowls for
 the christening gifts then four Noblemen bearing
 a canopy under which the Duchess of Norfolk
 godmother bearing the child richly habited in a
 mantle &c train borne by a Lady then follows
 the Marchioness Dorset the other godmother and
 Ladies The troop pass once about the stage and
 GARTER speaks

Gart Heaven from thy endless goodness send
 prosperous life long and ever happy to the high
 and mighty Princess of England Elizabeth!

Flourish Enter KING and GERT

Cran [Kneeling] And to your royal Grace and
 the good queen

My noble partners and myself thus pray
 All comfort joy in this most gracious lady
 Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy
 May hourly fall upon ye!

King Thank you good Lord Archbishop
 What is her name?

Cran Elizabeth

King Stand up lord 10

The KING kisses the child
 With this kiss take my blessing God protect
 thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life

Cran Amen

King My noble gossips ye have been too
 prodigal

I thank ye heartily so shall this lady

When she has so much English

Cran Let me speak sir

For heaven now bids me and the words I utter
 Let none think flattery for they'll find 'em truth
 This royal infant—heaven's will move about
 her!

Though in her cradle yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings 20
 Which time shall bring to ripeness She shall
 be—

But few now living can behold that goodness—
 A pattern to all princes living with her
 And all that shall succeed Saba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
 Than this pure soul shall be All princely
 graces

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is
 With all the virtues that attend the good
 Shall still be doubled on her Truth shall nurse
 her

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her 30
 She shall be loved and feared her own shall bless
 her

Her foe shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow Good grows
 with her

In her days every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine what he plants and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours
 God shall be truly known and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour
 And by those claim their greatness not by
 blood

Nor shall this peace sleep with her but as when
 The bird of wonder dies the maiden phoenix 40
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one
 When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star like rise as great in fame as she was
 And so stand fix'd Peace plenty love truth
 terror

That were the servants to this chosen infant
 Shall then be his and like a vine grow to him 50
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be and make new nations He shall flourish

And like a mountain cedar reach his branches
 To all the plains about him Our children's chil-
 dren

Shall see this and bless Heaven

King Thou speakest wonders

Cran She shall be to the happiness of England
 An angel princess many days shall see her
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it 55
 Would I had known no more! but she must die
 She must the saints must have her yet a virgin
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground and all the world shall
 her

King O Lord Archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man' never, before
 This happy child, did I get anything
 This oracle of comfort has so pleased me
 That when I am in heav'n I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my
 Maker
I thank ye all To you, my good Lord Mavor, 70
 And your good brethren, I am much beholding,
 I have received much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful Lead the way,
 lords
 Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank
 ye,
 She will be sick else This day, no man think
 Has business at his house, for all shall stav
 This little one shall make it holiday *[Exeunt]*

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
 All that are here Some come to take their ease,
 And sleep an act or two, but those, we fear,
 We have frighted with our trumpets, so, 'tis
 clear,

They'll say 'tis naught others, to hear the city
 Abused extremely and to cry "That's witty!"
 Which we have not done neither That, I fear,
 All the expected good we're like to hear
 For this play at this time is only in
 The merciful construction of good women, 10
 For such a one we show'd 'em If they smile,
 And say 'twill do I'll now, within a while
 All the best men are ours, for 'tis ill hap,
 If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap

SONNETS

TO THE ONLIE BEGITTER OF
THESE INSUING SONNETS
MR W H ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMIS'D BY
OUR EVER LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WLL WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH

T T

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase
That thereby beauty's rose might never die
But as the ripper should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial
fuel

Making a famine where abundance lies
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring
Within thine own buduriest thy content
And tender churl makest waste in niggarding
Pity the world or else this glutton be
To eat the world's due by the grave and thee

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field
Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now
Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days
To say within thine own deep-unkenn'd eyes
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise
How much more prais'd deserves thy beauty's
use

If thou couldst answer This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse
Proving his beauty by succession time!

Thus were to be new made when thou art old
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it
cold

III

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest
Thou dost beguile the world unless some
mother

For where is she so fair whose uncar'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time
But if thou live remember'd not to be
Die single and thine image dies with thee

IV

Unthrifty loveliness why dost thou spend
Upon thy self thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend
And being frank she lends to those are free
Then beauteous niggard why dost thou
abuse

The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thy self alone
Thou of thy self thy sweet self dost deceive
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with
thee
Which used lives th' executor to be

V

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel
For never resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite
gone

Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every
where

Then were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,
Leese but their show, their substance still lives
sweet

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd
Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd
That use is not forbidden usury
Which happies those that pay the willing loan,
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one,
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest and make worms thine
heir

VII

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty,
And having climbd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage,
But when from highest pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way
So thou, thy self out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not
gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By unions married do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Singles each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing
Whose speechless song being many seeming
one
Sings thus to thee Thou single wilt prove
none.

IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife,
The world will be thy widow and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it,
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame com-
mits

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident,
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to con-
spire,
Seeking that bateous roof to ruinate
Which to repair should be thy chief desire
O, change thy thought, that I may change my
mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thy self at least kind hearted prove
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-
stowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth
convertest
Herein lives wisdom beauty and increase,
Without this folly, age and cold decay
If all were minded so the times should cease
And threescore year would make the world away
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh featureless and rude barrenly perish
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the
more
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bowry
cherish
She carved thee for her seal and mean therein,
Thou shouldst prize more her lot that engraves
die

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night
 When I behold the violet past prime
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard
 Then of thy beauty do I question make
 That thou among the wastes of time must go
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
 And die as fast as they see others grow
 And nothing gainst Time's scythe can make
 defence
 Save breed to brave him when he takes thee
 hence

XIII

O that you were yourself but love you are
 No longer yours than you yourself here live
 Against this coming end you should prepare
 And your sweet semblance to some other give
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease
 Find no determination then you were
 Yourself again after yourself's decease
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should
 bear
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 O none but unthrifths! Dear my love you know
 You had a father—let your son say so

XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck
 And yet methinks I have astronomy
 But not to tell of good or evil luck
 Of plagues of dearths or seasons' quality
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind
 Or say with princes if it shall go well
 By oft predict that I in heaven find
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive
 And constant stars in them I read such art
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive
 If from thy self to store thou wouldst come ere
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
 Vault in their youthful sap at height decrease
 And wear their brave state out of memory
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay
 To change your day of youth to sullied night
 And all in war with Time for love of you
 As he takes from you I engrave you new

XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours
 And many maiden gardens yet unset
 With virtuous wish would bear your living
 flowers
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit
 So should the lines of life that life repair
 Which this Time's pencil or my pupil pen
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair
 Can make you live; you yourself in eyes of men
 To give an ay yourself keeps yourself still
 And you must live drawn by your own sweet
 skill

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet heaven knows it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life and shows not half your
 parts

If I could write the beauty of your eyes
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces
 The age to come would say "This poet lies
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
 faces
 So should my papers yellow'd with their age
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue
 And your true rhymes be term'd a poet's rage
 And stretched metre of an antique song
 But were some child of yours alive that time
 You should live twice—in it and in my rhyme

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd

And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd,
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets,
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men
Yet, do thy worst, old Time! despite thy
wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young

XX

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou the master-mistress of my passion,
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion,
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth
A man in hue all "hues" in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls
amazeth
And for a woman wert thou first created
Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing
But since she prick'd thee out for women's
pleasure
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their
treasure

XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Swept by a painted beauty to his verse
Who heaven itself for ornament do use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse
Making a complement of proud comparison
With sun and moon with earth and sea's rich
gems,

With April's first-born flowers, and all things
rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air
Let them say more that like of hearsay well,
I will not praise that purpose not to sell

XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love be of thy self so wary
As I, not for my self, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain,
Thou gavest me thine not to give back again

XXIII

As an imperfect actor on the stage
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
heart
So I for fear of trust forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's
might
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast
Who plead for love and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
press'd
O learn to read what silent love hath writ
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit

XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held
And perspective it is best painter's art
For thro' which the painter doth see his skill
To fix where'er true lines expressed lie
Which in a house no picture can reveal
That hath his windows play'd with thine eyes
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have
done

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast wherethrough the sun
 Delights to peep to gaze therein on thee
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art—
 They draw but what they see know not the heart

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
 Of public honour and proud titles boast
 Whilst I whom fortune of such triumph bars
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye
 And in themselves their pride lies buried
 For at a frown they in their glory die
 The painful warrior famoused for fight
 After a thousand victories once foil'd
 Is from the book of honour razed quite
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd
 Then happy I that love and am beloved
 Where I may not remove nor be removed

XXVI

Lord of my love to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit
 To thee I send this written embassy
 To witness duty not to show my wit
 Duty so great which woe so poor as mine
 May make seem bare in wanting words to show it
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought all naked will bestow it
 Till whatsoever star thine guides my moving
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee
 Till then not show my head where thou mayst
 prove me

XXVII

Wearied with toil I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired
 But then begins a journey in my head
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired
 For then my thoughts from far where I abide
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view
 Which, like a jewel hung on ghastly night

Makes black night beautiful and her old face
 new
 Lo! thus by day my limbs by night my mind
 For thee and for myself no quiet find

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eased by night
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
 And each to other enemies to either's reign
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me
 The one by toil the other to complain
 How far I toil still farther off from thee
 I tell the day to please him thou art bright
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
 heaven
 So flatter I the swart complexion'd night
 When sparkling stars twine not thou gild'st the
 even
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength
 seem stronger

XXIX

When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes
 I all alone beweep my outcast state
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
 And look upon myself and curse my fate
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope
 Featured like him like him with friends pos-
 sess'd
 Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee and then my state,
 Like to the lark at break of day arising,
 From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
 brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with
 kings

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's
 waste
 Then can I drown an eye unused to flow
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,

Which I new pay as if not paid before
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
 And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth
 live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
 That due of many now is thine alone
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
 cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survive
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time,
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought
 "Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing
 age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage,
 But since he died and poets better prove,
 Thiers for their style I'll read, his for his
 love"

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide
 Sealing unseen to view with this disgrace
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow,
 But out alack! he was but one hour mine
 The region cloud his mask'd him from me now
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
 smareth

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou
 break
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak
 That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace,
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief,
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross
 Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love
 sheds,
 And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds

XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud,
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting saving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are,
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
 Such civil war is in my love and hate
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from
 me

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one
 So shall those blotches that do with me remain
 Without thy help by me be borne alone
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless those take that honour from thy name
 But do not so: I love thee in such sort
 As thou be'st in me, in me is thy good report

XXXVII

As a decrepitate father doth
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I do teach and tell thee of my state,
 To see thy active child do deeds of youth

Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth
 For whether beauty birth or wealth or wit
 Or any of these all or all or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit
 I make my love engrafted to this store
 So then I am not lame poor nor despid
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
 That I in this abundance am suffic'd
 And by a part of all thy glory live
 Look what is best that best I wish in thee
 This wish I have then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent
 While thou dost breathe that pour'st into my
 verse
 Thine own sweet argument too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 O give thyself the thanks if aught in me
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?
 Be thou the tenth Muse ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke
 And he that calls on thee let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date
 If my slight Muse do please these curious days
 The pain be mine but thine shall be the praise

XXXIX

O how thy worth with manners may I sing
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self
 bring?
 And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live
 And our dear love lose name of single one
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee which thou deservest alone
 O absence what a torment wouldst thou prove
 Were it not thy sweet leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth de-
 ceive
 And that thou teachest how to make one swain
 By praising him here who doth hence remain!

XL

Take all my loves my love yet take them all
 What hast thou then more than thou hast be-
 fore?
 No love, my love that thou may'st true love call
 All mine was a time before thou hadst this more
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest
 I cannot blame thee for my love thou ushest
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest

By wilful taste of what thy self refusest
 I do forgive thy robbery gentle thief
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty
 And yet love knows it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury
 Lascivious grace in whom all ill well shows
 Kill me with spites yet we must not be foes

XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart
 Thy beauty and thy years full well besies
 For still temptation follows where thou art
 Gentle thou art and therefore to be won
 Beautous thou art therefore to be assailed
 And when a woman wooes what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
 Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me

XLII

That thou hast her it is not all my grief
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly
 That she hath thee is of my wailing chief
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly
 Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye
 Thou dost love her because thou know'st I love
 her
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her
 If I lose thee my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her my friend hath found that loss
 Both find each other and I lose both swain
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross
 But here's the joy my friend and I are one
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone

XLIII

When most I wink then do mine eyes best see
 For all the day they view things unrespected
 But when I sleep in dreams they look on thee
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed
 Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright
 How would I thy shadow's form from happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
 How would I say mine eyes be lid'd made
 By looking on thee in the living day
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
 All day's are nights to see till I see thee

And nights bright days when dreams do show
thee me

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way,
For then despite of space I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
For numble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be
But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe

XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad
I send them back again and straight grow sad

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war
How to divide the conquest of thy sight,
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,
But the defendant doth that plea deny
And says in him thy fair appearance lies
To side this title is impannel'd
Aquest of thoughts all tenants to the heart,
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's society and the dear heart's part
As thus—mine eye's due is thy outward part
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart

XLVII

Love's not mine eye and heart's league is took
And each doth good turns now in the other
When that mine eye is furnish'd for a look
O heart in love with his himself doth smother.

With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me,
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
move,

And I am still with them, and they with thee,
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight

XLVIII

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and
part

And even thence thou wilt be stol'n I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear

XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun-thine eye,
When love converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity—
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against my self uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
law

Since why to love I can allege no cause.

I

How heavy do I journey on the way
When what I feel my weary travels end
Doth teach the ease and that repose to say
'Thus far the miles are measured from thy
front'

The heart's a horse tired with my woe
Plodded long to bear this weight of mine
As if some enemy the wretched I knew
His rider had no speed being made of mine

The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide
Which heavily he answers with a groan
More sharp to me than spurring to his side
For that same groan doth put this in my mind—
My grief lies onward and my joy behind

LI

Thus can my love excuse the low offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed
From where thou art why should I haste me
thence?

Till I return of posting is no need
O what excuse will my poor beast then find
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur though mounted on the wind
In winged speed no motion shall I know
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace
Therefore desire, of perfect st love being made
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race
But love, for love thou shall excuse my jade—
Since from thee going he went wilful slow
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to
go

LII

So am I as the rich whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey
For bluntin^g the fine point of seldom pleasure
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare
Since seldom coming in the long year set
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are
Or captain jewels in the carcanet
So is the time that keeps you as my chest
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide
To make some special instant special best
By new unfolding his imprisonment pride
Blessed are you who worthiness gives scope
Being had to triumph being lack'd to hope

LIII

What is your substance whereof are you made
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath every one one shade
And you but one can every shadow lend
Describe Adonis and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set
And you in Grecian tires are painted new
Speak of the spring and foison of the year
The one doth shadow of your beauty show
The other as your bounty doth appear
And you in every blessed shape we know
In all external grace you have some part
But you like none, none you for constant heart

LIV

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses
But for their virtue only is their show
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade
Die to themselves Sweet roses do not so
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odour made
And so of you beauteous and lovely youth
When that shall fade my verse distills your
truth

LV

Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone beset with duntish
time
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
burn
The living record of your memory
Gainst death and all-oblivious erasure
Shall you pace forth your praise shall still find
room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom
So till the judgement that yourself arise
You live in this and dwell in lovers' eyes

LVI

Sweet love renew thy force be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former miche
So love be thou although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with full
ness
To-morrow see again and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore where two contracted
new
Come daily to the banks that when they see
Return of love more blest may be the view
Else call it winter which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd
more rare

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu,
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 Save where you are how happy you make those
 So true a fool is love that in your will,
 Though you do anything, he thinks no ill

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong
 That you yourself may privilege your time
 To what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime
 I am to wait though waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child!
 O, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done!
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame
 Whether we are merited or whether better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same
 O sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise

LA

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end,
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequence toil all forwards do contend
 Naught, once in the main of life's,

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time that gave doth now his gift confound
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow,
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake,
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake else-
 where,
 From me far off, with others all too near

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
 And all my soul and all my every part,
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true no truth of such account,
 And for my self mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount
 But when my glass shows me my self indeed
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read
 Self so self-loving were iniquity
 'Tis thee my self that for my self I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days

LXIII

Against my love shall be as I am now
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-
 worn
 When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his
 brow
 With lines and wrinkles, when his youthful beams
 Hath travelled down to a decrepitude
 And all the beauties whereof my cheek
 Are vanishing, when shall I love
 So late as when the tree is leafless
 For that is when I shall love best
 And so confess that time doth cruelly

That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty though my lover's life
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen
 And they shall live and he in them still green

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of outworn buried age
 When sometime lofty towers I see down razed
 And brass eternal slave to mortal rage
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore
 And the firm soil win of the watery main
 Increasing store with loss and loss with store
 When I have seen such interchange of state
 Or state itself confounded to decay
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
 That Time will come and take my love away
 This thought is as a death which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose

LXV

Since brass nor stone nor earth nor boundless
 sea
 But sad mortality o'er sways their power
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout
 Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie
 hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O none unless this miracle have might
 That in black ink my love may still shine
 bright

LXVI

Tired with all these for restful death I cry
 As to behold desert a beggar born
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled
 And art made tongue-tied by authority
 And folly doctor-like controlling skill
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity
 And captive good attending captain ill
 Tired with all these from these would I be
 gone,
 Save that to die, I leave my love alone

LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live
 And with his presence grace impiety
 That sin by him advantage should achieve
 And lace itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow since his rose is true?
 Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his
 And proud of many lives upon his gains
 O him she stores to show what wealth she
 had
 In days long since before these last so bad

LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn
 When beauty lived and died as flowers do
 now
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow
 Before the golden tresses of the dead
 The right of sepulchres were shorn away
 To live a second life on second head
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay
 In him those holy antique hours are seen
 Without all ornament, itself and true
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore

LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth
 view
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can
 mend
 All tongues the voice of souls give thee that due,
 Uttering bare truth even so as fœes commend
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is
 crown'd
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine
 own
 In other accents do this praise confound
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown
 They look into the beauty of thy mind
 And that in-guess they measure by thy deeds
 Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes
 were kind
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds
 But why thy odour marcheth not thy show
 The sole is this—that thou dost common
 grow

LXX

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair,
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time,
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd or victor being charged,
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst
 owe

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
 If thinking on me then should make you woe
 O if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay,
 lest the wise world should look into your
 moan
 And mock you with me after I am gone

LXXII

O let the world should task you to recite
 What merit lived in me that you should love
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove,
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart
 O lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue
 My name be buried where my body is
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you
 For I am shamed by that which I bring forth
 And so should you to love things nothing
 worth

LXXIII

The time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
 sang

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by
 This thou perceivest, which makes thy love
 more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere
 long

LXXIV

But be contented When that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee
 The earth can have but earth which is his due,
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms my body being dead,
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered
 The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground,
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As twixt a miser and his wealth is found,
 Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleas-
 ure
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight
 And by and by clean starved for a look,
 Possessing or pursuing no delight
 Save what is had or must from you be took
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttony on all or all away

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not feignance trade
 To new-found methods and to exercises
 And fancied flourishes
 Why will I still all close upon the same,
 And keep my pen in my old weed

That every word doth almost tell my name
 Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
 O know sweet love I always write of you
 And you and love are still my argument
 So all my best is dressing old words new
 Spending again what is already spent
 For ■ the sun ■ daily new and old
 So is my love still telling what is told

LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory
 Thou by thy dial a shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity
 Look what thy memory can not contain
 Commit to these waste blanks and thou shalt find
 Those children nursed deliver'd from thy brain
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind
 These offices so oft as thou wilt look
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book

LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse
 And found such fair assistance in my verse
 As every alien pen hath got my use
 And under thee their poesy disperse
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing
 And heav'n ignorance aloft to fly
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing
 And given grace a double majesty
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile
 Whose influence is thine and born of thee
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be
 But thou art all my art and dost advance
 As high ■ learning ■ my rude ignorance

LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd
 And my sick Muse doth give another place
 I grant sweet love thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
 He robs thee of and pays it thee again
 He lends thee virtue and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live
 Then thank him not for that which he doth say
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay

LXXX

O how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might
 To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth wide as the ocean is
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear
 My saucy bark inferior far to his
 On your broad main doth wfully appear
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride
 Or being wreck'd I am a worthless boat
 He of tall building and of goodly pride
 Then if he turne and I be cast away
 The worst was this my love was my decay

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have
 Though I once gone to all the world must die
 The earth can yield me but a common grave
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
 When all the breathers of this world are dead
 You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
 Where breath most breathes even in the
 mouths of men

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
 And therefore mayst without attaint ■ erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject blessing every book
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering ■ day ■
 And do so love yet when they have devised
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
 In true plain words by thy true-telling friend
 And their gross painting might be better used
 Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need
 And therefore to your fair no painting set
 I found, or thought I found you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt
 And therefore have I slept in your report

tion is poor and the antidiuretic activity is rapidly destroyed by the gastrointestinal tract

Control of diabetes insipidus can be obtained by administration of 0.25 to 0.5 cc per m² of pitressin tannate in oil once or twice daily. This is probably the most effective means of treatment. It is often desirable, however, to avoid parenteral injection of medications used by the patient at home. Somewhat less effective but eminently satisfactory control can be achieved by the administration of aqueous solutions of posterior pituitary in doses of one drop in each nostril from three to six times daily. During intranasal administration of aqueous material, the patient should recline on a bed or sofa and let his head hang down over the side at an angle of approximately 30°. A period of one minute or more should be allowed in this position to permit adequate distribution of the solution over the nasal mucosa.

Dietary control of diabetes insipidus Figure 4 has already demonstrated the remarkable diminution in urine volume which follows reduction of the renal solute load. On the basis of similar observations, the use of dietary measures in place of hormonal therapy has been advocated for control of the polyuria of diabetes insipidus.^{17b} In children, however, this means of control seems less desirable than replacement therapy, in view of the relatively large protein and mineral needs for growth and the emotional disturbances likely to develop when dietary intake is rigidly controlled.

When dietary control of polyuria is employed, foods of high mineral and protein content should be avoided. These include meats, particularly bacon and ham, milk, cheese and fish. In their stead, a diet made up of unsalted cereals, rice, macaroni, potatoes, fresh vegetables and fruits should be taken. As has been mentioned previously, the untreated patient is apt to select for himself a diet which permits increased water economy.

Fluid intake There is little to be gained from restriction of water intake in patients with diabetes insipidus. When water is readily accessible the thirst mechanism accurately adjusts consumption in proportion to need. Even when the patient is vigorously treated with posterior pituitary extract there need be no fear of water intoxication from voluntary drinking.

Other aspects of treatment Several of the lesions which cause diabetes insipidus are highly responsive to medical therapy. Eosinophilic granuloma and pinealoma, for instance, may be held in check for several years by appropriate x-ray treatment. When the cause is infectious, as in syphilis or pyogenic abscess, prompt chemotherapy may prove effective.

When diabetes insipidus results from the impingement of a cerebral tumor on the hypothalamic neurohypophyseal system, neurosurgical advice should be

sought. Because of the hazard to life, neurosurgeons are in general agreement that operative intervention is not indicated for the endocrinological disturbance alone. It is imperative, however, when a radio-insensitive lesion begins to jeopardize vision or vital cerebral functions.

PROGNOSIS The prognosis in diabetes insipidus depends in large measure on the cause. When it is due to non progressive lesion of the hypothalamic-posterior pituitary system, it is readily controlled by appropriate replacement therapy, but in most instances this must be continued indefinitely. In several instances, when diabetes insipidus has developed as a result of eosinophilic granuloma or syphilis, remissions have been observed after x ray or antisypilitic therapy respectively. When it is due to progressive neoplastic lesions, the prognosis depends upon how effectively the lesion can be eradicated. But even after complete eradication of such a lesion, return of normal neurohypophyseal function is not to be expected.

Functional Deficiency of Antidiuretic Hormone (Psychogenic Polydipsia) Pediatricians sometimes encounter patients who have many of the symptoms of true diabetes insipidus, including constant thirst and marked polyuria, but whose histories reveal that the primary disturbance is emotional. Often this disturbance is focused on an abnormal interest in water-drinking and urination.

On physical examination these patients may appear entirely normal. Sometimes there may be evidence of weight loss resulting not only from interruption of normal sleep by the large water exchange but also from emotional turmoil. Evidence of dehydration is regularly absent.

For the most part laboratory determinations give normal results, except for the large volumes of dilute urine which sometimes has a specific gravity below 1.005. Like patients with true diabetes insipidus, these patients show a good response to doses of posterior pituitary extract. They are distinguished from individuals with obligatory diabetes insipidus by the fact that their physiological response to water restriction is fundamentally normal even though their behavior may become hypomanic.

In the course of water restriction, urine volume is rapidly diminished, urine specific gravity rises above 1.015 and weight loss and hemoconcentration of serious proportions are not seen. Figure 14 shows the response of a patient with psychogenic diabetes insipidus to water restriction for a test period of 36 hours duration.

The disturbances to be considered in the differential diagnosis are outlined in Table 1.

The treatment is psychiatric. An effort should be made to divert the child's morbid interest in fluid intake and excretion to more healthy subjects. As is so

often the case in the emotional disturbances of childhood, the physician must include a consideration of all the environmental factors, especially the role of the parents. Therapy should not be directed to the patient alone.

The prognosis is generally excellent. The necessary psychotherapy can usually be given by the pediatrician without recourse to a trained psychiatrist.

Comments on the Water Metabolism of Newborn Infants The urine passed by the infant immediately after birth usually shows a specific gravity of 1.012 or 1.015. Thereafter, although scant in quantity, it becomes progressively more dilute for a period of five to seven days, until reaching concentrations similar to those seen in diabetes insipidus.^{18a, b} During this period restriction of water is followed by a relatively slight increase in urine concentration.^{18b} These observations suggest that the hypothalamic neurohypophyseal system, like the parathyroid system, may be functionally immature at this stage (see Chapter II, page 116). Interestingly, this interpretation is supported by the fact that the quantity of antidiuretic material recoverable from the newborn infant's posterior pituitary gland appears to be relatively small compared to that recoverable from the glands of older persons.^{18b}

On the other hand, there are peculiarities of the newborn infant's water metabolism not explained by this concept of simple transient antidiuretic hormone lack. He not only fails to conserve water during deprivation as efficiently as the older infant but shows a relatively poor response to antidiuretic hormone.^{18b} This may be an indication of renal immaturity.^{18a} A further observation is the sluggishness of diuretic response to an administered water load. Possibly this can be correlated with the neonatal tendency to eosinophilia, hypoglycemia and apparently low urinary 11-17 OCS excretion which is indicative of adrenocortical immaturity (see Chapter III, page 154).

Although these peculiarities in water metabolism disappear within two to six weeks after birth, it is interesting to note the appropriateness of breast feeding during the period when they are present. Breast milk supplies water in relation to solutes in a ratio which permits the metabolic residual to be excreted in a urine of very low specific gravity. With respect to the individual components of the solute load, it has already been stated that breast milk supplies calcium and phosphorus in amounts which satisfy anabolic needs, yet leaves a residual requiring only minimal parathyroid influence for renal elimination (see Chapter II, page 116). It might further be noted that the composition of artificial formulas and intravenous fluids for the newborn should be so modified that they do not put undue demand on immature homeostatic systems. In view of the newborn infant's relative deficiency in antidiuretic hormone this implies that fluids for

maintenance of hydration or correction of dehydration should be hypotonic with respect to plasma

NON-NEUROHYPOPHYSEAL DISTURBANCES RESEMBLING DIABETES INSIPIDUS

Nephrogenic Diabetes Insipidus (Table 1, Condition 3) ¹⁹ This is a rare congenital disease, more frequently seen in males than in females, which is characterized by a failure of end organ response similar to that seen in pseudohypoparathyroidism (see Chapter II, page 114) It is often hereditary The cause is unknown

The symptoms and signs are similar to those of patients with neurohypophyseal diabetes insipidus But because this disease is present at birth, while true diabetes insipidus is usually acquired after infancy the symptoms may be modified Fluid is seldom as readily available to the infant as to the child who is old enough to seek it for himself Hence, serious dehydration is much more apt to occur Episodes of dehydration are accompanied by elevations in temperature which rapidly and specifically respond to restoration of normal hydration Recognition of the large volume of urine is often delayed because of its tendency to be masked in the diapers

The diagnostic laboratory studies made on patients with nephrogenic diabetes insipidus show not only weight loss, dehydration and inability to concentrate urine on water deprivation, but also unresponsiveness to administered posterior pituitary extract Measurement of antidiuretic hormone appearing in the urine shows a normal increase during dehydration and diminution following restoration of hydration Chemical estimations show that serum electrolytes have abnormally elevated concentration values during periods of dehydration but are otherwise usually within normal range Studies of renal function usually reveal normal values for the glomerular filtration rate renal blood flow, urea clearance and phenolsulfonphthalein excretion Seriously impaired renal function is found in some patients This is probably not a primary characteristic of the disease itself but the result of serious episodes of dehydration which have permanently impaired multiple kidney functions

The diagnosis of nephrogenic diabetes insipidus depends upon the history of symptoms dating from birth and the demonstration of inability to concentrate urine either on withholding water or on administration of antidiuretic hormone The differential diagnosis is summarized in Table 1

Treatment of this disorder of water metabolism consists in dietary measures which provide a large fluid intake but lessen the need for excretion of solutes by

the renal route. Although dietary control of urine volumes is considered a less desirable form of treatment than hormonal replacement therapy in true diabetes insipidus, it appears to be the only practicable treatment in nephrogenic diabetes insipidus. During infancy nutritionally adequate formulas can be prepared by diluting 1 part of whole cow's milk with 3 parts of water. The fat content of this material can be brought up to 4 per cent by the addition of 7.5 cc of 40 per cent cream per 100 cc. The caloric value of the total mixture can then be brought to 0.8 calories per cc by the addition of 8 gm of carbohydrate (dextrose or sucrose) per 100 cc. The urinary excretion of solutes by infants on this regimen averages 350 mosM per m^2 per day. As solids are added to the diet, high protein food such as meat purees and cheese should be avoided, and cereals, potatoes, fruit and vegetables, cooked without added salt, used in their stead.^{17a} A number of low sodium foods, including milk substitutes, are prepared commercially for patients with cardiac disease. These can be used advantageously in the case of patients with nephrogenic diabetes.

The prognosis is only fair. As Figure 4 shows, the appropriate dietary measures can be of great aid in reducing the urine volume. Nevertheless, an intercurrent infection may result in mobilization of more solutes from endogenous sources than the kidney can eliminate in water available from glomerular filtrate (see Figure 2). The outcome of this situation may be fatal.

Pannephritis (Table I, Condition 4) Pannephritis quite commonly results in kidney impairment which is such that the patient is unable to form a urine that is either more dilute or more concentrated than blood plasma. Under such circumstances urine volume is apt to be large in relation to that of the normal individual (see Figure 1) but is seldom as large as that seen in the conditions previously discussed. The specific gravity is fixed at about 1.010 in contrast to the very low specific gravity characteristic of patients with diabetes insipidus of neurohypophyseal origin. As in patients with congenital nephrogenic diabetes insipidus, the neurohypophyseal system is intact, but the ability to respond to administered posterior pituitary extract is lost. Because the excretion of urine isotonic with blood plasma permits a saving of water three times greater than that which can be achieved by the patient with diabetes insipidus, water deprivation is relatively well tolerated.

The diagnosis is suggested by a history of renal disease. Examination of the urine shows not only fixation of the specific gravity but also a nearly neutral pH and the presence of albumin, cellular elements and casts. Additional studies usually show elevation of the non protein nitrogen and serum phosphorus with depression of values for hemoglobin, serum protein, carbon dioxide concentration

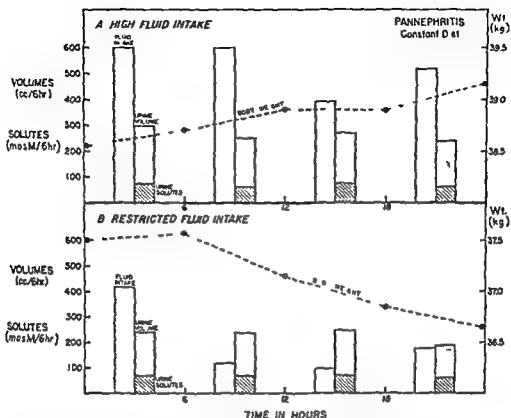


FIGURE VIII—15 Effects of renal tubule disease on water metabolism. The subject of this study was a 10 year old boy with inability to respond to antidiuretic hormone as a consequence of advanced nephritis. Urine specific gravity was fixed at about 1.010.

SECTION A presents data obtained when the patient was given a large fluid intake in conjunction with a constant diet. Under these circumstances the amount of fluid in relation to solutes presenting for renal excretion was greater than that permitted by the damaged kidneys. Urine volume remained essentially constant. Fluid was retained with a resultant gain in weight and fall in hemoglobin concentration.

SECTION B presents data obtained under similar circumstances except for fluid restriction. Note that the diet provided a deficit of water in relation to solutes for renal excretion. As a consequence of the patient's inability to concentrate urine the excretory volume continued relatively high. Water was withdrawn from body stores (as indicated by weight loss) in order to provide the quantities necessary for urine formation. From J. D. Crawford. Unpublished observations.

Urine volume as in untreated diabetes insipidus and in cases of congenital unresponsiveness to antidiuretic hormone is a function of solute excretion. This is demonstrated by the data of Figure 15. In this patient with pannephritis provision of a constant number of solutes for renal excretion resulted in a constant

urine volume. Raising the fluid intake was not effective in increasing water relative to solute output, and hence edema developed (Section A). Conversely, a diminished fluid intake resulted in no decrease in water relative to solute excretion, and dehydration was the obligatory consequence (Section B).

Despite the compromised position of the patient who is unable either to dilute or concentrate urine, water balance is usually successfully maintained by the thirst mechanism. Treatment of the disturbance of water metabolism is far less difficult than the treatment of the underlying disease.

Polyuria and the Adrenocortical Alarm Reaction (Table 1, Condition 5). As has been indicated earlier (page 516) the adrenal glands produce one or more hormones antagonistic in their action to the effect of the antidiuretic hormone. This apparently accounts for the fact that patients who are acutely ill may excrete urine which is far less concentrated than would be expected in view of the degree of dehydration present. Furthermore, these patients are relatively resistant to administered antidiuretic hormone.

This syndrome is seen particularly often among infants with severe diarrhea^{20a, b} and among older children and adults with diabetic acidosis^{21a}. Both of these primary conditions may lead to severe deficiency in intracellular potassium as well as to intracellular migration of sodium. This disturbance of electrolyte metabolism can be reproduced in the laboratory animal by dietary restriction of potassium^{20a}. Here its development is accompanied by enlargement of the zona glomerulosa of the adrenal glands^{20a}. It can also be produced by administration of desoxycorticosterone, particularly if there is excess sodium in the diet^{20f}. Inability to concentrate urine normally and resistance to administered antidiuretic hormone are demonstrable in both instances^{20b}. It is not evident, however, whether polyuria develops as a result of direct antagonistic action by the adrenocortical hormone to the antidiuretic influence of the posterior pituitary or whether it is due to loss of ability on the part of the renal tubule cell when its intracellular constituents are thus disturbed to maintain the normal osmotic gradient between urine and cell fluid.

HYPERFUNCTION OF THE POSTERIOR PITUITARY

Although one case of primary pathologic hyperfunction of the posterior pituitary has been postulated and its clinical syndrome described,^{21a, b} no well documented evidence has yet been reported. Indeed there is no clear cut evidence that functional overproduction of posterior pituitary antidiuretic hormone occurs. It is of interest, nevertheless, to note that increases in an antidiuretic substance

have been found in the blood and urine of patients with nephrotic and cirrhotic edema, as well as in the blood and urine of patients with the toxemic edema of pregnancy ^{7 e f 13 d 1 a 1 c} It is difficult to reconcile the occurrence of large quantities of antidiuretic hormone in the body fluids of these patients with the fact that the water content of their tissues was increased and solute concentration decreased In hyperhydremia the stimulus to antidiuretic hormone production as it is currently conceived, is absent

The relation of antidiuretic hormone to the occurrence of edema is a subject in need of further investigation

PHARMACOLOGIC USES OF POSTERIOR PITUITARY EXTRACT OTHER THAN THOSE IN DIABETES INSIPIDUS

Little has been said concerning principles other than the antidiuretic which are contained in posterior pituitary extract One of these, the oxytocic principle, is frequently used in obstetrics to induce labor or to intensify uterine contractions during the early stages of childbirth The physiologic importance of the oxytocic hormone has not been clearly established While normal childbirth has occurred in patients with diabetes insipidus ^{b a} marked disturbances of labor have been reported in animal experiments after posterior hypophysectomy ^{d a}

Administration of the pressor fraction of posterior pituitary extracts not only results in antidiuresis and frequently in a rise in blood pressure but also causes an increase in intestinal peristalsis Advantage is often taken of this action by surgeons in the postoperative treatment of patients with ileus Roentgenologists favor the use of pitressin to clear the intestine of gas prior to study of the gall bladder or kidneys with radio opaque dyes In this connection it is of interest that patients with diabetes insipidus often suffer from constipation ^{3 c} It is not entirely clear whether this is a direct manifestation of pressor hormone lack or a result of diet and mild dehydration secondary to antidiuretic hormone deficiency Clinical use of the pressor fraction in hypotensive states is extremely limited

Finally, the antidiuretic activity of posterior pituitary extracts may be utilized in performing a rapid test of renal concentrating ability and for inducing temporary states of hyperhydremia as a means of revealing a latent form of epilepsy ^{10 b}

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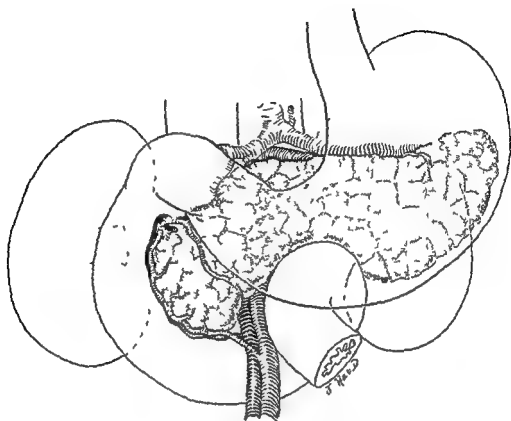
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THE PANCREATIC ISLETS



CHAPTER IX

THE PANCREATIC ISLETS

BASIC CONSIDERATIONS

THE HORMONES

Insulin constitutes the best known and most important endocrine hormone^{1 2}. A protein with a molecular weight of about 35,000, it is standardized by a bio assay procedure. One mg. of pure crystalline insulin contains 22 I U., each of which is equivalent to the amount required to lower the blood sugar of a normal rabbit (weighing 2 kg. and fasted for 24 hours) to a level of 45 mg. per cent within five hours.

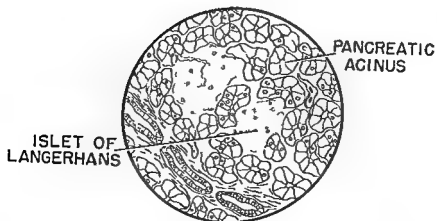
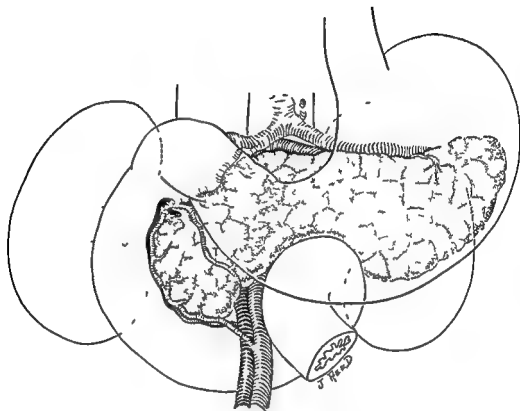
In addition to insulin, it appears that the pancreatic islets produce another hormone, glucagon, which causes a rise rather than a fall in blood sugar values. This substance is absent from insulin preparations made in Denmark but not from those currently being made in this country. It has been postulated that glucagon is produced by the alpha cells of the pancreatic islets. If this is correct, disproportionate production of glucagon in cases of spontaneous diabetes mellitus due to beta cell failure may partly explain why more insulin is required to control this type of diabetes than that following pancreatectomy.

ACTION OF INSULIN

Insulin acts to adjust the rate at which glucose is utilized by body tissues. In the absence of insulin the rate of utilization is slowed with a resultant tendency for sugar to accumulate in the blood. This is equivalent to saying that insulin deficiency leads to carbohydrate starvation in the tissues, for the first step in glucose utilization, namely formation of glucose 6-phosphate, is markedly slowed when insulin is lacking.

Glucose + adenosine triphosphate $\xrightarrow{\text{insulin}}$ glucose 6 phosphate + adenosine diphosphate. The chief determinant of this reaction may be the enzyme hexo-

THE PANCREATIC ISLETS



terior pituitary extract can prompt degeneration of pancreatic islet tissue and lead to permanent diabetes mellitus.⁶ There is a possibility that this phenomenon is due to a specific pancreatropic hormone. It appears more likely, however, that pituitary glycotropic hormone, by exerting its hyperglycemic (insulin antagonist) effect, causes compensatory islet hyperactivity, with eventual exhaustion and degeneration of beta cells.

The latter hypothesis is supported by observations on partially pancreatectomized dogs, which develop permanent diabetes mellitus and show changes in the beta cells of the pancreas if fed a high carbohydrate diet. On the other hand if they are fed a high fat, low carbohydrate diet or are subjected to semistarvation, no permanent diabetes develops. Animals of species which fail to develop hyperglycemia in response to anterior pituitary glycotropic hormone therapy do not develop diabetes mellitus.

METABOLIC EFFECTS OF INSULIN LACK

The primary effect of insulin deficiency is decreased utilization of tissue glucose (oxidation, glycogenesis, etc.)² As a result of this, numerous secondary phenomena occur. Some of these, such as tendencies to hyperglycemia, glycosuria, polyuria, polydipsia and polyphagia, are both familiar and relatively easy to understand. The glycosuria, for example, simply reflects spillage of glucose into the urine when the glucose content of the glomerular filtrate (serum glucose concentration glomerular filtration rate) exceeds maximum capacity of the tubules for glucose reabsorption (see Chapter II Figure 2). The increase in urine solutes (osmoles) resulting from this occurrence leads to a proportionate increase in urine water requirements (see Chapter VIII). The increased urine water outgo produces a tendency to dehydration, which is counteracted by the thirst mechanism and polydipsia. The polyphagia reflects carbohydrate starvation in the tissue and loss of calories as glucose in the urine.

As in simple starvation due to dietary restriction carbohydrate starvation secondary to insulin deficiency prompts a tendency to ketosis and to ketonuria. This tendency is explained as follows^{4,5}: Persons who are unable to utilize carbohydrate to the full measure of their metabolic need must fall back on fat for their energy requirements. Part of this need is met by the initiation and completion of fat oxidation in the muscles. However, a considerable fraction estimated as ranging from one third to one half of the total caloric need from fat, is obtained by a preliminary oxidation of fats in the liver to ketone bodies. This mobilization of fat for energy purposes apparently is not caused by hepatic glycogen depletion^{4,5} but may be facilitated by adrenocortical S-F N hormones (Chapter III).

kinase If so, it may be presumed that insulin acts by modifying the activity of this enzyme

Once phosphorylation of glucose has occurred, synthesis of glycogen and fatty acids and chain oxidation of carbohydrate are possible even in a diabetic organism In the absence of insulin this total reaction can therefore occur to a limited extent, for hyperglycemia leads by mass action to some phosphorylation of glucose

Muscular exercise augments the action of insulin On the other hand, it does not constitute a substitute for this hormone ¹

INSULIN ANTAGONISTS

There are several hormones which have an action on carbohydrate metabolism essentially opposite to that of insulin ² Among these, the adrenocortical sugar-fat-nitrogen (S F N) and anterior pituitary glycotropic* hormones are prominent (see Chapters III and VII) Both substances appear to depress the hypoglycemic effect of insulin by inhibiting its tendency to accelerate the utilization of sugar by peripheral tissues

Epinephrine (see Chapter IV) and glukagon are also considered antagonistic to insulin in the sense that they tend to prompt a rise rather than a fall in the concentration of blood sugar Both agents appear to facilitate glycogenolysis, with release of glucose into the circulation

FACTORS WHICH INFLUENCE THE RATE OF INSULIN PRODUCTION (BLOOD GLUCOSE HOMEOSTASIS BY MEANS OF INSULIN)

It is highly probable that hyperglycemia directly stimulates insulin secretion by the pancreas ² The central nervous system, operating through the right vagus nerve, may also stimulate insulin production ³ It may be presumed that insulin secretion becomes markedly diminished when blood glucose concentration falls below a certain value Other factors, such as epinephrine, adrenocortical S-F N hormone, anterior pituitary glycotropic hormone and glukagon have the task of preventing hypoglycemia Ordinarily this closely knit system operates so well that blood sugar values rarely exceed the limits of approximately 80 to 120 mg per cent for more than an hour or two (see Chapter III, Figures 11 and 22 26)

In these connections it should be mentioned that chronic treatment with an

* This substance may be identical with the pituitary growth hormone (PGH) On the other hand it may be a separate substance with very similar physicochemical properties In this treatise it will arbitrarily be considered as a separate and distinct substance

TABLE IX—1 Approximate composition of body fluid per kg of body weight and calculated dehydration losses resulting in a 10 per cent decrease in body weight. Equal losses from extra- and intracellular fluids and maintenance of normal body fluid concentrations are assumed. It should be noted that a 10 per cent loss of body weight due largely to dehydration means a 14 per cent loss of total body water, a 23 per cent loss of extracellular water and electrolytes, and a 10 per cent loss of intracellular water and electrolytes. These are over all losses including renal and extrarenal losses. Adapted from A. M. Butler *Acta paediat* 38:59, 1949.

	(H ₂ O) _T * ml	(H ₂ O) _E * ml	(H ₂ O) _I * cc	Na _E mEq	Cl _E mEq	Na _I mEq	K _I mEq
Composition per kg	600	200	400	30	23	3	60
Dehydration losses per kg	100	50	50	7	6	0.4	7

T=total E=extracellular I=intracellular

TABLE IX—2 Losses suffered during four days of complete thirsting and fasting by a normal adult weighing 64 kg. Losses for the fourth day are given separately since those for the first two days (particularly in Na and Cl) reflect variations dependent on the uncontrolled metabolic state. From A. M. Butler *Acta paediat* 38:59, 1949.

Days	Losses					
	Weight kg	Na mEq	Cl mEq	K mEq	P gm	N gm
1-3	1.40	217	209	130	2.6	31
4	1.45	45	33	39	1.2	13
Total	5.85	292	242	189	3.8	44
Per kg	0.09	4.6	3.8	3	0.06	0.7

TABLE IX—3 Losses suffered by a 68 kg diabetic patient during a 78 hour period of precoma, nausea and acidosis following insulin withdrawal plus extrapolated losses for a theoretical day of vomiting and thirsting. From A. M. Butler *Acta paediat* 38:59, 1949.

Days	Losses						
	Weight kg	Na mEq	Cl mEq	K mEq	Mg mEq	P gm	N gm
3-4	3.7	217	142	273	41	3	40
1.0 (added)	2.9	105	130	115	12	2	20
Total	6.6	322	272	388	53	5	60
Per kg	0.1	5	4	6	0.8	0.07	0.9

These ketone bodies are utilized for energy by peripheral tissues without the aid of insulin or simultaneous carbohydrate oxidation. However, the capacity of the tissues to utilize ketone bodies under conditions of normal blood ketone concentration is limited to approximately 100 gm or 900 calories of fat equivalent per m^2 per day. When larger amounts of fat energy are needed by the organism, blood ketone concentration is increased to supranormal levels. This increase presumably facilitates peripheral ketone utilization by mass action. It also results in the development of clinical ketosis and ketonuria.

As the foregoing effects of insulin lack become extended, other changes may take place. For example, when polydipsia does not completely compensate for polyuria, dehydration ensues. Data concerning this phenomenon are presented in Tables 1 to 3.⁵

Table 1 sets forth information concerning normal body composition for each kilogram of body weight. In addition, it presents calculations based on available evidence of losses incident to dehydration resulting in a 10 per cent body weight (water) loss. This loss is assumed to have an equal effect on extra- and intracellular fluid volumes and to leave the respective electrolyte concentrations unchanged. Note that such a 10 per cent loss of body weight means a 17 per cent loss of total body water, a 25 per cent loss of extracellular water and electrolytes and a 12 per cent loss of intracellular water and electrolytes.

Actual losses sustained by a normal adult during four days of absolute thirsting and fasting are shown in Table 2. The loss of 3 mEq of potassium compared with 7 mEq in Table 1 reflects the concentration of cell potassium which occurs during the dehydration of thirsting. On the other hand, note that the ratio of K to N lost (4.3 mEq K to 1 gm N) is greater than that found in normal muscle tissue (2.8 mEq K to 1 gm N). This excess loss of potassium in relation to nitrogen is characteristic of starvation and dehydration in persons with intact adrenocortical function.*

Table 3 indicates the actual losses incurred by a diabetic patient during the development of pre-coma dehydration, when insulin was withheld for 3.4 days plus extrapolated losses of an added theoretical day† of no fluid intake due to nausea and vomiting.⁶ Both the actual losses during the first 3.4 days and the total calculated losses for 4.4 days describe tissue losses of potassium (in mEq).

* As described in Chapter III, this ability to eliminate potassium above nitrogen is impaired in hypoadrenocorticism. The phenomenon appears to be of considerable importance in that it permits the thirsting organism to support extracellular water stores if need be at the expense of intracellular water and potassium.

† The losses of this added day were compounded from the losses shown in Table 3 for the fourth day of thirsting, plus those calculated to occur as a result of glycosuria and of a 500 cc vomitus.

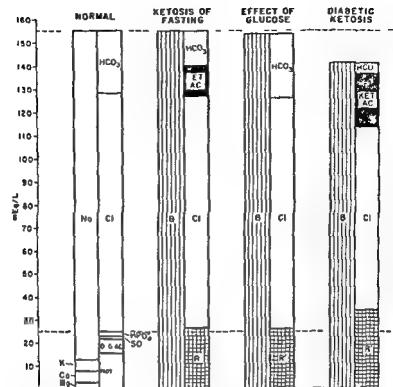


FIGURE 1A—1 Effect of fasting ketosis and diabetic ketosis on serum electrolyte composition. In diabetes ketosis results from a failure of the oxidative processes of carbohydrate metabolism; in many other conditions it may result from a lack or inadequacy of carbohydrate intake. Complete or partial starvation is often an incident of disease processes. Children exhibit ketosis much more frequently than adults. Apparently during childhood even very short periods of carbohydrate deprivation may lower the metabolic level to the point where incompletely oxidized fatty acids begin to appear in the extracellular fluid.

Ketone acids must be given space in the electrolyte structure of the plasma, and this space is provided at the expense of the concentration of bicarbonate ion. The measurements used in constructing the diagram which describes the ketosis of fasting were obtained from an epileptic boy who was fasted as a therapeutic measure. R stands for the residue of anions made up of phosphate, sulfate, organic acids, and protein; II stands for base. As may be seen, the only change in plasma structure is the reduction of HCO_3^- to the base equivalence of the ketone acids. The next diagram shows the complete removal of the ketone acids and the return of HCO_3^- to its usual value by providing over a 12 hour period a small intake of carbohydrate (50 gm. of cane sugar per m^2 per day).

The last diagram in the chart describes the extensive structural changes found in the plasma of a child in diabetic coma, which have together produced an extremely severe acidosis. Besides the very large accumulation of ketone acids, two other changes—a decrease in base (B) and an increase in R—have helped to reduce HCO_3^- to a dangerously small value. These two changes are referable to renal disability caused by the rapid dehydration, which is always a prominent feature of diabetic coma. From J. L. Gamble, *Chem. Anat. Physiol. and Pathol. of Extracellular Fluid*, Cambridge: Harvard Univ. Press, 1950.

and nitrogen (in gm) in a ratio of approximately 7 to 1. This indicates a specific loss of K in excess of N greater than that described for non diabetic starvation and dehydration.

Figure 1 shows further that the foregoing occurrences can lead to a marked degree of metabolic acidosis.⁷ There are two reasons for this. First, certain of the ketone bodies, namely aceto-acetic acid and beta hydroxy butyric acid, directly displace plasma bicarbonate. Second, marked dehydration leads to circulatory failure and hence to renal failure. There results a tendency to accumulate such products of tissue catabolism as phosphate and sulfate and to lose such fixed bases as sodium and potassium. These changes add to the previously mentioned tendency to plasma bicarbonate reduction. Another presumably compensatory change is noted in the erythrocytes, which lose a major portion of their organic, acid soluble phosphorus as diabetic acidosis develops.⁸ This phosphorus is replaced by chloride ion.

The foregoing phenomena are accompanied by and in part are occasioned by homeostatic alterations in the activity of certain endocrine systems. For example, it is probable that the tendency toward dehydration elicits increased antidiuretic hormone production by the hypothalamic-posterior pituitary apparatus. This is evidenced by an elevation in urine specific gravity. The tendency to hyperphosphatemia apparently results likewise in a compensatory or functional type of hyperparathyroidism. This is manifested by a tendency to a very low ratio between tubular reabsorption of phosphorus and glomerular filtrate phosphorus (see Chapter 11). The combined stress of carbohydrate starvation, dehydration, ketosis and acidosis elicits the anterior pituitary-adrenocortical alarm reaction. This is evidenced by eosinopenia and hyper 11 17 oxycorticosteroiduria (see Figure 2).⁹ It probably accounts at least in part for the tissue loss of potassium in excess of nitrogen mentioned above and may in addition explain why diabetic coma patients show a temporary tendency to resist insulin. Further, it probably contributes to the development of diabetic ketosis by facilitating the mobilization of body depot fat. These changes incident to the alarm reaction are of particular interest, inasmuch as they suggest that homeostatic endocrine reactions, while serving one purpose, may at times aggravate rather than ameliorate the metabolic disturbance in other respects.

METABOLIC EFFECTS OF INSULIN EXCESS

Insulin in excess causes glucose to be utilized by peripheral tissues at such a rapid rate that supply fails to keep pace with demand. Hypoglycemia results. This in turn activates both the sympathetic-adrenomedullary-epinephrine mechanism

Continued on page 550

FIGURE IX—2 Effect of sudden insulin deprivation on the nitrogen and potassium balances the urinary glucose excretion, the eosinophil and total white blood cell counts and the corticosteroid excretion of a depancreatized dog The vertical line passing through the center of the figure indicates the moment at which insulin was withdrawn and separates the six 24 hour control periods from the five 12 hour experimental periods At the end of 60 hours the animal had passed into profound diabetic coma and resumption of therapy became mandatory The ordinate scales in the upper portion of the figure which is devoted to the presentation of the nitrogen and potassium balances are so correlated that the length of the column indicating the potassium balance in a given period is identical with that of the column indicating nitrogen balance when these substances are lost or retained in the same proportion that exists in protoplasm (one gram of nitrogen is equivalent to 2.39 mEq. of potassium in dog muscle)

Withdrawal of insulin is followed by (1) immediate development of a negative nitrogen balance (2) development of a negative potassium balance which exceeds the proportionate negative nitrogen balances during two phases—(a) an immediate and transient loss of excess potassium believed to be due to the breakdown of liver glycogen and (b) a progressive terminal loss believed to be due to the selective loss of potassium from cells (3) glycosuria which is maximal during the initial periods after insulin withdrawal which dwindles when the animal becomes ketotic and anorexic and which increases again when the condition of the animal becomes critical (4) minimal changes in the eosinophil and total white blood cell counts during the early periods but marked development of leukocytosis and eosinopenia as keto-acidosis becomes intense (5) a terminal rise in urinary corticosteroid excretion

The alarm reaction, recognizable by the eosinopenia and the increased rate of urinary corticosteroid excretion is thus seen to be a comparatively late feature of keto acidosis resulting from insulin omission It is temporally and perhaps causally related to the terminal hyperglycemia (indicated on this chart only by increased glycosuria) and to the loss of potassium from cells. From J W McArthur D Harting G A Smart E A MacLachlan M Terry and A S Zygmuntowicz Unpublished observations

REACTION TO INSULIN DEPRIVATION (FRISKY)

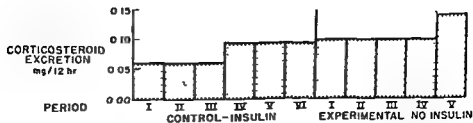
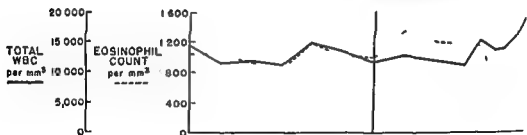
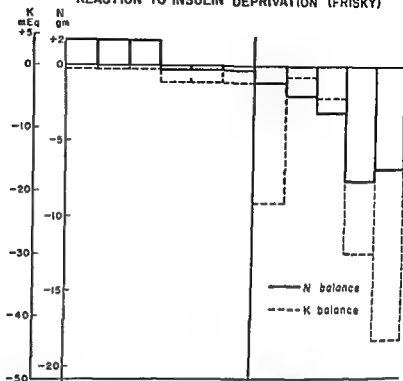


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Withdrawal of insulin is followed by (1) immediate development of a negative nitrogen balance (2) development of a negative potassium balance which exceeds the proportionate negative nitrogen balances during two phases—(a) an immediate and transient loss of excess potassium believed to be due to the breakdown of liver glycogen and (b) a progressive terminal loss believed to be due to the selective loss of potassium from cells (3) glycosuria which is maximal during the initial periods after insulin withdrawal which dwindles when the animal becomes ketotic and anorexic and which increases again when the condition of the animal becomes critical (4) minimal changes in the eosinophil and total white blood cell counts during the early periods but marked development of leukocytosis and eosinopenia as keto-acidosis becomes intense (5) a terminal rise in urinary corticosteroid excretion.

The alarm reaction recognizable by the eosinopenia and the increased rate of urinary corticosteroid excretion is thus seen to be a comparatively late feature of keto acidosis resulting from insulin omission. It is temporally and perhaps causally related to the terminal hyperglycemia (indicated on this chart only by increased glycosuria) and to the loss of potassium from cells. From J. W. McArthur, D. Hartung, G. A. Smart, E. A. MacLachlan, M. Terry and A. S. Zygmuntowicz. Unpublished observations.

and the anterior pituitary-adrenocortical alarm reaction mechanism. The epinephrine, by prompting hepatic glycogenolysis, may restore blood sugar concentration to normal at least temporarily. The adrenocortical steroids, produced as a result of the alarm reaction, tend to inhibit insulin action. Hence they may ameliorate if not eliminate the effects of insulin excess.

Under conditions of hyperinsulinism and hypoglycemia the behavior of the central nervous system becomes seriously altered. Since the brain is markedly dependent upon glucose as a source of energy, by prompting hypoglycemia insulin can deprive this organ of this vitally important nutrient. Convulsions, cerebral edema and chromatolysis of cells may follow.¹⁰

METHODS OF ESTIMATING INSULIN STATUS

At present although it is technically difficult, it is possible to measure the concentration of insulin in blood by a bio assay procedure.²¹ Because this procedure is not suited to general clinical use, insulin status must ordinarily be appraised indirectly with the aid of standardized tests of carbohydrate metabolism. The tests used vary according to whether one suspects (a) insulin deficiency or (b) insulin excess. The general nature of certain of these carbohydrate tolerance tests is illustrated diagrammatically in Figures 22-26 of Chapter III. The information presented there may be extended as follows:

Indications of Insulin Deficiency These constitute the diagnostic signs of ordinary juvenile diabetes mellitus—chiefly hyperglycemia and glycosuria. The diagnostic significance of these signs depends to a considerable extent upon the factors considered below.

Hyperglycemia Previous diet, infections and toxemias may exert an appreciable effect on blood sugar values.

Diet When a normal individual is subjected to a glucose tolerance test (see Chapter III, Table 3) following several days of low carbohydrate intake, he is apt to show a marked reduction in sugar tolerance. This is evidenced by a diabetic type of glucose tolerance curve (capillary true blood glucose > 120 mg per cent two hours after 40 gm of glucose per m have been administered intravenously). Such intolerance for sugar is presumed to be a manifestation of adaptive changes in glucose homeostatic mechanisms. It can be dissipated by providing a relatively high carbohydrate intake (about 180 gm of CHO per m per day) for three days prior to the glucose tolerance test. Following such preparation the normal individual has a capillary blood sugar of less than 120 mg per cent two hours after a standard dose of glucose. Accordingly it is considered

of great importance always to prepare patients for glucose tolerance test by three days of high carbohydrate feeding. There is no evidence that such a regimen seriously harms a patient with diabetes mellitus.

Infections, toxemias and other noxious stimuli These constitute stress stimuli which may activate the anterior pituitary-adrenocortical alarm reaction. Increased quantities of adrenocortical S-F N hormones secreted as a result of this reaction may produce a tendency to impaired glucose tolerance as described above (see pages 180 and 546). This phenomenon is sufficiently common and definite to mean that glucose tolerance tests should not be used to appraise pancreatic islet-insulin status while a patient is suffering stress of any significant degree.

Other factors Diminished glucose tolerance is observed occasionally in patients with hypertension, nephritis, thyrotoxicosis, liver disease, pituitary gigantism (or acromegaly) and Cushing's syndrome. The mechanisms responsible for this change in hypertensive, nephritic and thyrotoxic patients are not known. In severe hepatic disease capacity for glycogenesis is limited. Hence withdrawal of glucose from the circulation under the influence of insulin also is slow. In hyperpituitarism, pituitary glycotropic hormone, and in Cushing's syndrome adrenocortical S-F N hormones may explain the tendency to hyperglycemia.

Glycosuria The quantitative and qualitative aspects of this subject are considered under the following separate subheadings.

Quantitative considerations When the blood glucose concentration of the normal individual exceeds a critical value, which usually lies between 140 and 180 mg per cent, the glomerular filtrate contains more glucose than the tubules of the kidney can reabsorb.¹¹ Glucose not reabsorbed by the tubules appears quantitatively in the urine. Since most diabetic patients develop hyperglycemia in excess of 180 mg per cent after eating foods containing carbohydrates they tend to show glycosuria, at least temporarily.

Glycosuria should be considered strongly suggestive of diabetes mellitus until proved otherwise. On the other hand, it is not necessarily diagnostic of this condition. It can occur in persons whose tolerance for sugar in terms of blood glucose values is normal, but whose renal tubule capacity for glucose reabsorption (renal threshold for glucose) is uncommonly low. Such persons may develop glycosuria with blood sugar values between 140 and 100 mg per cent or even lower. This is called renal glycosuria. It is observed in a few otherwise normal individuals, in patients with nephritis involving the tubules and in patients suffering a stress-induced adrenocortical alarm reaction. It is recognized by making frequent simultaneous blood and urine glucose determinations during the course of a glucose tolerance test or following a meal containing moderate amounts of carbohydrate.

The blood glucose level corresponding to the first appearance of glycosuria approximately indicates the renal glucose threshold

Qualitative considerations Glycosuria comprises the commonest of several types of melituria, or sweet urine. Other causes of melituria are galactose,* pentose and levulose (fructose). These substances react like glucose with Benedict's solution and must be distinguished from glucose by means of special tests. Patients having these rare types of melituria do not ordinarily show any impaired tolerance for glucose.

Indications of Insulin Excess Except in clinics where blood insulin assays can be run, a presumptive metabolic diagnosis of insulin excess can be made only by a process of elimination. This stems from the fact that hypoglycemia, the outstanding manifestation of insulin excess, results from hepatic dysfunction, hypopituitarism and hypoadrenocorticism as well as from hyperinsulinism. Thus, it is necessary to rule out the former conditions before concluding that hyperinsulinism is the probable cause of hypoglycemia.

Hepatic dysfunction as a cause of hypoglycemia can be determined reasonably satisfactorily by applying the epinephrine glucose tolerance test. The patient is prepared for this test by means of a diet containing 180 gm. of carbohydrate per m² per day for three days. On the morning of the fourth day, breakfast is omitted, the fasting blood sugar concentration is determined and a dose of epinephrine (0.3 cc. of 1:1,000 freshly opened epinephrine solution per m²) is administered subcutaneously. Blood sugar determinations are repeated at 15, 30 and 45 minutes. If liver function is normal, the blood sugar concentration should increase at least 20 mg. per cent during this interval. This increase reflects normal hepatic glycogenolysis under the influence of epinephrine. Failure to show such a rise in blood sugar suggests glycogen storage disease,¹² abnormal hepatic glycogen depletion or other serious disturbance in hepatic function.

Hypopituitarism and hypoadrenocorticism may be recognized as possible causes of hypoglycemia by application of the diagnostic procedures discussed in Chapters III and VII. Of the tests considered in Chapter III, those concerned with

* Very occasionally one encounters children with symptoms of hypoglycemia in association with galactosuria and galactosemia. It appears that these patients are unable to metabolize galactose in a normal manner. As a result when foods (such as milk) containing this sugar are eaten there is a tendency for it to accumulate in the blood stream and to spill over into the urine. The pancreas apparently responds to hypergalactosemia as it does to hyperglycemia. The insulin formed as a result of this stimulus prompts increased utilization of the circulating glucose but not of the circulating galactose. As a result though total blood sugar fails to fall promptly to normal levels blood glucose levels fall to abnormally low levels. Hence the tendency toward manifestations of hypoglycemia in the presence of high or normal total blood sugar concentration and melituria. The condition is largely prevented by omitting all galactose containing foods.¹⁷

carbohydrate metabolism are most pertinent. For practical purposes a normal response to the epinephrine eosinophil test essentially rules out hypopituitarism and hypoadrenocorticism as likely causes of hypoglycemia.

If the foregoing types of conditions can be ruled out, fasting blood sugar measurements, the glucose tolerance and the 24 hour fast tolerance tests (see Chapter III, Table 3) can be used to separate patients with functional hyperinsulinism from patients with organic hyperinsulinism.¹⁴

Functional hyperinsulinism is a poorly understood clinical entity which is thought to be due to a disturbance in the nervous and humoral regulation of blood sugar. More specifically, there probably is either (a) hyper reactiveness to hyperglycemia on the part of the insulin glucose homeostatic mechanism or (b) failure on the part of this mechanism to discontinue insulin production promptly as blood sugar concentration falls into the normal or hypoglycemic range. Patients with this condition are apt to be high strung and to react excessively to many stimuli. They develop hypoglycemia within a period of two to four hours after meals, but not before breakfast or upon fasting for 24 hours. When subjected to a glucose tolerance test, they may show a sharp drop in blood glucose values to hypoglycemic levels between the second and fourth hours.

Organic hyperinsulinism is characterized by the occurrence of hypoglycemic attacks between midnight and breakfast, two to four hours after meals and after exercise or skipped or late meals. Fasting blood sugars are usually below 50 mg per cent, and after a 24 hour fast are below 40 mg per cent. In the glucose tolerance test, they may develop hypoglycemia between the second and fifth hours.

CLINICAL CONSIDERATIONS

JUVENILE "HYPOINSULINISM" OR DIABETES MELLITUS

Despite half a century of investigation, the exact cause and nature of ordinary diabetes mellitus remains obscure. Hence the quotation marks around the term hypoinsulinism, for it is not known whether ordinary diabetes is due to an absolute lack of insulin, an excess of anti insulin substances or both. In these connections it is noteworthy that the insulin needs of the patients with spontaneous diabetes usually are considerably larger than those of patients with diabetes secondary to pancreatectomy.*

* The pancreatectomized adult requires from 20 to 60 units of insulin per day.¹

ETIOLOGY AND INCIDENCE¹ Certain factors, including heredity, race and obesity appear to bear a relation to the genesis of this condition. With regard to heredity it has been noted that (a) diabetes occurs about 15 times more often in both twins of identical pairs (48.5 per cent incidence) than in both twins of dissimilar pairs (3.2 per cent incidence), and (b) about five times more frequently in blood relatives of diabetics (incidence 6.7 per cent) than in control groups (incidence 1.23 per cent). Mendelian ratios of the recessive type are evident in large series of diabetic cases selected at random. The expected ratios can be demonstrated also in presumably latent cases of diabetes.

Although diabetes is clearly affected by obesity in several important respects, the relation cannot as yet be fully explained. It is almost unknown in persons who are 20 or 30 per cent under weight, but otherwise during childhood it occurs more or less irrespective of weight status. Thus, of 43 diabetic children under 10 years of age,* 44 per cent were below, 37 per cent were within and only 19 per cent were over standard weight. Of 84 diabetics between 10 and 20 years of age, 29 per cent were under, 39 per cent were within and 32 per cent were above standard weight at or prior to the onset of diabetes.

On the other hand, in one large series of successive diabetics, including all ages, maximum body weights were below standard in only 8 per cent, within standard limits in 15 per cent and above standard in 77 per cent. Although obesity tends to precipitate diabetes in predisposed individuals, especially after they pass their twentieth birthday, cases have been observed in which diabetes followed rapid loss of weight by fat persons. Neither the incidence nor the mechanisms of this phenomenon have been thoroughly studied.

Certain other etiologic factors deserve brief mention. As outlined in Chapters III and VII and in the first sections of the present chapter, adrenocortical S-F N and pituitary glycotropic hormones in excess tend to prompt an insulin resistant type of glucose intolerance. Thus, by causing an increase in S-F N hormone production, infection and other forms of stress may aggravate latent diabetes to the point where it becomes manifest. This fits in with the clinical finding that infection can precipitate the onset of diabetes. On the other hand, the data of Figure 27, Chapter III, indicate that S-F N hormone production by diabetics is normal or low except during periods of stress. This suggests that although S-F N hormone may accentuate ordinary diabetes it probably is not an important factor in its etiology. However, chronically excessive S-F N hormone production is con-

* Though diabetes is never apparent as a congenital disturbance it sometimes develops during the first year of life.

sidered to be responsible for the special type of diabetes seen in patients with Cushing's syndrome

Glycosuria has been noted in about 35 per cent and diabetes found in about 17 per cent of patients with acromegaly¹⁵ These observations suggest that clinical diabetes may occasionally be due to hyperpituitarism

CLINICAL MANIFESTATIONS In most adults and adolescents, diabetes develops insidiously over a period of months from a latent to a clinically manifest form In children the syndrome is likely to develop within a period of days or weeks

In a group of 30 successive diabetic patients who were seen in this clinic and who ranged in age from a few months to 15 years, the commonest presenting symptoms were thirst (89 per cent), polyuria (82 per cent), nocturia or enuresis (52 per cent), loss of or failure to gain weight (48 per cent), increase in appetite (37 per cent), vomiting (33 per cent) easy fatigability or weakness (30 per cent) and constipation (18 per cent) Abdominal pain, irritability and apathy were observed in about 15 per cent of these children Infection was present in about one third of the cases at the time of first admission to the hospital

Except when diabetic acidosis and coma had developed the signs presented were not striking Of the patients seen in this clinic most (90 per cent) were of normal height for age and of normal weight for height These findings are in apparent contrast to those of others who report a distinct tendency for diabetic children to be from 6 to 8 cm taller at the onset of the disease than average normal children of the same age and sex^{1, 6} The same investigators report that the skeletal and sexual development of the average diabetic child is a year or so in advance of normal for age

Symptomatically *diabetic acidosis* is characterized by marked thirst and polyuria followed by nausea and vomiting, abdominal pain and general malaise Prior to the onset of vomiting, dehydration and signs of acidosis may not be very marked Once vomiting starts however, dehydration and acidosis develop rapidly There follows a tendency to labored long and deep respirations and to drowsiness, stupor and finally coma Acetone soon becomes detectable in the expired breath and may permeate the atmosphere of the patient's room

On examination the patient is drowsy or unconscious and presents signs characteristic of dehydration and acidosis (Kussmaul breathing) The face is drawn, the skin cold and dry and subcutaneous tissue elasticity is markedly diminished The mucous membranes are dry If ketosis is marked, the lips may be of a reddish blue hue The eyeballs are soft the pulse weak and rapid the blood pressure

low Physical examination may reveal diffuse spasm and tenderness suggestive of an acute abdominal disorder These signs may be due in part to an accumulation of hard fecal matter in the large bowel or to a lesion requiring surgery In the latter event there is apt to be an antecedent history of abdominal pain with or without vomiting In addition there are often definite, localized tenderness and spasm¹⁸ If diabetes is responsible, the signs usually subside after a few hours of insulin and fluid therapy

LABORATORY STUDIES These may be divided into groups relating to (a) impaired glucose tolerance, (b) ketosis, metabolic acidosis, dehydration and renal failure and (c) miscellaneous changes

Impaired glucose tolerance is reflected by hyperglycemia The initial blood sugar values obtained on a series of children seen at this clinic ranged between 167 and 1068 mg per cent Eighty five per cent of the values were over 200 mg per cent Glycosuria was a universal finding

Ketonuria (acetonuria) is a variable finding In mild cases it may be absent In patients with impending diabetic acidosis or coma it is almost always present The serum electrolyte changes observed in patients with diabetic acidosis are set forth diagrammatically in Figure 1 The serum carbon dioxide content (serum bicarbonate) is low if the acidosis is pronounced The acidosis is considered severe when the value obtained is less than 7 mEq per liter The serum sodium and chloride values also are somewhat depressed On the other hand the concentrations of potassium and inorganic phosphorus may be abnormally elevated, as may the values for total protein hemoglobin and non protein nitrogen The latter changes occur when circulatory failure results in impairment of renal function

Among the miscellaneous findings leucocytosis and eosinopenia are of interest Leukocytosis is the rule in patients in coma The white cells may total between 15 000 and 50 000 per mm³, even in the absence of demonstrable infection In one instance a count of 100,000 was obtained Eosinophils, on the other hand, may be virtually absent Such eosinopenia is a relatively late occurrence in the development of diabetic acidosis and indicates that the condition has produced a significant degree of stress The eosinopenia is due to stress induced functional hyperadrenocorticism (see above and Chapter III)

DIAGNOSIS AND DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS Demonstration of hyperglycemia and glycosuria* in a patient presenting the history symptoms and signs enumerated above is nearly diagnostic of diabetes mellitus To be differentiated are patients with (a) transient carbohydrate intolerance secondary to carbo

* These terms must be interpreted strictly to refer to blood and urine glucose content (see pages 550-551)

hydrate starvation (see page 550), (b) transient tendencies to hyperglycemia and glycosuria secondary to a stress induced adrenocortical alarm reaction (see page 551), (c) Cushing's syndrome (see Chapter III), (d) pheochromocytoma (see Chapter IV) and (e) salicylate poisoning

Salicylates in toxic doses produce a picture which can be confused with diabetic coma. They cause hyperpnea by irritating the respiratory center of the brain. In addition, they induce a tendency to diuresis, drowsiness, pseudo-glycosuria and pseudo-ketonuria. If nausea and drowsiness interfere with fluid ingestion, dehydration also results.

A false impression that the patient may have glycosuria arises because salicylates, like glucose, reduce Benedict's qualitative sugar reagent. Similarly, an impression may be gained that the patient has ketonuria because salicylates react in the ferric chloride test for ketones by giving a deep violet color. This error can be avoided by testing samples of urine after boiling. Ketone bodies, being volatile, disappear upon boiling; salicylates, being non volatile, remain in the urine and continue to give a positive ferric chloride test.

The patient may be thought to have acidosis because of the central hyperpnea. Such centrally induced hyperventilation tends to wash abnormally large amounts of carbon dioxide out of the blood stream. The consequent reduction in the ratio of carbonic acid to base bicarbonate in the plasma causes the plasma pH to rise.* The alkalosis thus produced stimulates a compensatory elimination of sodium with the result that the plasma pH falls toward normal after several hours. Later, when the centrally induced hyperpnea subsides, acidosis may develop on account of this fixed base loss. If the patient also develops starvation ketosis, the tendency to acidosis may increase.

Patients with salicylate poisoning do not have hyperglycemia. They recover from the intoxication within two or three days after salicylates are discontinued, provided that water, calory and electrolyte intake is maintained at reasonable levels. Ordinarily, there is no need for specific acid or alkali therapy. If parenteral fluid therapy is necessary, one third saline (0.28 gm per cent NaCl) in 5 or 10 per cent dextrose solution is satisfactory.

* Plasma carbon dioxide values are totally unreliable indices of acidosis versus alkalosis except when the nature of the primary disturbance is known. In the salicylate poisoning patient we have an example of lowered plasma carbon dioxide and alkalosis. The same condition can be produced by voluntary hyperventilation. In patients with ammonium chloride intoxication renal failure or marked ketosis the plasma carbon dioxide undergoes a compensatory depression. Such patients have low carbon dioxide values and metabolic acidosis. Contrariwise there are patients with metabolic alkalosis and compensatorily increased plasma carbon dioxide values due to alkali (sodium lactate sodium bicarbonate etc.) intoxication. Finally patients with central hyperpnea or with pulmonary obstruction (due to emphysema, fibrosis, edema) tend to accumulate carbon dioxide in the blood stream with resultant elevated plasma carbon dioxide values and acidosis due to carbonic acid retention.

TREATMENT The treatment of diabetes involves several considerations. For instance, it is well to recognize that one is dealing with a disturbance in homeostasis which is not clearly understood. This means that one is forced for lack of knowledge to undertake alleviative rather than curative therapy. It means also that one is faced with the problem of attempting to serve as a substitute for a homeostatic mechanism. This poses an interesting and important question: Should the physician attempt to keep blood glucose concentration within physiologic limits at all times?

This question has no single answer. It can only be assumed that perfect control works to the physiologic and physical benefit of a patient with diabetes. Perfect control of blood sugar can usually be attained only by paying detailed attention to diet and exercise, by making numerous blood and urine sugar measurements and by giving insulin several times a day. Such exquisite attention may, however, render the patient an emotional invalid.^{17a} This seems a large price to pay for a therapeutic accomplishment of unknown value.

Less than perfect control of blood sugar concentrations means that deviations below or above the normal range must be expected. Errors in the direction of hypoglycemia are encountered most often when attempts are made to keep the patient aglycosuric at all times. To make this error repeatedly is hazardous and undesirable, for pathologic lowering of blood sugar values can cause serious changes in the central nervous system (see Figure 3). Moreover, the stress of hypoglycemia can elicit the adrenocortical alarm reaction. This in turn can cause increased resistance to insulin and hence more severe diabetes.^{17b} By contrast, errors in the direction of hyperglycemia do not cause irreversible changes unless the hyperglycemia is of sufficiently marked degree and duration to result in fatal diabetic ketosis and coma.

Concerning the possible deleterious effects of chronic mild to moderate hyperglycemia and glycosuria, one can only raise questions. Three come to mind. First, does such hyperglycemia aggravate the diabetic state by prompting degenerative changes in the pancreatic islets? Second, does hyperglycemia or the carbohydrate starvation* primary to it constitute a stress of sufficient magnitude to elicit the adrenocortical alarm reaction? Third, are the vascular and other degenerative changes seen in patients with diabetes of several years' duration due to insulin deficiency, tissue carbohydrate starvation, hyperglycemia and glycosuria or are they due to entirely separate factors? No satisfactory answers to these questions are available today.

* As indicated above, insulin lack leads to loss of ability to utilize glucose. Indirectly by causing glycosuria there also occurs a loss of calories from the body. Each gram of glucose in the urine indicates a loss of 4 calories.

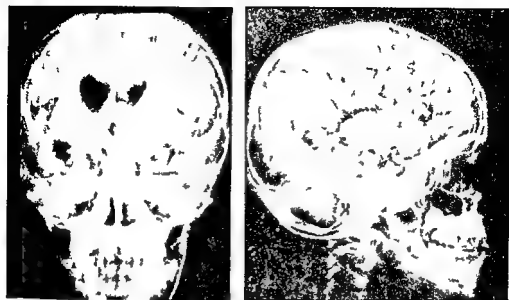


FIGURE IX—3 Dilatation of the ventricles presumably secondary to repeated insulin reactions in a boy of 7½ years

CASE HISTORY

The patient developed diabetes mellitus at the age of two years. Up to that time his growth, maturation and general health had been satisfactory. During the first two years of his illness he was treated in another clinic with relatively large doses (16 units) of protamine insulin only. Presumably as a consequence of this type of therapy he suffered numerous severe insulin reactions. At the age of seven years he came to our clinic with the chief complaints of diabetes mellitus and behavior problem. At that time he was receiving 12 units of protamine and 8 units of regular insulin before breakfast and was free from reactions. A complete physical examination revealed no abnormalities. His IQ was 111. While the neurologic examination also failed to reveal definite abnormalities it was thought that his unusual behavior pattern might be a manifestation of diffuse brain damage secondary to episodes of insulin induced hypoglycemia. At 7½ years he suffered the first of a series of generalized convulsions. Simultaneously he commenced to show evidences of gradual intellectual deterioration. Three months later enlargement of the lateral and third ventricles was revealed by pneumoencephalography. The left lateral ventricle appeared larger than the right. There was no gross evidence of cortical atrophy or of a causative lesion. A series of electroencephalograms likewise showed increasing abnormalities—most marked over the left occiput. In the three years subsequent to these studies the patient has become aphasic and grossly retarded in mind. From N. B. Talbot, J. D. Crawford and C. C. Bailey *Pediatrics* 1:357 1948.

This lack of information makes it difficult to set forth recommendations concerning the management of diabetes which are not empirical and arbitrary. Because hypoglycemia is definitely harmful, it is recommended that therapy be so directed that the phenomenon is very largely avoided. If one is dealing with an intelligent, stable and cooperative diabetic patient, it may be possible to maintain him in a nearly aglycosuric state without inducing intermittent hypoglycemia. Presumably, this can be considered an acceptable method of management. If, on the other hand, the patient cannot be so maintained without inducing episodes of hypoglycemia, it would appear preferable to gain the margin of safety afforded by intermittent slight to-moderate hyperglycemia and glycosuria (10 to 30 gm per m² per day). Such deviations should not, however, be permitted to reach the point where the patient develops ketonuria, nocturia, caloric undernutrition or hepatomegaly.

These comments may be extended to include a few remarks concerning the types of diet and types of insulin which may be used in the treatment of diabetes. There is no clear evidence that any one type of dietary regimen is superior to another. It appears reasonable therefore to recommend for the present that dietary advice be kept as simple as possible and that attention be directed chiefly to providing meals that are easy to prepare and appetizing. They also should permit adaptation to daily variations in caloric needs on the one hand and allow reasonable regulation of blood sugar concentrations on the other. Having decided upon some such dietary regimen, insulin is given in accordance with need.

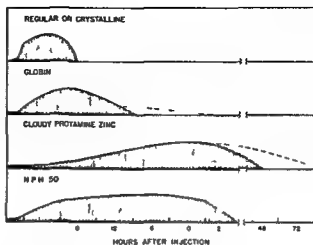
As indicated below, various insulin preparations are available. So far as is known, these differ chiefly with respect to duration of action. Satisfactory results can be obtained by using certain of these preparations in a variety of combinations. One such combination will be outlined below.

Chronic Management of Diabetes

Diet Diabetic patients under two years of age are fed normal diets for age and weight, the carbohydrate intake being kept at the lower limit of normal. For patients over two years of age, the following instructions are given:

- 1 Eat no candy, cakes, cookies, jams or sugar, and no desserts to which such ingredients have been added in any considerable amount.
- 2 Eat only one piece of bread a meal or its equivalent in crackers.
- 3 Have at any meal only one of the following: rice, macaroni, spaghetti or potatoes, and take only one moderate helping.
- 4 Eat but half a banana or apple at any one time.
- 5 In the middle of the morning take some form of food containing between 10 and 20 gm of carbohydrate. If at any time symptoms of hypoglycemia appear

FIGURE 1X—4 Representation of approximate duration and intensity of action of various types of insulin. Adapted from E. P. Joslin *et al* *The Treatment of Diabetes Mellitus* Philadelphia Lea & Febiger 1946



the juice of one orange or some food containing 10 gm of glucose is to be taken immediately

- 6 With the above exceptions, eat as desired at mealtime provided ordinary common sense is applied in not eating too much of any particular dish ¹⁸*

Insulin Figure 4 indicates the approximate time of onset and duration of action of certain available types of insulin*. Of these insulins, crystalline and protamine zinc are most commonly used in this clinic

It is not possible to indicate any clear quantitative relation between insulin dosage and carbohydrate utilization or intake. This is due to the fact that the various anti insulin factors greatly modify the action of insulin from time to time. In broad terms, one unit of insulin will permit the body to metabolize somewhere between 1 and 9 gm of carbohydrate ¹

Insulin dosage is adjusted to needs as indicated by urine sugar values and some times also by blood sugar determinations. Figure 5 may aid in these considerations. Here it is assumed (a) that the patient is following a relatively constant diet of the type suggested above (b) that hypoglycemia is to be avoided if need be at the expense of intermittent mild to moderate hyperglycemia and glycosuria and (c) that regular (or crystalline) and protamine zinc insulin are to be

* The new Hagedorn protamine insulin preparation NPH 50 is designed to permit the mixing of crystalline and protamine insulin solutions without alteration in the activity of either type of insulin. The Danish preparation of NPH 50 apparently fulfills this criterion. Accordingly it is possible to give patients both types of insulin in desired amounts by a single injection. Current reports suggest that great care must be taken in the manufacture of NPH 50 to make sure that there is no excess protamine since free protamine reacts with regular or crystalline insulin to form protamine insulin. This newly formed protamine insulin has a delayed and prolonged action similar to that shown in Figure 4 for NPH 50

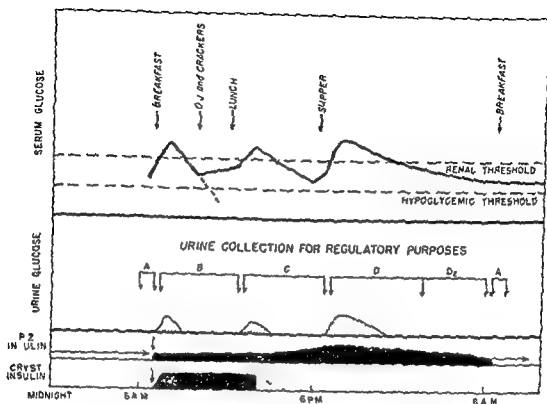


FIGURE IX—5 Diagrammatic representation of certain of the factors to be considered in the management of diabetes mellitus

TOP DIAGRAM The interrupted horizontal line labeled renal threshold indicates that glycosuria occurs when blood sugar values exceed this level. The lower interrupted horizontal line indicates that clinical symptoms of hypoglycemia develop when the blood sugar falls below this level.

MIDDLE DIAGRAM The urine collection periods for regulatory purposes are shown by brackets A to D. Glycosuria is indicated when blood sugar values exceed the renal threshold.

BOTTOM DIAGRAM Shows the duration of protamine zinc and crystalline insulin action. The vertical arrows indicate the time of administration of these agents. The horizontal arrows in the protamine zinc area attempt to indicate that this hormone acts more than 24 hours and that it therefore carries over from day to day.

given in separate injections by separate syringes and needles a few minutes before breakfast. During periods when the insulin needs of the patient are being determined and insulin dosages are being regulated accordingly, urine may be collected for sugar analysis* in four separate samples, as indicated in the middle section of the figure. Once the needs of the patient are fairly well known, it

* The Somogyi approximate quantitative method (see Appendix page 590) which is easily performed serves this purpose satisfactorily.

usually suffices to test urine for sugar by Benedict's test just before breakfast* and before supper and to collect occasional 24 hour urine samples for estimation of total daily glucose losses. Blood sugar determinations are chiefly of value for detecting preprandial hypoglycemia in patients whose preprandial urine sugar tests give negative results.

As the figure indicates, when it is noted that excessive glycosuria occurs before breakfast, the dose of protamine zinc insulin should be increased. If as sometimes happens in the case of adolescent children marked glycosuria is noted before and after supper, it may be desirable to administer a small amount† of additional crystalline insulin before supper. This avoids the difficulties incurred by giving such large doses of crystalline insulin before breakfast that hypoglycemia develops in the mid morning or before lunch and of giving such large doses of protamine zinc insulin that hypoglycemia develops in the hours before breakfast.

A survey of the records of the diabetic children under our care reveals no clear relation between insulin doses and age, weight or surface area. Approximately speaking, the average total daily maintenance dose of insulin is between 20 and 30 units per m (range 8 to 63 units per m²). Of this insulin about half (range 25 to 67 per cent) is crystalline insulin, the remainder being protamine zinc insulin. There is a tendency for the ratio of crystalline to protamine zinc insulin to be higher (about 1.5 to 1) in young children and lower (about 0.5 to 1) in adolescents. Incidentally there is an increasing tendency to permit children to give themselves their insulin injections after they reach adolescent age.

The doses of insulin required at the very beginning of diabetic therapy are usually somewhat larger than those needed in the immediately succeeding months^{18, 4}. Moreover, the doses apparently needed during hospitalization may be twice as large as those needed by the patient when he returns home. This is presumed to be due in part to a tendency for the stress of homesickness, needles, finger pricks and so forth to activate the adrenocortical alarm reaction** and in part to the fact that hospitalized patients are unable to get much physical exercise. On account of this phenomenon it is usually advisable to reduce insulin

* Note that collection A of Figure 5 gives information concerning the presence of glycosuria immediately before breakfast. Such information cannot be obtained unless about 6 a.m. the patient empties his bladder of urine formed during the night and then approximately one hour later voids the urine formed during the interval. The same thesis holds with respect to other urine sugar tests designed to indicate preprandial status.

† From 5 to 10 per cent of the pre breakfast dose.

Stress of emotional as well as of physical origin can markedly intensify tendencies to ketosis and glycosuria.¹⁹

dosage when a diabetic child is discharged from the hospital. Otherwise, he is apt to have insulin reactions within a few days after returning home.

Infections can lead to increased glycosuria at any time. If the intercurrent condition is severe it may be necessary (a) to place the patient on a diet of simple sweetened fluids, soups and possibly soft solids and (b) to counteract marked glycosuria* by the administration of extra crystalline insulin before lunch or supper or at both times. The occurrence of acetonuria in association with marked glycosuria definitely indicates that more insulin is needed. The occurrence of acetonuria in the absence of glycosuria indicates starvation and need for more carbohydrate.

Parents are instructed always to assume that a disturbance in a diabetic child is an insulin reaction (see below) until proved otherwise. Such a reaction is treated by giving food containing from 10 to 15 gm. of carbohydrate. Alternatively, 2 or 3 teaspoons of sugar in water or Karo syrup may be given in fractional doses. Parents and older children also are taught that exercise augments the action of insulin and that either an increase in food allotments or a decrease in insulin dosages may be necessary on days or during periods (such as week ends and school vacations) when the patient is going to exercise hard. To prevent the disastrous development of an insulin reaction while out of reach of help, diabetic children should never be allowed to go in swimming, ride horse back or go on camping expeditions unless accompanied by a responsible person who is aware of the disease.

Difference between insulin reaction and diabetic coma. This rarely constitutes an urgent problem in the diabetic patient who is receiving insulin. The salient characteristics of these two conditions are summarized in Table 4.

Prevention and treatment of severe insulin reactions. For reasons offered earlier it is believed that insulin reactions are a very undesirable complication of diabetic therapy. They usually can be avoided if (a) meals are eaten regularly (b) strenuous exercise is taken after rather than just before meals and (c) the patient and his parents learn the symptoms and signs of hypoglycemia and are prepared to take appropriate corrective measures whenever they appear. Reactions occasionally develop for unexpected reasons, such as changing the site of insulin administration, errors in insulin dosage (due to change in strength of insulin or type of syringe) or sudden upsets with nausea, vomiting or diarrhea.

When the insulin reaction is severe, the patient may be so restless and unreasonable that it is difficult to get him to take sweetened fluids by mouth voluntarily. Under such circumstances and when coma or convulsions have supervened,

Glycosuria may be considered marked if two or more successive samples of preprandial urine cause a red precipitate to be formed when Benedict's qualitative test is applied.

TABLE IX—4 Differential diagnosis of diabetic coma and insulin reaction Adapted from
E P Joslin *et al* *The Treatment of Diabetes Mellitus* Philadelphia Lea & Febiger 1946

	Diabetic coma	Insulin reaction*
1 Onset	Slow—days	Sudden—minutes
2 Food	Too much	Too little
3 Insulin	Too little	Too much
4 Presence of infection	Frequent	Rare
5 Thirst	Extreme	Absent
6 Hunger	Absent	Frequent
7 Vomiting	Common	Seldom*
8 Pain in abdomen	Frequent	Absent
9 Fever	Absent except with infection or marked	Absent
10 Skin	Dry	Moist
11 Tremor	Absent	Frequent *
12 Vision	Dim	Double
13 Eyeballs	Soft	Normal
14 Appearance	Florid extremely ill	Pale weak faint sweating
15 Respiration	Air hunger	Normal
16 Blood pressure	Tends to fall	Tends to rise
17 Mental state	Restless distressed	Apathetic or irritable or hysterical
18 Unconsciousness	Approaches gradually	May intervene suddenly
19 Convulsions	Very rare	Sometimes
20 Urine sugar	Present	Absent (always in repeat examination)
21 Urine diacetic acid and acetone	Present	Usually absent
22 Blood sugar	High	Low
23 Specific treatment	Insulin fluid salt	Carbohydrate
24 Response to treatment	Gradual—hours	Quick—minutes*

The features of an insulin reaction listed in this table are those observed after rapidly acting regular or crystalline insulin. In certain respects reactions due to the slowly acting protamine zinc insulin may differ. Headache (particularly occipital) nausea and even vomiting may occur. These symptoms make the differential diagnosis between reactions from protamine zinc insulin and coma more difficult than that between regular or crystalline insulin and coma. Moreover response to treatment may be slow in patients suffering hypoglycemia due to one of the slowly acting insulins.

it may be necessary to give glucose intravenously (10 to 20 cc of 50 per cent glucose). If it is not possible to carry out such treatment promptly, persistent efforts should be made to introduce concentrated sugar solution (table sugar in water or 50 per cent Karo syrup) into the side of the mouth with a teaspoon a few cubic centimeters at a time. If given in small amounts, such solutions are not apt to choke the patient or be aspirated and at least a portion of the material will find its way into the stomach whence it is rapidly absorbed into the circulation. When the reaction is due to excess crystalline insulin, recovery is usually rapid and sustained. When the reaction is caused by an excess of one of the longer acting insulin preparations, it may be necessary to continue sugar therapy for some time before recovery is completed (constant intravenous administration

of 10 per cent glucose in $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ isotonic (0.28 to 0.43 gm per cent) NaCl solution. Other supportive measures, such as oxygen, sedation and suction of airway, are seldom necessary.

Other complications of insulin therapy Atrophy of subcutaneous fat at sites of insulin injection is seen commonly. The condition may be minimized by using several sites in rotation, however, in time it tends to disappear whether or not the site in question still is being used. Urticaria at the site of injection may occur transiently at the outset of insulin therapy. This is an unimportant phenomenon. Serious allergic reactions to insulin are practically unknown. Infection at one injection site is usually due to contamination of the insulin syringe or needle, multiple abscesses suggest contamination of the insulin solution.

Treatment of Diabetic Coma

Diabetic coma* is the ultimate expression of decreased tissue utilization of glucose resulting from a relative or absolute deficiency of insulin. The progression of metabolic consequence which is initiated by insulin lack has been described on page 543. Successful therapy is founded upon (a) accurate appraisal of the extent of this progression in the individual patient and (b) recognition of the presence of complicating factors such as infection, which may modify his response.^{19 a b}

While the gravity of diabetic acidosis demands that treatment be begun with dispatch, the initial study of the patient must be neither cursory nor perfunctory. However, by making the appraisal in a systematic manner one can obtain the necessary information with little loss of time. Specifically, from the history one should seek to determine the precipitating cause of the acidosis and the character and duration of the individual symptoms. The physical examination should be performed with a view to estimating the extent of acidosis, dehydration and shock. A thorough search for infection should be made particularly if a ready explanation for the occurrence of coma, such as failure of the patient to take insulin, is not apparent. Immediate confirmation of the clinical diagnosis should be obtained by means of laboratory estimations of blood and urine glucose and of urine acetone and diacetic acid. In seriously ill patients additional laboratory examinations may be of material assistance in defining more precisely the therapy required. These include determinations of the serum pH and carbon dioxide content, the serum sodium, chloride, potassium, inorganic phosphorus and protein concentrations and the blood hemoglobin and non protein nitrogen levels.

The demarcation between severe diabetic acidosis and coma is not sharp. Joslin, for example, has suggested that all patients with a plasma CO_2 combining power lower than 20 volumes per cent (9 mEq per liter) be arbitrarily considered in coma.

The interpretation of the results of these laboratory examinations is deserving of parenthetical comment. The demonstration of hyperglycemia is important from the diagnostic point of view but its degree often correlates poorly with the intensity of acidosis. The serum carbon dioxide content is not an invariably accurate index of the seriousness of the patient's condition or even of the degree of acidosis. A patient so prostrated that he is incapable of responding to acidosis with hyperventilation may have a more severe acidosis with a lower serum pH but a higher carbon dioxide content than a patient whose serum pH level is being defended by hyperpnea. In critical cases serum pH, if obtainable, is thus more informative as to the degree of acidosis than is the carbon dioxide content.

The concentrations of blood hemoglobin and serum protein may not be reliable indices of the degree of dehydration. This is because extracellular fluid and blood volumes are often quite well defended in diabetic acidosis by the marked increases in extracellular osmotic pressure occasioned by hyperglycemia and ketonemia. The extracellular hypertonicity results in movement of fluid from the intracellular to the extracellular compartment and hence in a tendency to severe intracellular dehydration. A useful approximate index of the total extent of dehydration is afforded by body weight measurements. In patients suffering diabetic acidosis of one or two days' duration the difference between the patient's admission weight and his approximate normal weight is usually due largely to changes in total body water. An acute 10 per cent loss of body weight (water) usually results in marked clinical signs of dehydration. When weight loss spreads gradually over a longer period of time considerable losses of body solids also occur.

In seriously ill patients the demonstration of high levels of blood non protein nitrogen or of serum inorganic phosphorus or potassium is of importance because it indicates impairment of renal function as well as increased cellular catabolism.

Once the diagnosis of diabetic acidosis has been established and blood drawn for such chemical examinations as are clinically indicated, therapy must be initiated without delay. The essential features are the administration of insulin in adequate dosage and the restoration of the patient's depleted reserves of water and electrolytes. Each patient in acidosis presents an individual therapeutic problem; his needs must be evaluated from hour to hour by the physician in constant attendance. Many difficulties can be obviated by the preparation of a tabular "coma sheet" on which is entered a running record of the important clinical observations, the results of each laboratory test as it is obtained and a description of all therapy administered.

Insulin. It is our custom to begin treatment by administering crystalline insulin in a dosage of approximately 75 units per m. This is given subcutaneously

of 10 per cent glucose in $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ isotonic (0.28 to 0.43 gm per cent) NaCl solution. Other supportive measures, such as oxygen, sedation and suction of airway, are seldom necessary.

Other complications of insulin therapy Atrophy of subcutaneous fat at sites of insulin injection is seen commonly. The condition may be minimized by using several sites in rotation, however, in time it tends to disappear whether or not the site in question still is being used. Urticaria at the site of injection may occur transiently at the outset of insulin therapy. This is an unimportant phenomenon. Serious allergic reactions to insulin are practically unknown. Infection at one injection site is usually due to contamination of the insulin syringe or needle, multiple abscesses suggest contamination of the insulin solution.

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Following elimination of acetonuria and marked glycosuria, a process which seldom requires more than 12 hours, it is usually possible for the patient to take oral feedings. In addition to one daily dose of protamine zinc insulin, doses of crystalline insulin are given before breakfast, lunch and supper until carbohydrate stores have been replenished. After a few days the total insulin dosage can be administered before breakfast as indicated in Figure 5.

Theoretic considerations of parenteral fluids^{5,9,19} Since it is imperative to relieve shock, to restore renal function and to terminate hyperpnea, the first objective of parenteral fluid therapy is *reparation of the chemical structure of extracellular fluid*. To accomplish this without further deranging the chemical structure of the intracellular fluid is a minimum goal toward which one should strive. Optimal therapy would promote restoration of the chemical structure of both extra- and intracellular fluids simultaneously. It would be desirable, for instance, to institute prompt replacement of the intracellular deficit of potassium which is known to exist. But since the concentration of serum potassium is sometimes greatly elevated initially, owing to impaired renal function, it is advisable to postpone this replacement until renal function is re-established. Therefore, while present knowledge permits only a distant approximation to the ideal, it suffices to indicate the desirability of modifying the composition of many fluids now in common use.

The administration of isotonic saline solution (i.e., 150 mEq Na and 150 mEq Cl per liter), which contains 50 mEq more chloride ion per liter than plasma and which therefore may result in a chloride acidosis, appears unphysiologic for patients who already are suffering from severe acidosis and exhausting hyperpnea. The custom of some clinics to correct the acidifying effect of isotonic saline by adding molar sodium lactate or bicarbonate until the sodium concentration is elevated to 190 mEq per liter in order to provide a sodium/chloride ratio similar to that of plasma (i.e., 1.3 to 1) results in a hypertonicity that is not in accord with the need for relatively sodium- and chloride-free water for cellular hydration, renal excretion and extrarenal water loss.

Recognition of the large needs for water in diabetic acidosis has led some authorities to recommend that diluted saline lactate solutions containing about 100 mEq of sodium, 65 mEq of chloride and 35 mEq of lactate per liter be employed, although such electrolyte dilution renders the fluid hypotonic with respect to red cells. This is an apparently safe change.* Dilution, however, also

* Red cells begin to fragment when placed in a solution of about 150 mosM per liter. However, intravenous infusion of solutions the concentration of which is 150 mosM per liter or less results in no appreciable hemolysis because of rapid mixing with large volumes of blood. The above mentioned diluted saline lactate solution has an osmotic concentration of about 200 mosM per liter. Thus, it has no tendency to cause hemolysis.

or intramuscularly. An additional dose of about 50 units may be given intravenously if the acidosis is severe. Previously untreated patients are given 25 units of protamine zinc insulin per m^2 in a separate subcutaneous injection. During the first 10 or 12 hours after its administration protamine insulin has little effect and treatment with regular insulin can proceed as if protamine insulin had not been given. At the end of this period the protamine insulin carries on the work of the regular insulin, reducing the number of subsequent insulin injections. Early use of protamine insulin also helps to prevent the escape from control which sometimes occurs late in the course of treatment when the condition of the patient appears so favorable that the physician relaxes his vigilance.^{19c}

Needs for subsequent injections of crystalline insulin are determined from hourly tests of the urine for sugar and acetone and occasional blood sugar measurements. If the urine cannot be collected by spontaneous voidings, an indwelling catheter should be introduced promptly. It is usually safe to assume that the blood sugar is abnormally elevated so long as the urine contains appreciable amounts of sugar (red, orange or yellow Benedict's tests). When the urine sugar diminishes below these levels (green or blue Benedict's tests) the possibility of hypoglycemia should be borne in mind. In the first hours of therapy the aim is to reduce glycosuria from very high to moderate levels and to maintain urine sugar at such moderate levels until the urine becomes acetone free. The manner of accomplishing this objective cannot be reduced to a mathematical formula. Generally speaking, one hour after insulin therapy has been begun the urine still gives a red Benedict's test. Under these circumstances we ordinarily give a second dose of about 35 units per m^2 of crystalline insulin. As the urine tests with Benedict's reagent approach yellow to green values, crystalline insulin is administered less and less frequently and the dosage is reduced to 10 or 20 units per m^2 .

In severely acidotic patients it may be necessary to repeat the initial 75 units per m^2 dose at hourly intervals for several hours. When this is the case, it is advisable to obtain blood sugar determinations at intervals, as indicated by changes in the patient's condition or the need for information. In this connection the renal threshold for glucose may drop under conditions of severe stress and give a false impression with regard to the height of the blood sugar. We observed appreciable glycosuria with blood sugar values under 100 mg per cent in a patient with fundamentally normal kidneys. This tendency to lowered renal glucose threshold disappeared after the patient had recovered from the stress of diabetic coma. Such temporary lowering of the renal glucose threshold is probably due to stress induced hyperadrenocorticism (see Chapter III, page 153).

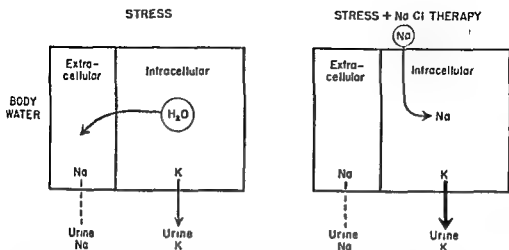


FIGURE IX—6 Schematic diagrams showing how under conditions of stress adrenocortical hormones tend to inhibit renal sodium and to facilitate renal potassium excretion. As shown in the left hand diagram the body is thus enabled to sustain extracellular fluid volume for a time at the expense of intracellular water. This is accomplished by osmotic forces as suggested by Chapter III Figure 10. The right hand diagram indicates that isotonic sodium chloride therapy may exaggerate the tendency to intracellular potassium loss to a pathologic degree. This is explained by the fact that when excess sodium cannot be eliminated by way of the kidneys it tends to enter the body cells and to displace the potassium contained therein. When this exchange of sodium for potassium becomes marked serious degenerative and functional changes develop (see Chapter III Figures 6 and 35). From N. H. Talbot *Pediatrics* 6:1 1950.

weak, rapid pulse and ashen gray pallor.^{19*} After the acidosis has been corrected and the serum sodium, chloride and glucose concentrations restored to normal the disturbance may still have a fatal termination. Post mortem examination fails to reveal any anatomic cause for death in such cases. That it results from therapy which is focused on restoration to normal of extracellular fluid concentrations and which neglects intracellular needs seems well substantiated by the fact that the previously mentioned clinical manifestations which become recognizable before death, can be eliminated promptly by the administration of potassium salts.

The above considerations have stimulated us among others to design solutions which attempt to replace the total electrolyte and water deficits of the acidotic patient rather than to correct isolated abnormalities in plasma electrolyte structure.^{a, b}

The deficits incurred by the diabetic patient have been discussed on page 544 and are summarized in Table 3. In applying such estimations of losses to replace

reduces the amount of base available for rapid correction of acidosis, a possibly undesirable change

At present, we are employing a compromise solution containing 150 mEq of sodium, 100 mEq of chloride and 50 mEq of lactate (Table 8, Solution 1). This solution contributes little to the replacement of intracellular fluid deficits, but, with minimum derangement of intracellular fluid structure, it repairs those extracellular fluid defects whose persistence places the survival of the organism in immediate jeopardy

Once the pressing extracellular needs have been met, attention must be directed to the *replacement of intracellular deficits*. That sodium salt solutions are inadequate for this purpose is becoming increasingly clear. The intracellular deficits are numerous and their metabolic consequences are only beginning to be understood. Although potassium, phosphorus and magnesium are all known to be lost in large quantities, only with respect to the consequences of potassium loss do we possess even rudimentary information.

Potassium is the chief basic ion of intracellular fluid, and as such it is maintained in ionic and osmotic equilibrium with sodium, the principal cation of extracellular fluid. When, as in diabetic acidosis, potassium is lost from cells,* replacement by sodium occurs apparently in order that osmotic equilibrium may be preserved. However, this adjustment is effected at the cost of a reduction in the functional efficiency of the cells.

Certain measures necessarily employed in the treatment of diabetic acidosis lead to further distortion of the intracellular environment unless appropriate compensations are introduced. Thus, the prolonged infusion of sodium salts into individuals who are under stress is known to accelerate the depletion of cellular potassium and concomitant sodium replacement (see Figure 6). Moreover, restoration of carbohydrate utilization by means of insulin transfers to the cells from 1 to 1.5 mEq of potassium per kilogram of body weight owing to the glycogen stores which are thus replaced.† This process occurs with especial rapidity if glucose is administered with the insulin.

If sufficiently advanced, cellular potassium depletion becomes clinically recognizable. The characteristic signs are peripheral muscle paralysis, respiratory muscle weakness and myocardial failure. The respiratory muscle weakness is manifested by shallow gasping respirations and the myocardial failure by a

* Although the concentration of potassium in the serum is frequently normal or even elevated initially due to shock and renal failure, cellular deficiency in potassium has been demonstrated repeatedly and can be confidently inferred.

† In the presence of severe potassium deficiency, liver glycogen deposition cannot proceed normally; ¹⁹ for as much potassium is needed to form glycogen as is needed for the formation of an equal amount of muscle protoplasm.

TABLE IX—6 Repair and maintenance parenteral therapy during the first 24 hours of treatment for a child of approximately 30 kg or 1 square meter of body surface From A M Butler *Acta pædiat* 38 559 1949

	H ₂ O cc	Na mEq	Cl mEq	K mEq	Mg mEq	P gm	Glucose gm
Repair (per kg x 30)	2 400	150	120	90	12	0 6	0
Maintenance (per m ² x 1)	1 500	20	20	22	7	0 6	300
Total	3 900	200	170	112	19	1 2	300
Approximate concentra- tions per liter	1 000	51	44	30	5	0 3	75

From the data of Tables 3 and 5 the total repair and maintenance needs for the first 24 hours of treatment may be estimated. Table 6 gives the approximate therapeutic requirements. To correct such data for a patient of any specific size, multiply the repair data of the table by weight in kilograms divided by 30 and the maintenance data by square meters of body surface (Table 7).

Practical considerations of parenteral fluids Hydration is begun by intravenous infusion of 500 to 800 cc per m at the rate of 8 cc (about 150 drops) per m per minute of a solution containing only sodium, chloride and bicarbonate or lactate (Table 8, Solution 1).

As soon as urine flow and circulatory efficiency are satisfactory and signs of hyperpnea have commenced to subside we ordinarily discontinue the saline lactate infusion and begin the administration of a glucose containing multiple electrolyte solution (Table 8, Solution 2). * In most instances this solution has given satisfactory results. In a few exceptionally severe instances of diabetic coma, accompanied by profound potassium depletion, it has seemed advisable to modify Solution 2.

* A factor of first importance with respect to the administration of potassium is that the cardio vascular renal system be functioning efficiently. Under these circumstances potassium is distributed widely and unneeded surpluses can be eliminated by way of the kidneys. Otherwise it may accumulate within the body in toxic amounts. Hence the clinical recommendation that potassium be withheld until circulation and renal flow have been restored by infusions of sodium salt solutions.

The doses of potassium recommended here are actually very conservative as regards potential toxicity. They are well within maximum limits of tolerance. Thus it is known that individuals with normal kidneys can eliminate at least as much potassium as is contained in glomerular filtrate (100 000 cc x 0 05 mEq or 500 mEq per m² per 24 hours). In dogs and humans it has been shown that additional potassium can be eliminated by tubular secretion (see Chapter II, Figure 2, Section F).^{19, 21} Humans have been given solutions containing from 40 to 90 mEq of potassium per liter at rates (250 to 400 cc per m per hour) which in 24 hours would total 500 and 900 mEq of potassium in 6 to 10 liters of water per m² per day.^{19, 21} Incidentally for reasons suggested above the provision of ample water for urine formation probably widens the margin of safety to a considerable extent.

TABLE IX—5 Basic parenteral maintenance requirements of a diabetic patient per m² of body surface during the first 24 hours of therapy From A M Butler *Acta pædiat* 38 59 1949

Requirement	H ₂ O cc	Na mEq	Cl mEq	K mEq	Mg mEq	P gm	Glucose gm
Insensible*	500	5	5	2			
Renal							
normal basic†	250	6	6	10	3	0.2	
added diabetic**	750	12	11	10	4	0.4	50
Caloric							250
Total	1 500	23	22	22	7	0.6	300
Concentration per liter	1 000	15	14	15	5	0.4	200

*Assuming perspiration accounts for 70 per cent of insensible loss and has Na and Cl concentrations of 20 per cent of the extracellular fluid concentration

†Determined by experimental data on normal subjects

**Determined by metabolic balance data on diabetic coma patients during therapy

ment therapy, consideration should be given to the fact that the losses reparable in the first 24 hours of therapy do not include those resulting from tissue catabolism. Such losses can be repaired only by the deposition of new tissue and thus fall outside the scope of rehydration therapy. Moreover, in the case of potassium only that portion of the loss which is in excess of the nitrogen loss (1 g., approximately 3 mEq K per kg. rather than 6 mEq as given in Table 3) is immediately replaceable. Extending this method of thinking to other body substances, roughly 80 per cent of the water, sodium and chloride, 50 per cent of the potassium and magnesium and 25 per cent of the phosphorus lost are potentially replaceable in the first 24 to 48 hours of therapy. Restoration of the remaining fractions depends upon regeneration of lost protoplasm. Expressed in other terms the replacement needs of the first 24 to 48 hours of therapy may be calculated to approximate per kilogram: 80 cc H₂O, 6 mEq Na, 5 mEq Cl, 3 mEq K, 0.4 mEq Mg and 0.02 gm P. It is to be noted that the loss and repair values are concerned with changes in body mass and hence are expressed on a per kilogram basis.

During each 24 hours there must be provision for maintenance requirements as well as for repair needs. Maintenance requirements are prescribed by physiologic functions which are proportional to surface area rather than to body mass. Further, they are subject to changes which occur as a result of homeostatic adaptive alterations in adrenocortical, posterior pituitary and parathyroid activity. Since the latter phenomena have not yet been fully defined and described, it is difficult at present to make dogmatic statements concerning maintenance needs. A rough approximation of the orders of magnitude involved is indicated in Table 5.

TABLE 1A—6 Repair and maintenance parenteral therapy during the first 24 hours of treatment for a child of approximately 30 kg., or 1 square meter of body surface From A. M. Butler *Acta paediat* 38 559 1949

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Practical considerations of parenteral fluids Hydration is begun by intravenous infusion of 500 to 800 cc. per m. at the rate of 8 cc. (about 150 drops) per m. per minute of a solution containing only sodium chloride and bicarbonate or lactate (Table 8, Solution 1).

As soon as urine flow and circulatory efficiency are satisfactory and signs of hyperpnea have commenced to subside, we ordinarily discontinue the saline lactate infusion and begin the administration of a glucose containing multiple electrolyte solution (Table 8, Solution 2). * In most instances this solution has given satisfactory results. In a few exceptionally severe instances of diabetic coma, accompanied by profound potassium depletion, it has seemed advisable to modify Solution 2.

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TABLE IX—7 Approximate guide to therapy for diabetic coma patients of various sizes during the first 24 hours The values given should be considered maximal

Parenteral fluid therapy											
Weight of patient			0 to 1 hr		1 to 6 hr		6 to 8 hr		8 to 24 hr		Total volume of fluid per 24 hr
			Sol no 1†	Infus rate	Sol no 2	Infus rate	transfusion**	Infus rate	Sol no 2††	Infus rate	
kg	m ²	units	Tot vol cc	cc/min §	Tot vol cc	cc/min §	Tot vol cc	cc/min §	Tot vol cc	cc/min §	cc
5	0.25	20	125	2.0	200	0.7	75	0.6	575	0.6	975
10	0.5	40	250	4.0	400	1.3	150	1.2	1150	1.1	1950
15	0.6	45	300	4.8	500	1.7	180	1.5	1600	1.6	2380
20	0.8	60	400	6.5	700	2.3	240	2.0	2100	2.1	3440
28	1.0	75	500	8	950	3.2	300	2.5	2900	2.9	4650
40	1.3	100	650	10.5	1300	4.2	390	3.3	3800	3.8	6140
50	1.5	110	750	12.0	1550	5.1	450	3.7	4700	4.7	7450
60	1.7	125	850	13.5	1850	6.2	510	4.2	5500	5.5	8710
70	1.8	135	900	14.5	2100	7.0	540	4.5	6200	6.2	9740

For comments concerning subsequent doses see text

†Sometimes it is advisable to extend the first period to 3 or 4 hours before starting to administer Solution 2. In this case the rate of administering Solution 1 should be reduced after the first hour to the rate indicated in the 1 to 6 hour column.

*Transfusion may not be necessary. If omitted therapy is continued with Solution 2.

††Usually this infusion may be discontinued and oral feeding instituted between 12 and 18 hours after starting insulin and parenteral therapy.

§The ordinary intravenous drip bulb delivers approximately 1 cc per 17 or 18 drops.

TABLE IX—8 Composition of solutions suitable for intravenous administration to diabetic coma patients See text for comments on indications and contraindications for the use of each of these solutions

Solution no	Electrolyte composition per liter					Constituents per liter					Dextrose gm
	Na mEq	K mEq	Cl mEq	P gm	Lactate mEq	NaCl gm	NaL** gm	KCl gm	NaHPO gm	KH ₂ PO gm	
1*	150	—	100	—	50	5.6	4.1	—	—	—	—
2†	30	20	30	0.2	20	0.6	2.2	1.5	0.8	0.2	50

*This solution is easily prepared by adding 40 cc of molar Na lactate (or NaHCO₃) solution and 210 cc of water to 500 cc of 0.85 gm per cent NaCl solution. If pure distilled water is not available 5 per cent dextrose solution may be used.

†A 50 cc ampule containing the salts indicated is made up and sterilized. Just prior to use the contents of this ampule are added to 1 liter of 5 per cent dextrose solution.
Sodium lactate

Potassium depletion is recognized by progressive muscle weakness, electrocardiographic changes (see Chapter III, Figure 35) and falling serum potassium concentration values. Should these signs develop, it may appear advisable to increase the potassium content of Solution 2 by 20 to 40 mEq per liter. For this purpose it is convenient to have available sterile 20 cc ampules containing molar potassium acetate or chloride solution.* The former salt appears preferable in patients who are still suffering from severe acidosis. Each cc of the solution in these ampules contains 1 mEq of potassium. The amount indicated is added to Solution 2, which, thus fortified, is administered until either the manifestations of potassium insufficiency have disappeared or the patient is able to take potassium-containing fluids (such as orange juice, pineapple juice, milk) by mouth.

Finally, it may be desirable to add magnesium to Solution 2. It is known that this element plays a significant role in carbohydrate utilization. It also has been noted that serum magnesium levels may drop to values as low as 0.5 mEq per liter during the course of therapy. Magnesium chloride can be infused at a concentration of 5 mEq (0.3 gm) per liter with safety. Because it causes clouding of the solution if autoclaved in the presence of phosphate, it should be sterilized separately in a 10 cc vial, the contents of which can be added to a liter of Solution 2.

The rate of administration of the multiple electrolyte solution should approximate 3 cc (about 50 drops) per m² of body surface per minute. The duration of parenteral therapy varies according to the persistence of the nausea. Usually 70 per cent of the 24 hour requirement given parenterally in 12 hours will result in such improvement that the remainder can be given orally. The fluid may be flavored with ginger ale or orange juice, or it may be diluted with milk.

Supportive measures. A number of additional measures are frequently indicated in the treatment of patients with diabetic acidosis. These include gastric lavage, chemotherapy and blood transfusion.

Since the stomach is likely to be distended with food remnants and with fluid, gastric lavage is usually advisable to reduce the risk of aspiration of regurgitated material and to facilitate subsequent oral feeding.

The importance of detecting the presence of infection in the acidotic patient has already been mentioned. If infection is found, appropriate treatment should be instituted immediately. Sulfonamide therapy should, of course, be postponed until urine flow has become well established.

The transfusion of whole blood frequently appears to be beneficial. Definite anemia (hemoglobin < 9 to 10 gm per cent) or hypoproteinemia (serum

* 2.0 gm K acetate per 20 cc. 1.5 gm KCl per 20 cc.

protein < 5 gm per cent), appearing as hydration is restored, is an indication for transfusion. Blood should be given somewhat more slowly than the clear parenteral fluids and in an amount not ordinarily exceeding 300 cc per m. In patients suffering marked potassium deficiency, the relative needs for red blood cells and plasma protein versus readily available potassium ion should be weighed carefully before substituting whole blood for Solution 2 therapy. We have seen the serum potassium and electrocardiographic T waves fall to low levels during the course of a transfusion lasting two hours.

Management of diabetic patients at times of surgery. When it is known in advance that a patient with diabetes is to be subjected to elective surgery, certain preparatory steps should be taken. During the preoperative period enough carbohydrate and insulin should be given to insure satisfactory hepatic glycogen storage. Unless the patient's condition is unsatisfactory, the operation should be performed without delay at the scheduled time, preferably 9 or 10 a.m.

Four hours preoperatively the patient is given some strained orange juice and a piece of toast spread with honey or jelly. At the same time he is given half his regular doses of crystalline and protamine zinc insulin. As soon as he is anesthetized, an intravenous infusion of Solution 2 in 5 per cent dextrose is started and an indwelling catheter is inserted into the bladder. A physician in constant attendance checks the urine for sugar and acetone at half hourly intervals. In addition, if the patient's status is in question, blood sugar determinations should be made. Crystalline insulin is given intra- and postoperatively at intervals of three to six hours as indicated by these tests. It is better to give too little insulin and to supplement the dose later than to give too much and risk inducing intraoperative hypoglycemia. Ordinarily the individual doses of crystalline insulin given during the intra- and postoperative periods equal approximately one eighth to one sixth of the preoperative daily insulin dosage. The aim of this insulin therapy is to maintain slight to-moderate hyperglycemia and glycosuria and to avoid ketonuria.

When emergency surgery is indicated in the case of a patient suffering diabetic acidosis and dehydration, a difficult problem arises. If circumstances permit it is very desirable to delay surgery until the patient has been subjected to therapy of the type outlined in Table 7 and its accompanying text for at least an hour and preferably for 6 to 12 hours. Ideally, operation should be postponed until circulatory and renal efficiency are fully restored and ketosis and acidosis have been eliminated.

Postoperatively, if the patient requires continued intravenous fluid infusion, Solution 2 is reasonably satisfactory. Sometimes after prolonged infusions of

this solution, a tendency to alkalosis develops. Recent studies suggest that this can be prevented or corrected by fortifying Solution 2 with 15 to 20 mEq of additional KCl per liter (see page 575). The volume of solution needed for maintenance purposes is determined by the surface area, as indicated in Table 5.

PROGNOSIS. The rate of recovery from diabetic coma by diabetic children is practically 100 per cent. Exceptions are encountered only when coma is accompanied by a condition such as overwhelming sepsis or serious surgical lesion which in itself is potentially lethal.

Provided the diabetes is reasonably well controlled, essentially normal growth and maturation may be anticipated. Like healthy children, diabetic children may show a tendency to retarded growth and development if they suffer from repeated infections or chronic caloric undernutrition.

The really distressing aspect of juvenile diabetes is to be found in the late degenerative sequelae of the disease. After 15 or 20 years, about 70 per cent of diabetic children develop arteriosclerosis, 65 per cent retinal hemorrhages, 50 per cent retinal exudates, 40 per cent hypertension and 35 per cent albuminuria.⁹ As mentioned earlier, the cause of these degenerative changes is not yet known. It is not even known whether they are the result of the disease or of its therapy. This is a sobering fact, which should stimulate much more intensive studies of these problems.

Insulin reaction, hypoglycemia, occasionally produces serious degenerative changes (see Figure 3) and occasionally results in death; the commonest cause recorded to date is nephritis (intercapillary glomerulosclerosis²¹). This condition has been listed as responsible for about 50 per cent of the late deaths in a series of 48 diabetic patients who had suffered from the disease for more than 15 years. The other deaths had miscellaneous causes.

HYPERINSULINISM AND RELATED CONDITIONS CAUSING HYPOGLYCEMIA

Introductory Comments. Hypoglycemia can result from a variety of conditions, including hyperinsulinism, hypopituitarism, hypoadrenocorticism, hepatic disease, galactosemia, disorders of the central nervous system, strenuous exercise and starvation. Because methods for appraising insulin status are not generally available, it usually is not possible to determine directly whether a given hypoglycemic patient is suffering from hyperinsulinism. On the contrary, this diagnosis is of necessity made largely by a process of elimination, as discussed above under methods of diagnosis.

The experience of pathologists dealing with pediatric patients indicates that functionally active, pancreatic islet adenomas are probably quite rare. No instances of pancreatic islet adenomas known to have been associated with a tendency toward hypoglycemia during life have been encountered in patients under 16 years of age at the Massachusetts General Hospital or the Children's Medical Center in Boston. On the other hand, the autopsy records of these hospitals do indicate the occasional occurrence of clinically silent islet cell adenomas. The significance of the latter is unknown. As might be expected from the foregoing, the literature contains very few records of authentic cases of hypoglycemia due to hyperinsulinism.²²

Definitions of pathologic hypoglycemia : During approximately the first five days of life, normal infants commonly have true blood sugar values ranging between 20 and 60 mg per cent.* Thereafter, as in normal older infants, children and adults it is unusual to find blood sugar values of less than 60 mg per cent. Pre breakfast blood sugar concentrations of less than 50 mg per cent with the patient on an ordinary carbohydrate intake and less than 40 mg per cent with the patient on a low carbohydrate diet are almost always indicative of pathology.^{14, 23} The occurrence of similarly low values from three to five hours after meals may also be considered abnormal.

Interpretation of the significance of blood sugar values is enhanced by relating them to clinical symptomatology. The neonatal tendency to low blood sugar is not ordinarily accompanied by definite clinical signs of blood sugar deficiency. Accordingly, the tendency may be considered physiologic and normal for this age group. In older individuals tolerance for lowered blood sugar concentration varies. Most children and adults develop signs of sugar lack when the concentration of glucose in the blood falls below 50 or 40 mg per cent. Patients with central nervous system defects and patients suffering hypoadrenocorticism²⁴ may be more sensitive to a lowering of blood sugar concentration and may develop signs of hypoglycemia when blood glucose values fall below 60 or 50 mg per cent.

In other words patients are considered to have pathologic hypoglycemia when a decline in blood glucose concentration below a certain value results in symptoms and signs of glucose deficiency. Implicit in this statement is the thought that these symptoms and signs of glucose deficiency disappear promptly when blood glucose concentration is raised above the critical threshold value just mentioned.

* The values obtained for infants born of diabetic mothers fall in approximately the same range.²³

TABLE IX—9 Summary of certain conditions which may be accompanied by hypoglycemia

Condition	Cause	Incidence	Approximate characteristics				Comments
			Blood sugar		Normal reaction		
			Fall on fast ing*	Rise post epi neph †	Epi neph co sino †	ACTH co sino phil ††	
1 Hyperinsulinism	Pancreatic islet adenoma	Very rare	yes	yes	yes?	yes?	Hypoglycemia apt to occur unpredictably prolonged
2 Primary hypoadrenocorticism	Destruction of adrenals	Very rare	yes	yes	no	no	See Chapter III
3 Primary hypopituitarism or hypothalamic disturbance with secondary hypoadrenocorticism	Disturbance in anterior pituitary or hypothalamus	?	yes	yes	no	yes	See Chapters III and VII
4 Hepatic disease including von Gierke's disease	Glycogen fixation§ or fatty infiltration with glycogen depletion	Rare	yes	no	yes?	yes?	Hepatomegaly usually present
5 Galactosemia	Disturbance in galactose metabolism	Rare	no	yes	yes?	yes?	Galactosemia galactosuria and hypoglycemia occur after eating galactose See page 552
6 Functional hypoglycemia	Over reaction to hyperglycemia mechanism unknown§§	?	no	yes	?	yes?	Hypoglycemia may occur within 3 to 5 hours after meals and be corrected spontaneously within ½ hour

See Test 5 Table 3 Chapter III. †See page 552 this chapter

* See Test 2 Table 3 Chapter III. ††See Test 3 Table 3 Chapter III

§Patients with von Gierke's glycogen storage disease are apt to show acetonuria, lipemia and hypercholesterolemia in addition to chronic hypoglycemia¹⁸. Interestingly they may not present clinical manifestations of blood sugar lack even though the blood sugar concentration falls to very low levels.

§§Some of these patients have gross central nervous system defects¹⁸ of which the functional significance is not clear. In certain cases it appears that the defect may have been the result rather than the cause of hypoglycemia¹⁸.

CLINICAL MANIFESTATIONS The classic manifestations of hypoglycemia are listed above in Table 4. The picture observed in different patients and at different times in a single individual is apt to be moderately variable. Nervousness, trembling, pallor, sweating, weakness, unsteadiness of gait, mental confusion and irritability constitute the common manifestations seen in patients who have retained consciousness. In more severe cases consciousness may be lost and epileptiform convulsions may supervene. These may so dominate the clinical picture that the other manifestations of hypoglycemia are easily overlooked. This error can be avoided by measuring the blood sugar concentration of patients with unexplained convulsions.

DIAGNOSIS Table 9 presents in outline form information concerning some of the conditions which may be accompanied by pathologic hypoglycemia and indicates some of their distinguishing characteristics.

In dealing with a patient who has been found to have significant hypoglycemia, it is our custom to make the following measurements or tests in the order mentioned: (a) blood sugar determinations in the morning before breakfast after an overnight fast, (b) a combined epinephrine-glucose and epinephrine-eosinophil test, (c) an intravenous glucose tolerance test and (d) a 24-hour fasting tolerance test. These tests are considered above in the section dealing with methods of estimating insulin status.

The occurrence of early morning hypoglycemia is interpreted to mean that the tendency toward low blood sugar does not represent a simple, functional overreaction to the stimulus provided by postprandial hyperglycemia* (Condition 6) or galactosemia (Condition 5, see footnote to page 552). A normal rise in blood sugar following the administration of epinephrine is taken to mean that there is no significant depletion of hepatic glycogen stores or lack of capacity to lyse hepatic glycogen as is noted in patients with certain types of liver disease (Condition 4). A normal drop in eosinophils following the administration of epinephrine is considered valid evidence that there is probably no significant disturbance in the adrenocortical alarm reaction mechanism as may be seen in certain hypopituitary and hypoadrenocortical patients (Conditions 2 and 3).

There now remain two chief possibilities. One ■ that the patient has a hyperfunctioning pancreatic islet cell tumor; the other and more likely possibility is that he has ■ tendency to hypoglycemia which cannot be thoroughly explained by the diagnostic procedures available today †. The former can be excluded only

* This is demonstrable by application of the intravenous glucose tolerance test. Transitory hypoglycemia occurs within three to five hours after the hyperglycemic peak is passed. In patients with primary hyperinsulinism similar post-hyperglycemic hypoglycemia may develop but it is not so apt to be transitory.

† Some patients have gross evidences of cerebral defects.⁹ It is usually not clear whether these defects are the cause or the result of the hypoglycemia.

by meticulous and sometimes repeated surgical exploration of the pancreas. Since this is a major undertaking, one hesitates to recommend it unless there is strong evidence that the patient has a striking tendency to hypoglycemia. To gain such evidence, it may be of value to subject the patient to a carefully planned period of prolonged fasting (but not thirsting).

The fast is performed as outlined in Test 5 of Table 3, Chapter III. The development of acetoneuria after 12 to 16 hours of fasting signifies that the patient has depleted his carbohydrate stores and is maintaining blood sugar values by the gluconeogenesis mechanism described in Chapter III. If blood sugar concentrations are still above hypoglycemic levels after 24 hours of fasting, it may be desirable to extend the fast for an additional 12 to 24 hours. If no pathologic hypoglycemia develops after 48 hours of fasting, pancreatic exploration may be postponed. Under the opposite circumstance, where fasting does lead to pathologic hypoglycemia, exploration of the pancreas is usually indicated.

Demonstration of an islet cell adenoma by surgical exploration may be quite difficult. Experience with adult patients indicates that adenomas are located most frequently in the tail of the pancreas. About one quarter are located in the head or at the junction of the tail and body of the organ. Occasionally multiple small adenomas are encountered. These tumors can vary in size from 0.5 to 1.5 cm. in diameter. They are slow growing and late to metastasize.

Failure to demonstrate an adenoma at the initial surgical exploration constitutes presumptive rather than positive evidence that no such lesion exists. The literature indicates that tumors which were not discernible at the first operation may be evident at a second exploration.^{14, 6}

TREATMENT Removal of a functioning pancreatic islet cell adenoma usually results in complete cessation of pathologic hypoglycemia. Failure to obtain relief by removal of a single adenoma suggests that other similar tumors may exist.

The therapeutic problem presented by patients with hypoglycemia of unknown cause is a difficult one. Occasionally they suffer only one or two attacks of hypoglycemia which disappear spontaneously and without explanation. Though the literature describes patients in whom hypoglycemia develops following carbohydrate ingestion (Table 9, Condition 6) we have not encountered them. This condition is said to be controlled by feeding relatively high protein, low carbohydrate meals.^{14, 2} Low carbohydrate meals are less apt *per se* to result in postprandial hyperglycemia than high carbohydrate meals. Carbohydrate is formed from protein, but at such a slow rate that it does not cause an elevation in blood sugar.

Recent studies suggest that ACTH therapy may act to correct hypoglycemic tendencies in certain cases^{27a}. It remains to be seen whether such therapy is practically satisfactory. Similar results might be expected from the use of cortisone. As discussed in Chapter III, both agents can prompt serious toxic as well as beneficial effects.

In the rare patient who has hypoglycemia which is so severe and protracted that it must be treated by constant carbohydrate feedings, more radical measures may become justified. One such patient was treated with alloxan with apparent success²⁸. Others have been treated by subtotal or nearly total pancreatectomy, in many instances with little or no success.

PROGNOSIS The outlook for patients with repeated hypoglycemia is poor with regard to central nervous system function. Unless the hypoglycemia is brought under control, convulsions and mental deterioration occur.

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APPENDIX

BLOOD, PLASMA OR SERUM VALUES

To provide ready reference to the normal values of laboratory procedures referred to in this book and to the methods used the following tabular summary has been prepared. This summary is based in part on a table published by G. M. Rourke, E. A. MacLachlan and A. M. Butler in *New Eng J Med* 234:24, 1946.

Determination	Material analyzed	Minimum required cc	Normal value	Method
Bilirubin (van den Bergh's test)	Serum	2	Direct 0.4 mg per 100 cc indirect (total) 0.7 mg per 100 cc	H. T. Malloy and K. A. Evelyn <i>J Biol Chem</i> 119:481, 1937
Calcium total	Serum	2	8.5-10.2 mg per 100 cc	C. H. Fiske and M. A. Logan <i>ibid</i> 93:211, 1931
Calcium ionized	Serum	2	See Figure II-1	See Figure II-1
Carbon dioxide (content)	Serum (obtained without tourniquet)	0.5	Newborn infants 20-26 mEq per liter older persons 26-28 mEq per liter	D. D. Van Slyke and J. M. Neill <i>J Biol Chem</i> 61:523, 1924 J. P. Peters and D. D. Van Slyke <i>Quant Clin Chem II</i> (methods) p. 283, Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins, 1932
Carotenoids Total	Serum	2	100-300 I.U. per 100 cc	H. W. Josephs <i>Bull Johns Hopkins Hosp</i> 65:112, 1939
Vitamin A			40-100 I.U. per 100 cc	(modified for photocolormeter)
Chloride	Serum	0.5	100-106 mEq per liter	D. W. Wilson and E. G. Ball <i>J Biol Chem</i> 79:221, 1928
Cholesterol	Serum	0.5	110-280 mg per 100 cc	W. R. Bloor <i>ibid</i> 24:227, 1916
Creatinine (apparent)	Serum	1	0.8-1.5 per 100 cc	R. W. Bonsnes and H. H. Taussky <i>ibid</i> 158:581, 1945
Glucose total	Blood	0.1	70-100 mg per 100 cc (fasting)	O. Folin <i>Lab Manual Biol Chem</i> New York: Appleton, 1934 <i>New Eng J Med</i> 206:727, 1932
Hemoglobin	Blood	0.02	Infants and children 10 to 13 gm per cent adults 12-16 gm per cent	K. A. Evelyn <i>J Biol Chem</i> 115:63, 1936
Galactose	Blood	1	<5 mg per cent	A. M. Bassett, T. L. Althausen and G. C. Coltrin <i>Am J Digest Dis</i> 8:432, 1941

BLOOD PLASMA OR SERUM VALUES (continued)

Determination	Material analyzed	Minimum required cc	Normal value	Method
Iodine protein bound (thyroid hormone)	Serum	2	3.5-7 micrograms per cent	S. B. Barker <i>J Biol Chem</i> 173:715 1948. Values courtesy of Dr. D. Riggs
Magnesium	Serum	2	1.5-2.5 mEq per liter	R. J. Garner <i>Biochem J</i> 40:828 1946
Non protein nitrogen	Serum	0.5	15-35 mg per 100 cc	O. Folin <i>Lab Manual Biol Chem</i> p. 265
pH	Serum	0.4	7.35-7.45	A. B. Hastings and J. Sendroy <i>J Biol Chem</i> 61:695 1924
Phosphatase alkaline	Serum	0.7	Infants and children 5-12 units per 100 cc adults 2-4.5 units per 100 cc	A. Bodansky <i>ibid</i> 101:93 1933 (using the method for determining inorganic phosphorus)
Phosphorus inorganic	Serum (patient fasting)	0.2	Infants 4-5.5 mg per cent children 3-5.5 mg per 100 cc adults 3-4.0 mg per 100 cc	C. H. Fiske and Y. Subbarow <i>ibid</i> 66:375 1925 O. Folin <i>Lab Manual Biol Chem</i> p. 341 (modified for photocolormeter)
Potassium (chemical)	Serum	3-4	4.0-5.5 mEq per liter	C. H. Fiske and G. Litarszek in O. Folin <i>Lab Manual Biol Chem</i> p. 353 (chemical)
(Flame photometer)	Serum	0.5	4.0-5.5 mEq per liter	J. W. Berry, D. G. Chappell and R. B. Barnes <i>Indust & Engin Chem</i> 18:19 1946 (flame photometry)
Protein total	Serum	0.5 (macro) 0.05 (micro)	Infants 5.5 to 7.0 gm per 100 cc older persons 6.5-8.0 gm per 100 cc	Macro: J. P. Peters and D. D. Van Slyke <i>Quant Clin Chem</i> 11 p. 691 Micro: O. H. Lowry and A. B. Hastings <i>J Biol Chem</i> 113:257 1942
Prothrombin activity	Plasma	0.3	By control	A. J. Quick <i>JAMA</i> 110:1658 1938 C. A. Tatum and R. F. Banfi <i>J Lab & Clin Med</i> 31:703 1946
Sodium	Serum	0.5	136-145 mEq per liter	A. M. Butler and E. Tuttle <i>J Biol Chem</i> 93:171 1931 (chemical). Same as potassium (flame photometer) same as potassium
Urea nitrogen	Serum	1	<28 mg per 100 cc	D. D. Van Slyke <i>ibid</i> 73:695 1927 J. P. Peters and D. D. Van Slyke <i>Quant Clin Chem</i> 11 p. 372

URINE VALUES

Determination	Minimum quantity required	Normal value	Method
Ammonia	5 cc	Variable (see p 91)	D D Van Slyke and G E Cullen <i>J Biol Chem</i> 24 117 1916
Calcium	2 cc	Variable (see p 72)	Quantitative same as serum Qualitative Sulzowitch see Method 1 below
Chloride	0.5 cc	Varies with intake	Same as serum
Cystine	5 cc of urine (or 20 mg of stone)	None	See Method 2 below
Creatinine	0.5 cc	15-25 mg per kg per 24 hr \pm con- stant per individ- ual lower in obese higher in muscular people	O Folin <i>Lab Manual Biol Chem</i> p 159 (modified for photocol- orimeter)
Estrogen	1/10 of 24 hr sample	Not yet available	L L Engel W R Slaun White F Carter and I T Nathanson <i>J Biol Chem</i> 185 255 1950
Gonadotropin (FSH)	24 hr sample (more in small children)	Tables v 1 vi 1	H F Klinefelter F Albright and G C Griswold <i>J Clin Endocrinol</i> 3 529 1943
17 ketosteroids (total)	Macro 24 hr sample Micro 2 hr sample	See p 154	A S Zygmuntowicz M Wood E Christo and N B Talbot <i>J Clin Endocrinol</i> 11 578 1951
(3 β OH frac- tions)	24 hr sample	See p 191	N B Talbot A M Butler and E A MacLachlan <i>J Biol Chem</i> 132 595 1940
11 17 oxycortico- steroids (reduc- ing steroids)	24 hr sample (more in in- fants)	See p 154	N B Talbot A H Saltzman R L Wixom and J K Wolfe <i>ibid</i> 160 535 1945
Osmolar concentration	20 cc	Variable see Chap- ter VIII	Bulletin on Horvitz cryoscope (28591 1) Eimer and Amend 635 Greenwich St New York 14 N Y
Phosphorus		Variable see p 65	Same as serum
Potassium		Proportional to intake	Same as serum
Pregnandiol		■ except during progestational phase of menstrual cycle then from 1 to 6 mg per day	I F Somerville G F Marrian and R J Kellar <i>Lancet</i> 2 89 1948

BLOOD PLASMA OR SERUM VALUES (continued)

Determination	Material analyzed	Minimum required cc	Normal value	Method
Iodine protein bound (thyroid hormone)	Serum	2	3.5-7 micrograms per cent	S. H. Barker <i>J Biol Chem</i> 173:715 1948. Values courtesy of Dr. D. Riggs
Magnesium	Serum	2	1.5-2.5 mEq per liter	R. J. Garner <i>Biochem J</i> 40:828 1946
Non protein nitrogen	Serum	0.5	15-35 mg per 100 cc	O. Folin <i>Lab Manual Biol Chem</i> p 265
pH	Serum	0.1	7.35-7.45	A. B. Hastings and J. Sendroy <i>J Biol Chem</i> 61:695 1924
Phosphatase alkaline	Serum	0.7	Infants and children 5-12 units per 100 cc adults 2-4.5 units per 100 cc	A. Bodansky <i>ibid</i> 101:93 1933 (using the method for determining inorganic phosphorus)
Phosphorus inorganic	Serum (patient fasting)	0.2	Infants 4-5.5 mg per cent children 3.5-4.5 mg per 100 cc adults 3-4.0 mg per 100 cc	C. H. Fiske and I. Subbarow <i>ibid</i> 66:375 1925 O. Folin <i>Lab Manual Biol Chem</i> p 341 (modified for photocolormeter)
Potassium (chemical)	Serum	3-4	4.0-5.5 mEq per liter	C. H. Fiske and G. Litaczek in O. Folin <i>Lab Manual Biol Chem</i> p 353 (chemical)
(Flame photometer)	Serum	0.5	4.0-5.5 mEq per liter	J. W. Berry, D. G. Chappell and R. B. Barnes <i>Indust & Engin Chem</i> 18:19 1946 (flame photometry)
Protein total	Serum	0.5 (macro) 0.05 (micro)	Infants 5.5 to 7.0 gm per 100 cc older persons 6.5-8.0 gm per 100 cc	Macro: J. P. Peters and D. D. Van Slyke <i>Quant Clin Chem</i> 11 p 691 Micro: O. H. Lowry and A. B. Hastings <i>J Biol Chem</i> 143:257 1942
Prothrombin activity	Plasma	0.3	By control	A. J. Quick <i>J A M A</i> 110:1658 1938 C. A. Tancrè and R. F. Banfi <i>J Lab & Clin Med</i> 31:703 1946
Sodium	Serum	0.5	136-145 mEq per liter	A. M. Butler and E. Tuttle <i>J Biol Chem</i> 93:171 1931 (chemical). Same as potassium (flame photometer) same as potassium
Urea nitrogen	Serum	1	<28 mg per 100 cc	D. D. Van Slyke <i>ibid</i> 73:695 1927 J. P. Peters and D. D. Van Slyke <i>Quant Clin Chem</i> 11 p 372

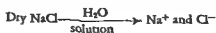
MISCELLANEOUS TESTS

Determination	Material analyzed	Quantity required	Normal value	Method
Bone age	Roentgenogram of hand and wrist			T W Todd <i>Atlas of Skeletal Maturation</i> St Louis Mosby 1937
Eosinophil count	Blood	0.05 cc	Fig III 18	G G Randolph <i>J Lab & Clin Med</i> 34:1696 1949
Renal calculi				J F McIntosh and R W Salter <i>J Clin Invest</i> 21:751 1942
Stool fat	Stool	Representative sample	See p 86	H C. Tidwell and L E Holt <i>J Biol Chem</i> 112:605 1936
Sperm count	Semen	0.5 cc	70-100 million per cc	E J Farris <i>J Urol</i> 38:85 1917
Surface area	Height and weight		See p 592 and end papers	J D Crawford M E Terry and G M Rourke <i>Pediatrics</i> 5:783 1950
Vaginal smear	Vaginal secretions	Few drops	See p 313	E Shorr <i>J Mt Sinai Hosp</i> 12:667 1945

UNITS OF MEASUREMENT

In discussing bodily functions measurements of their components must obviously be expressed in terms of physiologic-chemical equivalents. As Dr James Gamble has demonstrated so effectively in his *Syllabus on the Chemical Anatomy Physiology and Pathology of Extracellular Fluid* (Harvard University Press) it is only in this way that their relative magnitudes and inter relationships can be correctly displayed.

In respect to body electrolytes the suitable term is *equivalent* or *milliequivalent* which is one thousandth of an equivalent. In these biochemical connections the term *equivalent* has electrical connotations. This may be illustrated by considering the substance sodium chloride. Sodium carries a positive charge, chloride a negative charge; it is the mutual attraction of these two charges that holds the two elements together in the form of ordinary dry table salt. When this salt is dissolved in water, however, sodium chloride ceases to exist; it is replaced by exactly equal numbers of positively charged sodium ions (cations) and negatively charged chloride ions (anions), each existing separately in solution.



It will be noted that sodium and chloride ions have but one positive or negative electrical charge respectively. This fact is expressed by stating that they are univalent, or that in each case there is a *valence* of one. Another biochemically important univalent substance

URINE VALUES (continued)

Determination	Minimum quantity required	Normal value	Method
Sodium		Variable see Chapter III	Same as serum
Sugar			
Total (quantitative)	5 cc	0	S R Benedict <i>JAMA</i> 57 1193 1911
Total (roughly quantitative)	0.5 cc	0	M Somogyi <i>J Lab & Clin Med</i> 26 1220 1941
Fermentable	1 cc	0	P B Hawk and O Bergheim <i>Pract Physiol Chem</i> p 750 Philadelphia Blakiston 1931
Fructose	1 cc	0	<i>Ibid</i> p 772
Galactose or lactose	6 cc	0	(Total sugar $\times 1.24$) minus fermentable sugar
Osazone differentiation of	5 cc	0	<i>Ibid</i> p 50
Titrateable acidity	10 cc	Variable see p 95	J P Peters and D D Van Slyke <i>Quant Clin Chem</i> II (methods) 0 825
Urea clearance	Blood and urine (two 1 hr samples)	75-125 per cent of normal	<i>Ibid</i> 0 564

Method 1 Qualitative determination of urinary calcium (Sulkowitch test) The test reagent solution is made as follows: Dissolve 2.5 gm. of oxalic acid and 2.5 gm. of $(\text{NH}_4)_2\text{C}_2\text{O}_4$ in 100 cc. of water. Add 5 cc. of glacial acetic acid and enough water to make a total volume of 150 cc. This is the reagent. In running the test mix approximately equal volumes of the reagent solution and urine in a test tube. Test the pH of the resultant mixture with nitrazine paper or other standard procedure. The pH for optimal precipitation of calcium oxalate is 5.0. If necessary adjust the pH to this value by the addition of acetic acid or NaOH solution.

Method 2 Qualitative determination of cystine in urine or renal calculus Take 5 cc. of urine (or 20 mg. of calculus) and add concentrated NH_4OH until strongly alkaline. Add 2 cc. of 5 per cent sodium cyanide and let stand 10 minutes. Add a few drops of a freshly prepared saturated aqueous solution of sodium nitroprusside. In the presence of cystine a deep purple color develops. Acetone reacts to give a red color. The difference in color can be recognized by running an acetone control. We are indebted to Miss E. Dempsey of Dr. F. Albright's laboratory for these directions.

Substance	Mg	mM	mEq		mosM
			+	-	
Glucose	160	1	0	0	1
$\text{Na}^+ - \text{Cl}^-$	58	1	1	1	2
$\text{Ca}^{++} \begin{cases} \text{Cl}^- \\ \text{Cl}^- \end{cases}$	110	1	2	2	3

Note that in the case of glucose a non electrolyte the millimole and milliosmole values are identical but the milliequivalence value is zero. In the case of NaCl 1 millimole in solution yields 1 cation and 1 anion milliequivalent (2 total) and 2 milliosmoles. By contrast note that CaCl_2 in solution yields 2 cation and 2 anion milliequivalents (4 total) but only 3 milliosmoles.

is potassium. In contrast to these are such other substances as calcium and magnesium which are bivalent cations (two positive charges) and sulfate which is a bivalent anion (two negative charges) under physiologic conditions. As shown below with respect to phosphate the valence of certain radicals may be variable.

In a stable salt the sum of positive charges must always equal the sum of negative charges. This is true when one bivalent cation is combined with two univalent anions to form a stable salt such as CaCl_2 as well as when one univalent cation is combined with one univalent anion as in KCl .

An *equivalent* is a mole of any univalent electrolyte, one half mole of any bivalent electrolyte, one third mole of any trivalent electrolyte, and so forth. The weight in grams of a mole of any substance is equal numerically to the sum of the atomic weights of its constituents. A *milliequivalent* is one thousandth of an equivalent.

On the basis of the foregoing it may be seen that values expressed in terms of milligrams can be converted to milliequivalents by dividing milligrams by total atomic weight and multiplying by valency. To convert values for these substances expressed in terms of milligrams per cent to values expressed in terms of milliequivalents per liter, multiply by the conversion factor indicated in the right hand column below.

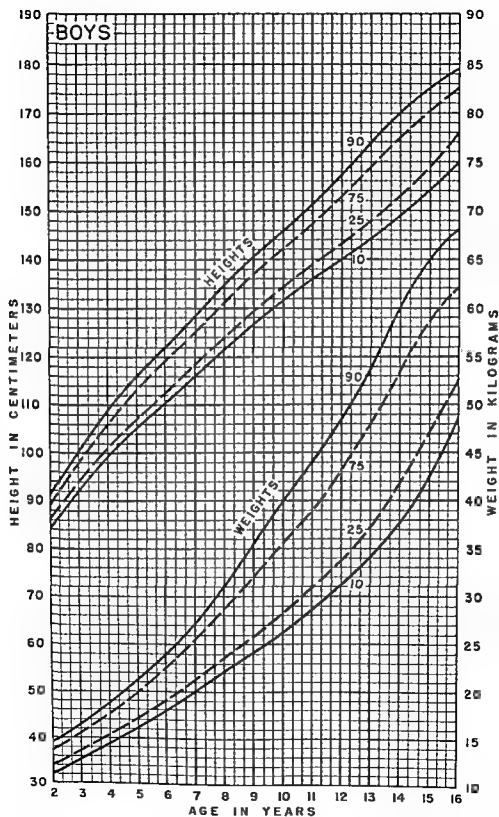
Electrolyte	Atomic Weight	Valence	Conversion Factor
Na^+	23.0	1	433
K^+	39.1	1	256
Ca^{++}	40.1	2	499
Mg^{++}	24.3	2	823
Cl^-	35.5	1	87*
P (as HPO_4^{--})	31.0	1.8	581
S (as SO_4^{--})	32.1	2	624

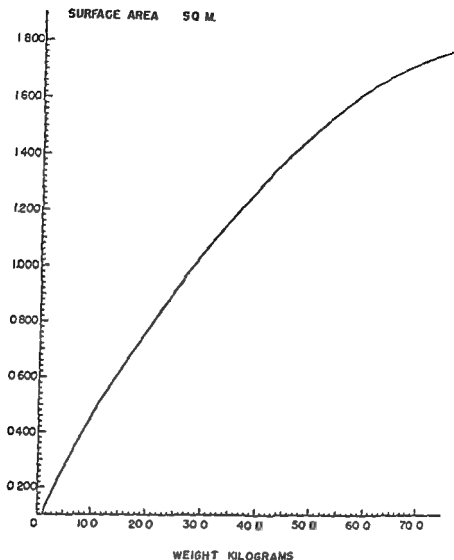
It has become the unfortunate custom in some clinics to express serum chloride values as mg per cent of sodium chloride. As shown above there is no sodium chloride in serum; there are only sodium ions and chloride ions. Conversion of chloride values thus expressed to milliequivalents per liter is accomplished by application of the multiplication factor 172. Conversion of sodium values similarly expressed is accomplished by use of the same factor.

Note that the valency of HPO_4^{--} is taken as 1.8. This is because at the pH of normal extracellular fluid 20 per cent of the millimoles of this radical carries one equivalent of univalent base ($\text{B H}_2\text{PO}_4$) and 80 per cent carries two equivalents of univalent base (B_2HPO_4). Base equivalence per unit of phosphate is therefore $(0.2 \times 1) + (0.8 \times 2) = 1.8$.

In the case of carbonic acid (H HCO_3) and of bicarbonate (B HCO_3) which have often been expressed in terms of volumes per cent, conversion to milliequivalents per liter is accomplished by dividing by the factor 2.24. This factor is determined as follows: one mole of a gas under standard conditions of pressure and temperature occupies 22.4 liters. Volumes per cent $\times 10 \div 22.4 =$ volumes per cent $\div 2.24$.

Other commonly used units of measurements are the *osmole* and the *milliosmole*. These units are based on the fact that each millimole of substance in solution exerts an approximately equal amount of osmotic pressure irrespective of its electrical equivalence value. Comparison of milligram, millimole, milliequivalent and milliosmole values for certain representative substances follow.





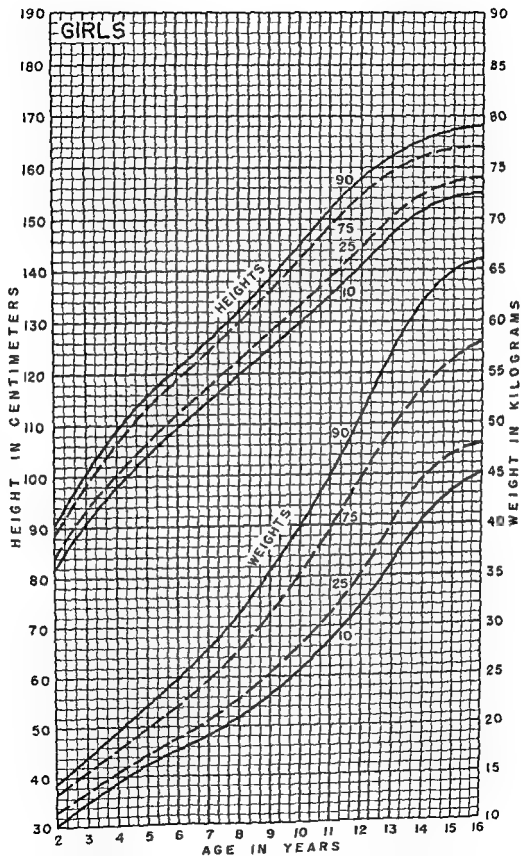
(Left)

FIGURE A 1 Graph estimating surface area from body weight alone. The solid curve running upward from left to right permits an approximate estimation of surface area (ordinate) from body weight (abscissa). The nomograms inside the front and back covers of this book give more accurate information especially in regard to individuals who are abnormally thin or fat. From J. D. Crawford, M. E. Terry, G. M. Rourke. *Pediatrics* 5:783, 1950.

(Right—opposite page)

FIGURE A 2 Heights and weights of normal boys. The design and origin of these data are the same as for Figure 3.

FIGURE A 3 Heights and weights of normal girls. Normal height ranges are indicated by the uppermost set of curves coursing upward from left to right. The lower set of curves gives corresponding data with relation to weight. The four individual numbers of each set of curves indicate percentile distribution as found in a normal population. Thus with respect to the height curves 80 per cent of normal girls range in height between the limits of the top and bottom curves—10 per cent being taller and 10 per cent being shorter. Fifty per cent range in height between the limits of the interrupted curves. 15 per cent between the top curve and the first interrupted curve and 15 per cent between the second interrupted curve and the bottom curve. These curves correspond closely to the data of R. L. Jackson and H. G. Kelley. *J. Pediat.* 27:215 1945.



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